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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Thirty-eight Dollars
a short story by
George Agnew Chamberlain

The Promised Land Milk and honey piped from Muscle Shoals **By Walter**

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JUNE 3, 1933

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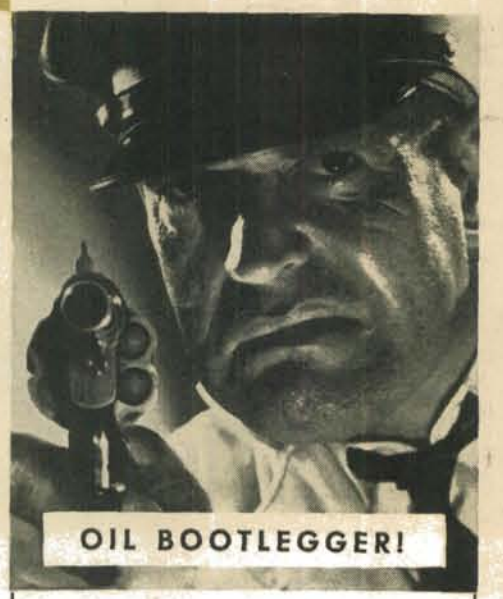

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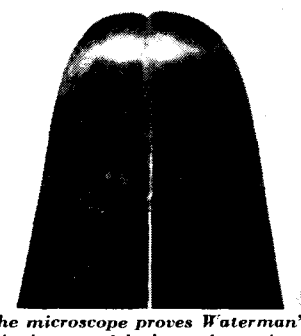

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THERE is great indignation in some circles at Hialeah when Miss Beulah Beauregard starts accepting the play of Mr. Paul D. Veere, the banker, while she is still engaged to Little Alfie, as many citizens feel she is setting a bad example to other fiancées.

But after she formally announces that their engagement is off, it is agreed by one and all that she has a right to do as she pleases. And Mr. Damon Runyon, the writer, never criticizes her for breaking the engagement because from what she tells him she becomes engaged under false pretenses, and he does not approve of guys using false pretenses on dolls, except of course *when nothing else will do.*

This Paul D. Veere turns out to be nothing but a great rapscallion, with by no means honorable intentions, and so the engagement does not stay off permanently, especially as Little Alfie owns a horse that is as good as certain winner if "It Comes Up Mud" on Derby Day.

Many citizens will have to take it easy till next week to find out what happens.

WHAT would you think of an industry that neglected seventy per cent of its market in order to glut the remaining thirty per cent—and then sat wringing its hands because there wasn't enough to do? In general terms, that's what the building trade has been doing. Before it lies the greatest unexploited market in the world. Now plans are afoot to take possession of it. With characteristic vigor John T. Flynn explains how "We Can Build Our Way Out."

PARIS is a delightful place. No doubt about it. But most of the delight evaporates suddenly when you're stranded there without enough money to eat regularly. The glitter and gayety go stale and leave you bewildered. That was Mary James' experience. She has to find a job and find it right away. You can hardly blame her for jumping at the first chance she got—the chance to be a model. But you'll admit it was embarrassing when Bill Blakeman turned up in the class before which she was posing. Bill could be counted on to be horrified at anything unconventional. With appropriate reticence, Phyllis Duganne exhibits "The Good Model" in this awkward situation.

ERNEST HAYCOX takes you to a ranch where friendship and love hold good "To the Limit." Clinton W. Gilbert, Don Marquis, Grantland Rice and others keep up the fast pace. And Arthur Somers Roche and Sax Rohmer juggle imperturbably with your emotions. You'll like it.

This Week

June 3, 1933

Cover by Scott Evans

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
Thirty-eight Dollars. **The reward of virtue should, of course, be more than that.** **Page 7**

EDWARD GARDNER, JR.
On a Lady's Advice. **She didn't know beans about stocks but she loved to play bear.** **Page 10**

WALTER DAVENPORT
The Promised Land. **Muscle Shoals, the germ of Utopia.** **Page 12**

SAX ROHMER
Fu Manchu's Bride, Part V. **Insane genius and unlimited power.** **Page 14**

ELLSWORTH VINES
Nets Between Nations. **A great tennis player calls the scores.** **Page 16**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Set Me to Music, **by Rupert Hughes.** **Page 17**

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
Slander, Part IX. **The fruits of deception.** **Page 18**

BROOKE HANLON
Perfect Control. **It saved his life as an aviator, but it did no good against Candace.** **Page 20**

MARIE BEYNON RAY
Going to Beat Ninety. **Beauty on wheels and fashion doing a loop.** **Page 22**

W. B. COURTNEY
Glenn, the Bomb Boy. **The new holder of the Collier Trophy—a designing hero.** **Page 25**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **A diet of facts, to be taken without salt.** **Page 48**

EDITORIAL
What Does It All Mean? **Page 50**

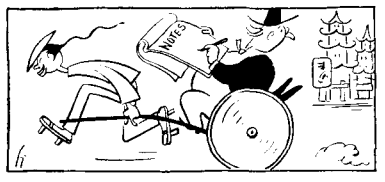
Any Week

THE only reliable way to find out how a man feels about silver money is to offer him some. Thinks Mr. Joseph Mandell of St. Louis, Missouri, "If he turns it down he is the sort of man who oughtn't to be trusted with money anyhow. Personally I'll take all the silver money that Senator Dave Reed, Andy Mellon and Herbert Hoover don't want and I'll say thanks too."

WE ARE notified by Miss E. MacGregor of Tallahassee, Florida, that the scenes attending the departure of our young men for the forestry camps are nothing short of heartbreaking. Pride, solicitude, apprehension and fears for the worst mingle at the railroad stations where the youth of the country is faring forth. Says Miss MacGregor, there was almost a riot when the weeping mother of a tree-trooper bade her departing son "not to be reckless and to be careful not to get hurt."

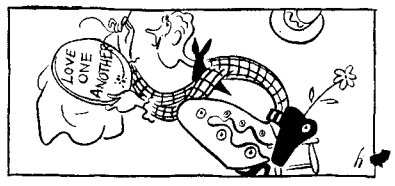
"George is such a wild, reckless boy," the mother said. "He says that he ain't going to bother with easy work but will work on nothing but hardwood. Poor boy!"

"THERE is an idea around," says Mr. L. M. Cohl of Richmond, Virginia, "that our Federal monetary system should be rejuvenated by somebody who knows something about it. But I reckon Congress is beginning to think it has lost enough of its powers and prerogatives. After all, when a man gets as much money as a congressman you can't blame him for feeling that he ought to do the running of the country. Of course you can't put a high-priced man like that out planting trees or building dams along the Tennessee River, but he could take a trip to China or Russia and learn something while waiting to find out what's wrong with the United States. . . . Of course I don't expect anybody is going to pay any attention to this. . . . I'm just telling you what the folks are saying."



"ABOUT every other man you meet these days," says Mr. George Wenzell of Columbus, Ohio, "is running around trying to find out what somebody else is doing. When they find out or find that the other fellow is doing the same as they are, maybe they will start out on a campaign to find out what they themselves are doing. And then we'll be okay. Minding his own business never hurt any man."

LESS optimistic is Mr. Ward Crosby of Brownsville, Texas, who thinks that the "United States has gone sissified and once a country goes sissified, watch out. Look," says Mr. Crosby, "at ancient Rome." While you are looking at ancient Rome, Mr. Crosby continues: "When I was a young man and felt like I needed a little excitement all I had to do was put on my hat and go to Mexico or down to Central America and come back maybe with enough fighting under my belt to do me till next year. But now you can't get our young fellows out of bed long enough to change the sheets and the result is that Mexico and Central America have gone so genteel that they hide in the closet during a lightning storm and take saxophone lessons instead of target practice. I ain't got long to live and I ain't kicking either."



MR. HIBBERD CLAUSEN of Tulsa, Oklahoma, relays a few sage words of a Negro who was watching the owner of a bemired motor car (a small, elderly one) and its heavily laden trailer trying to get out of a ditch. The car and trailer—the latter the living quarters of the owner and his family—had sunk hub-deep in mud. The license plates were of Massachusetts and the caravan was headed west. After an hour of fruitless effort to get going again, the owner of the car was about to give up. And then the Negro, who had been watching with deep interest, said:

"Cap'n, if you don't mind, maybe you could git going again if you was to git rid of a lot of them Yankee notions you got in that wagon."

And maybe, concludes Mr. Clausen, this would be a grand thing for the entire country.

AND Mr. Theo. Beryllat of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, complains about a certain lack of "modern fighting spirit in the old respectables of my state. They are all against Huey Long," he continues, "and would appreciate the news that the Hon. Long wasn't expected to live more than a few hours. But a lot of the old-timers are still fighting the Civil War and aren't through cussing out old General Teaspoons Butler and his carpetbaggers. But one of these days they are going to find out it is 1933 and that is going to be just too bad for the Hon. Long."

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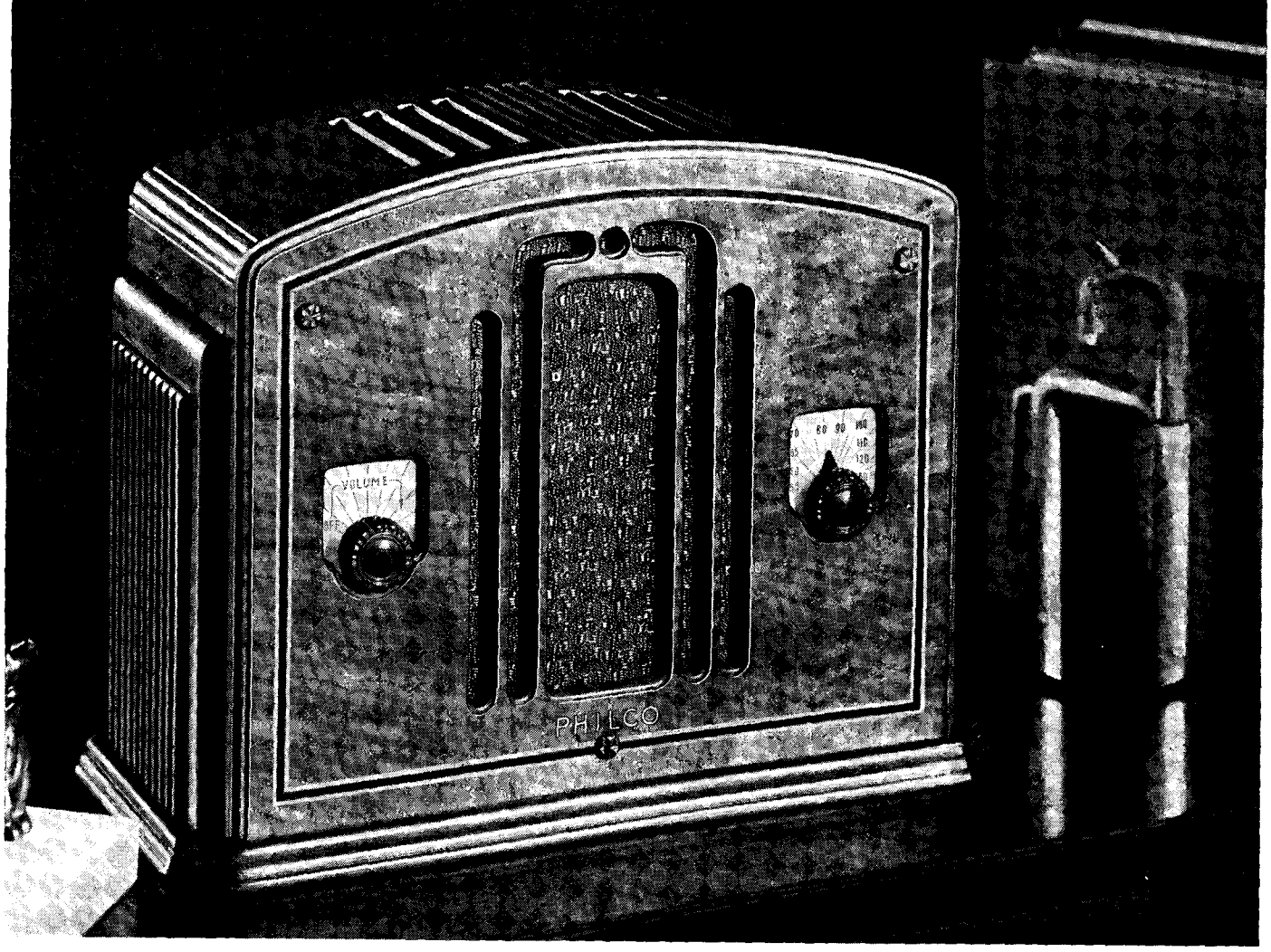

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Here's a radio of small size that includes all the features you'd expect to find only in large and expensive radios. Automatic volume control! An illuminated dial to eliminate groping for stations when lights are low! At last—a small radio built to conform to Underwriters' Laboratories Safety Standards!

It is truly *Universal*—operating on A. C. or D. C. current. Covers the complete range of broadcasting stations—not just a few but *all* the exciting police calls—many amateur and airplane broadcasts.

The wonderful tone quality of a true PHILCO. Surprising selectivity and amazing distance range.

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Built along standard PHILCO quality lines to conform to Safety Standards of Underwriters' Laboratories.

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Tunes all stations from 540 to 3300 kilocycles—an amazing range.
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Buttressed ends and gracefully curved top.

Cabinet 12" wide, 9" high, 5⅝" deep.

Zipper carrying case—$1.50

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Operates on standard 110 volt A. C. current, 50 or 60 cycles.

Built to conform to Safety Standards of Underwriters' Laboratories.

Tunes all stations from 540 to 3300 kilocycles.
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PHILCO High Efficiency Tubes.

Handsome two-tone cabinet of selected woods.

Buttressed ends and gracefully curved top.

Cabinet size 12" wide, 9" high, 5⅝" deep.

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The girls at the Purple Heron were beautiful. You could dance with one of them for ten cents. You could talk to one of them an hour—for six dollars. Mat Haller was a bored young man with too much money

Thirty-eight Dollars

By George Agnew Chamberlain

WYATT JANVIER was struggling for a certain glaze. He had scraped down to the flat three times already, and from the look on his face he might have to do it again. Transparency. The light that comes through from nowhere and yet is unmistakably there—only it wasn't! He held his palette in one hand, a brush in the other, two more brushes between his teeth, and scowled.

Behind him Frances, his wife, sat curled like a kitten in the big couch. Apparently she was doing nothing, but in fact she was helping him, for Wyatt insisted he could paint only when soothed by her presence. He declared that her transcendent rôle in life was that of an atmosphere, that only while she was around could his soul, embalmed in peace, attain to sheer purity of expression. He did not add, even to himself, that since she was obviously the loveliest girl alive it added to his comfort to know exactly where she was.

The telephone rang. He cursed under his breath and dropped a brush. That made him curse again, more earnestly, and he swung his scowl toward Fran. She stirred. Watching her get up was a treat in itself. She drew one lovely leg from under her, extended it full length, regarded its contours with a satisfied air, and finally placed that foot on the floor. Then she swung down the other leg to set both feet side by side. With knees uncovered she could run parallel blue eyes down equally parallel shinbones to her toes. She liked looking at her toes—they made her laugh. The bell rang for the third time. She arose and went to the telephone.

"Who?" demanded Wyatt when she came back from the other room.

"Mat. He wants a treatment."

"What? Another? He had one last week. What is it this time?"

"Money. He says he has too much money."

"Then he's crazy."

"NO," said Fran, "I can understand him perfectly. He says when everybody else is broke, having too much ready cash is terribly depressing. It's like being a white blackbird. Don't you see how it is? All his friends are having a party of their own and he feels left out."

"When's he coming around?" asked Wyatt, dropping his brushes resignedly.

The doorbell rang. "He's here now," said Fran, curling up on the couch again. "He phoned from around the corner."

Mr. Matthew Haller walked in without hindrance since the Janviers, both being averse to unnecessary exertion, seldom locked their front door. He was an exceptionally well-proportioned young man and his face would have gratified any eye had it not been shrouded in gloom. He divested himself of hat, stick and coat, straightened his tie before the *entresol* mirror, but failed to notice that his collar was rolled up at one side. He came into the studio, glanced around shamefacedly, and made a dash for the other end of the couch. Fran leaned over, straightened his collar and patted it down.

"How bad is it this time?" she asked.

"Pretty rotten," said Mat. "I doubt whether you can do anything about it."

Girl after girl ran up the steps and brushed by. One touched him as she passed and turned to toss him a quick word of apology

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"If that's the way you feel," said Wyatt, putting his brushes to soak, "I think Fran ought to double her fee."

"Great!" exclaimed Mat. "That's the brightest idea you've contributed in months."

"Then here's another," said Janvier, pointing at him with a paint-smudged thumb. "If money's all that's the matter with you, why don't you open the window and scatter your wad?"

"THOUGH it may amaze you," said Mat, "I thought of that myself, and it only goes to show how dumb we both are. I can throw away what I have in my pocket, but does that stop more coming in? It does not. It's like liquor or water—if you can't get at the source you get nowhere."

"How did it start?" asked Fran sympathetically. "You've never told us."

"Haven't I? Well, art didn't do it."

"I'll bet!" murmured Wyatt.

"I'll tell you," continued Mr. Haller, unheeding. "About a year ago a friend of mine was fishing and he thought of something and told me about it and I said it was a fool idea but if it wasn't I knew the only outfit that could use it. So I took him around and it wasn't a fool idea and they did use it and they put me in for a cut on the royalties and now I'm getting a thousand a month."

"Of all the hard luck!" murmured Janvier solemnly.

Mr. Haller sighed. "At any other time it wouldn't matter," he muttered. "I can remember when almost everybody had a thousand a month, but now—you know how it is. Say you offer all you have to a friend. While it's in your hand it looks like a lot of money, but the minute he passes it over to his loudest creditor, it melts away into less than nothing and makes you feel as small as a piker's sixteenth cousin!"

"What about going down to Forty-third Street and feeding the breadline?" said Wyatt, making his first genuine effort toward helpfulness.

Mat's lip curled in derision. "I did that on the way up," he stated. "But haven't you got a wrong idea of what I came here for? It isn't my pocketbook that's blue—it's me."

"Of course!" said Fran, rising with her usual ritual. Ordinarily Mat's cure began right there, but on this evening not even her well-matched knees could bring a gleam to his somber gaze. "He's absolutely right, Wyatt. I'll be ready in five minutes."

She disappeared into the bedroom, followed by her husband, muttering the old equation between five minutes and a long half hour. Mr. Haller continued to sit on the couch, too depressed even to light a cigarette.

THE Janviers emerged. Cleaned of paint and dressed in his street clothes, Wyatt had assumed a totally different personality. He had the air of a beagle hound ready for business—intent, eager and grotesquely solemn. As for Fran, she looked ravishing in a trim ensemble purchased out of the accumulation of fees collected for elevating Mr. Haller from the dumps on previous occasions. At the moment her face wore an unusually thoughtful expression since it was the essence of her method that no cure should ever be used twice. Even a so-called place of amusement could be revisited only if it was as changeable as a chameleon or as varied as a kaleidoscope.

Wondering where she would take her charges, Fran zigzagged toward the Great White Way. Her position between the two men put her in command. With her arms linked to an arm of each she could steer the three by pressure of one of her elbows and a pull of the other. Nothing was said for several blocks. Then Fran's watchful eyes were arrested by a sign over a cellar doorway. "The Purple Heron," it read, "Taxi Ballroom for the Elite." With sudden determination she wheeled platoons right and the next instant two astonished young men were brought to a halt before a ticket booth. They ignored the ticket booth, for descending to the dance floor was a broad flight of steps and at its foot, looking up, stood a row of expectant sirens—eight or nine of them—in revealing evening frocks. The light was dim—ballroom moonlight at ten cents a throw—but the low visibility only added the illusion of charm to the lure of the unknown.

A man—evidently the proprietor—hurried up. "Admittance," he intoned, "twenty-five cents; couples, two dollars and a half."

Mat paid. As he passed the money through the window to a ravishing blonde with the air of one who scorns to haggle over the price of adventure, Fran made for the ladies' dressing-room. Mat arrived at the head of the broad flight of steps just as Wyatt was starting resolutely down.

Mat's eye swept the waiting line. "The third from your left, Wyatt," he whispered hastily on an impulse he could not have defined.

FEELING suddenly isolated, he looked around for Fran, but it was a mere gesture since he was aware of her habits. If the dressing-room offended her taste she might possibly be back inside five minutes, but if it didn't—there was really no telling. Yet he dared not dance himself, nor did he wish to. His eyes followed Wyatt into the dim depths and watched him duly pick the third from the left. Did he do it from deliberate choice or merely because a whispered word had supplied the necessary impetus?

The rest of the line cast an appraising glance toward Wyatt but the next instant had reconcentrated an anxious gaze on Mat. He frowned self-consciously and looked away. Since Mahomet would not go to the mountain, the mountain promptly began to disintegrate and throw off particles which came up to Mahomet. Girl after girl detached herself, ran up the steps and brushed by. One actually touched him as she passed and turned to toss him a quick word of apology. He smiled inanely and then looked down in dismay at the snowy coating, technically known as evening white, which adorned his left sleeve. He tried in vain to brush it off and turned remonstrating eyes on the loitering manager.

"They think I'm shy," he said protestingly, "but I wish you'd explain I'm not—I'm only waiting."

"You can't blame 'em," said the manager. He spoke morosely, since it was a quiet night. "They seen you come in with your lady and they know it's now or never as far as you're concerned. Besides, you'd be surprised."

"At what?" asked Mat doubtfully.

"The boobs that come here," elucidated the manager. "A lot of 'em need an electric booster to push them onto the floor and another to shunt 'em around."

At this moment a sinuous vision who had not bothered to stand in line glided easily and purposefully up the stairs in a direct frontal attack. She did not brush by Mat; she stood exactly in front of him and waited for her gaze, unaided by words, to get in its work. He tried looking into her eyes but switched abruptly to one of the long earrings that hung in a straight line from the lobe of her ear to the rounded tip of her collar-bone. How could anybody stand so still? The pendant did not even quiver. Seemingly from far off he heard the manager's voice: "Lay off, Booster. You're too late; here comes his dame."

IN THE meantime Wyatt had not been idle. Since he was one of those fortunate mortals who never ask an embarrassing question of life, life was constantly showing him a good time. Had he paused to wonder by what road the girl in his arms could have arrived at her present employment the whole evening would have been spoiled. His not to reason why, but to play each game as he found it. Taking his cue from other couples, he held her close every time the bandstand screened them. "Is this the thing to do?" he would murmur in her ear. "I'm new here and I don't want to make mistakes." It made her laugh with a catch in her throat—laugh inside as she had not laughed for weeks. Here was one man who could actually be jolly at the door of a tomb. Yes—that was it—a tomb where people played around after they were dead!

They happened to swing into the open for about the twentieth time at the moment of Mat's rescue by Fran. The sight of them gave Wyatt what he mistook for a happy inspiration. "Look," he whispered excitedly. "Do you know that pair of beauties?"

The girl obeyed; she saw Fran's loveliness with a gasp of envy, and almost missed a step. "No."

"It's Mat Haller and his third wife," proceeded Wyatt blithely. "They look like peaches and cream but they fight like cat and dog."

"I can't believe it," said the girl. "To me she's lovely and smart and calm. It's written all over her she doesn't belong here, yet she's the kind that belongs anywhere."

"Wrong, all wrong," pursued Wyatt recklessly. "Soft as chinchilla till her claws snap into play, then—oh, my! But Mat has her number. You ought

Illustrated by James W. Earley

He tossed the notes on the table before her. "If you mean it, there

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to see him park her by the hour with his hat!"

Mat had seized Fran's arm as if to drag himself up out of a daze and clung to her closely while they descended the steps; and after that she halted, stared up at him and broke into a laugh. He laughed too, scarcely knowing why. To their surprise the place was not distasteful. There was an oval dance floor circling the high bandstand which acted as a useful screen between the busy dancers and the snooping onlookers. Off the floor there were booths and nooks of an increasing shadowiness, but none completely cut off from the investigating public gaze. The music was excellent, but in spite of the never-failing thrill of dancing with Mat, Fran began to sense a numbing effect in the atmosphere. What was missing? She frowned, puzzled; then her brow cleared. Joy—not a single note of genuine joy here.

"Only lonely people come here," she murmured—"lonely girls to work and lonely men to try to forget their loneliness."

"You're wrong," said Mat indignantly. "Why, this place—"

HE STOPPED, suddenly at a loss to finish what he had been about to say. Then his eyes chanced to fall at close quarters on the girl in Wyatt's arms. Immediately a numbing sensation swept him from head to foot. He forgot for the moment that it had been he who had picked her out on a hunch in the dim depths. Only now did he see her vividly and so actual was the shock of her appearance against that background that rhythm left him in the lurch. He hesitated against the beat, missed his step and collided with Fran's toe.

it is," he continued. "Thirty-eight dollars. Take it and get out!"

"Ouch!" she cried, justly infuriated. "You've killed me!" Tears came to her eyes. She stood on one foot like a stork and clasped the other with exploring fingers. "Wyatt," she cried, "Mat has smashed my toe to a pulp!"

For three years and eight days it had been Mr. Janvier's habit to answer unquestioningly Fran's appeals for aid, sympathy and love. He stopped dancing at once and came toward her. Ordinarily Mat would have been filled with contrition and by this time would have been on his knees to kiss the sore spot to make it well. But to his own amazement he found himself oblivious of her and her woes. He stood transfixed, his eyes plunged in those of Wyatt's late partner. What made the event more extraordinary still was that the girl's startled eyes seemed to share the affliction of his own. They looked into his with the fixity of bars of steel—warm, smooth bars that ran in and out of his head, giving him the surprising sensation of coming to life for the first time in his twenty-seven years.

"It's perfectly astonishing," he said.

"Isn't it?" she agreed.

"I've never seen you before," he stated.

"Nor I you," she murmured.

Just as her eyes had done strange things to him, now her voice carried him away—out of the cellar dance-hall, out of the city, out of the state and into the New England hills of his youth. Running water—that's what it was! The gurgle of a cool, clear stream two feet wide and only a couple of miles long. Unaware of action, he took her in his arms and they began to dance. Rather, it should be said, he awoke gradually to the fact that they were dancing. The girl was young—very young—so young that to think of it saddened Mat. Twenty-two at the outside, and as fresh as a dewy morning. That was all wrong, of course. How could she be so lovely and still be here? But she was here. He stared at her glossy head, her level gray eyes, her flower-like skin and at her full lips, parted in surprise. The whole business was very confusing.

"It's incredible!" he murmured vaguely.

"What?" she asked.

"You," he explained. "What are you doing here?"

She laughed, relieved. "It's very simple—the simplest thing in the world. I need money."

"Money?" asked Mat. "How much?"

"WELL—" She frowned, then smiled, and the sight of her smile did something queer to him; it made him feel faint. "Yesterday it was fifty-nine dollars and fifty cents. I average about five a night, so by tomorrow it ought to be only fifty-four and a half."

"All that money!" scoffed Mat. "What do you want it for?"

"It's the balance on my ticket back to California."

His eyes enlarged. "Hollywood?"

"No—oh, no! Not Southern California."

"Say, let's sit down," said Mat with sudden determination.

She hesitated. "Are you sure it's worth it?"

"Worth what?"

"Six dollars an hour."

"Food included?"

"No—only me."

He made a face at her. He was happy inside—so happy he had to make faces to keep from showing it. He could sit with this girl for six dollars an hour, and nobody could interrupt! If this wasn't a miracle, what was? Cupping her elbow in his hand he steered her across the floor and straight to the table where Fran and Wyatt had settled down for rest and observation. Immediately upon arrival he took out his wallet, extracted a fifty-dollar bill and passed it to Fran.

"There you are," he said, "double fee. Now beat it."

Fran looked up at him anxiously. "You're sure you're all right, Mat?"

"You bet."

She cast a worried glance at the girl and back to Mat's glowing face. "If you're cured, don't you think you'd better come along?"

"No," said Mat firmly, "I don't. You've got your money, haven't you? Double pay. Well, if you don't shake your good leg out of here pronto, you may have to hand back the cash."

WITHOUT further protest Fran arose in her usual languid manner and took a grip on Wyatt's arm. Leaning heavily and limping slightly, she weaved her way to the stairway. At its foot she turned, still frowning anxiously, and lifted one hand in a gesture of farewell. Mat sighed. It was a sigh of satisfaction since now he could give his entire attention to the young person at his side. He faced her and drew back in astonishment. Anger was in her eyes and in her pose. She stood straight and trembling.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I think," she said thickly, "that was a horrible thing to do."

"What?"

"Sending her away like that."

"Rude, eh?" said Mat with a troubled scowl. "But you don't know her. She

(Continued on page 34)

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On a Lady's Advice

By Edward Gardner, Jr.

A mystery story, totally devoid of sinister abductions, murders, and suchlike, but brilliantly redeemed by a small person named Betty—mystery enough for any man

YOU'RE late, Jerry," Betty greets, as I push open the door to our little bungalow out in Hollywood. "I mean, you should have been here earlier. I mean, we are going out to dinner, so hurry up and dress."

"What's the matter?" I inquire, tossing my hat on the table, but being careful not to knock over the picture of her mother. "Did they have a fire in the delicatessen and burn the dinner to a crisp?"

"We are invited out," she sniffs. "We are invited out to the William Cameron Campbells'."

"Well, that is certainly something," I say. "I'll go get dressed." And I walk into the bedroom.

"Jerry!" she calls, following after me. "You didn't even notice it!"

"I did too," I disagree, looking quickly at the curtains in the window. "And I think they are real pretty."

"Not those things!" she scoffs, following my gaze. "They have been up ever since we moved in here. My gown! It's new! And we have formed a pond."

"You have what?" I exclaim.

"Don't you think it's beautiful?" she replies, turning slowly around. "Don't you think it's darling?"

"It's swell," I admit. "But what's this pond business?"

"It's a Doucet," she goes on. "And it's my own money. And Jo said we can't lose. So you don't need to scowl so."

"Hey, wait a minute!" I holler. "What is this? It's a Doucet?"

"My gown, foolish," she advises. "He's a Frenchman, and his name is Doucet. I mean, he—"

"All right," I cut in. "But what's this about a pond and you can't lose?"

"This woman," Betty continues, "she's marvelous! I mean, she tells Jo things about the stock market and Jo makes hundreds and hundreds just by doing it. I think it's marvelous! So we formed a pond."

"Are you talking about a stock pool?" I cry, beginning to get it.

"That's what I've been telling you," she agrees. "It's marvelous. And we can't lose."

"JUST a moment," I say, getting a little worried. "Hang on to your hat a minute, and let's get this straight.

"First off," I resume, sitting down on the bed and taking off a shoe, "who is Jo?"

"Why," she says, "you ought to know. I mean, you introduced me. I mean, she called me up. Josephine Elliot called me up and she said she had a perfectly gorgeous model that—"

"She would!" I snap. "So Jo is Josephine Elliot, the girl who works in that dress shop. And now, who is this marvelous woman who hands out the tips? And how much money did you—?"

"She told Jo," Betty breaks in, "that it will positively go very far up. On the market, right away."

"Who?" I shout. "Who told Jo? And what's the name of the stock?"

"I'm telling you," she says. "This woman. She's marvelous."

"What's her name?" I roar, throwing a shoe across the room. "What's the woman's name?"

"I don't know," she shrugs. "She tells Jo things—"

"Well, that's something," I bite off. "You don't know her name. So what's the name of the stock? And how much money did you put up?"

"Oh, I know that," she replies, smiling at me. "The money. I gave five hundred dollars. A check, I mean. Don't you think it will go very far up?"

"Sure," I agree, getting calmer. "What is it? What's the name of it?"

"Oh, that," she says, walking across the room to her dressing-table, where, after smiling at herself approvingly in the mirror, she takes a slip of paper from her purse. "Mr. Marache wrote it down so I could watch it in the paper. You know Mr. Marache? He knows you. He said I ought to ask you about it. But Jo said no I shouldn't. I mean, she said you'd probably do a lot of talking, just like her husband, and he didn't know anything about it either."

"Yeah?" I snort.

"That's just what she said," Betty giggles. And she hands me a broker's confirmation of her order, showing that she and Josephine Elliot have purchased two hundred shares of Omoc Mines at ten dollars a share, and have each deposited five hundred dollars in the joint account.

"We bought it on the edge," she continues, standing over me.

"You mean on margin," I correct. "And did this marvelous woman tell Jo why Omoc would take a jump?"

"Does there have to be a reason?" she asks.

"Not always," I admit.

"She's marvelous," Betty rushes on. "This woman is marvelous. She told Jo to buy some—some of that stock and it would positively go very far up on the Stock Exchange. Right through the attic. She told Jo it would positively go right through the attic."

"The roof," I amend.

"That's what she told Jo," she affirms. "Positively right through."

"Did she say who would pay for the shingles?" I inquire.

"Do you have to do that?" she gasps.

"It's customary," I grin.

"That's silly," she says. "That's positively silly. I mean, there's no sense to it. Absolutely none."

"Maybe not," I assent.

ABOUT half an hour later, while we are driving out to the Campbells' place in Beverly Hills, I get to thinking about that Omoc. Despite some activity in the rest of the market, Omoc had been sound asleep. Lately though, the trading has been running between two and five thousand shares a day; and the price has advanced from under a dollar to ten bucks. There has been considerable conversation about it, too; and I'd been intending to look into it. But what with one thing and another I haven't had much time. However, now that Betty has climbed aboard the band wagon, I promise myself that I'll try and get the cold-quill in the morning.

Well, I push the Campbells' doorbell, and Willie Campbell, as I call him, opens the door himself.

"Hello, there, Odd Lot," he grins, shaking hands. "How's things in the Street-of-Sighs-and-Snickers?"

"The sighs have it," I grin back. "You know my better seven-eighths?"

Willie says he does, and he gets about halfway through telling Betty how swell she looks, when Mignon, his wife, walks into the hall where we are standing.

"Why, Jerry Woods!" she cries. "I am certainly glad you could come! And your darling wife!" And she beams on both of us.

"Oh, you look lovely!" she applauds, admiring Betty's new dress. "I just love your gown! It's sweet. But do come into the drawing-room where we may be more comfortable. Cameron, take Betty's coat! Where are your manners?"

Willie winks at me and draws down the corners of his mouth. But he takes the coat.

"How are the bambini?" I inquire, as we follow Mignon into the living-room.

"They are just fine, Jerry," she replies. "And Suzanne can recite—"

"With gestures," Willie cuts in. "Come on, Jerry, I'll buy a drink." And Willie and me walk across the hall to his den, where he builds up something which he names Custer's Last Stand. After we get the General down behind his horse, debating with himself what he should do with his last bullet, Willie wants to know what I think of Omoc Mines. But before I can answer him, Mignon opens the door and tells us that dinner is served.

Later in the evening some more people drop in, and Willie stirs up some stuff which he calls Tears of the Hollywood Extra Girls; and it makes a very big hit. I am sitting next to Betty and a red-headed gal who tells us her name is Cordelia Cook; and she asks us if we saw her in a picture titled Immersing the Maine.

"OH, I read about it!" Betty exclaims. "It was in all the papers! I mean, it seemed to cause quite a lot of comment. I mean, everyone was saying something about as Maine goes, so goes the—"

"Not that!" I correct quickly. "Miss Cook's picture had to do with the sinking of the battleship Maine. 'Remember the Maine!' "

"Naturally!" Betty sniffs. "Weren't we there? Didn't we go to Havana? I mean, didn't the man show us the exact spot? And," she giggles, "I also remember the Maine Stein Song."

"Then you surely must remember me," puts in Cordelia. "I was one of the Wampas Baby Stars in—"

"That long ago," coos Betty, slowly brushing a blond curl back into its regimented place. "I mean, doesn't time fly?"

But before Miss Cook can frame a courteous reply, Willie stops by us with a trayful of Tears. Cordelia sips hers, and smiles at Betty over the rim of her glass. One of those smiles that are known as very sweet. Then she turns to me:

"Do you know anything about the stock market?" she questions, looking serious.

"Mr. Woods," Betty interposes, smiling back at Cordelia just as sweetly,

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"is a broker. He knows everything about the stock market."

"Oh, I think that's wonderful, Mr. Woods!" bubbles Cordelia. "Do you know anything about mines?"

"Only," I reply, "that they don't have many windows."

"About mining stocks, I mean?" she continues.

"The answer," I advise, "is practically the same. Just substitute dividends for windows."

Betty bends over and places her hand on my knee. "My husband," she smiles possessively, "is very brilliant." And then adds, giving me a hard pinch: "He reads all the funny papers."

Willie Campbell is back again passing a tray with a mixture on it which he claims is christened Will Hays' Hat. And helping Willie is a guy I have known for a long time. His name is Royce Turner, and a few years ago he did considerable trading down at our shop, and he is reputed to be a very smart tomato in the market. He sits down beside Betty and starts talking.

CORDELIA leans back in her chair, crosses her legs and clasps her hands about a very praiseworthy knee. She motions with her head for me to move closer.

"Woodie," she whispers, "I like you and I'm going to tell you a secret."

"Pay day," I come back, "is not until Friday."

"Omoc," she confides excitedly.

"What?" I cry, becoming interested.

"It's a stock," she enlightens. "Omoc Mines. It's a stock and it's going to—"

"Say!" I break in hurriedly. "Do you know Josephine Elliot?"

"No-o-o," she answers thoughtfully. "Not exactly. But I know Josephine Lovejoy. She's my girl friend and—"

"Maybe they are sisters," I suggest.

"Oh, I don't think so," she returns. "I have known Josephine Lovejoy a long time, and I've never heard her mention that she has a sister."

I nod. I do that very well.

"Perhaps you're right," I say.

"Anyway," she goes on, "it's Omoc Mines. The secret. It's a stock."

"And it's going up," Royce Turner adds suddenly, hitching forward in his chair to enter the conversation.

"Mr. Turner knows all about it," Betty trills happily. "I mean, he bought some too. I mean, he knows positively that the Omoc Mines stock is going to break through the tiles. He knows positively."

"Omoc," says Royce Turner, "is red-hot!"

"Says who?" I ask.

"Says one who knows," he retorts darkly. "It's confidential. But if you have any loose doubloons, hop aboard." And with that he grabs Cordelia by the hand, and they start looking for Willie.

THE next morning, as soon as I arrive at the office, I start looking up the dope on Omoc. There is quite a lot of information in our statistical files, but none of it very recent. And the only true and just discernment the boys around the Street have to contribute is that, after going into the situation from all available angles, they have come to the conclusion that the reason Omoc is having such an active play is because there are more buyers than sellers. Which is a big help. So I shoot a wire to our New York office to see what they know, if anything.

Pretty soon my boss, Mr. J. Bruce Cadwalder, comes in and on the way to his own office stops at my desk. Mr. Cadwalder is not only my boss, being resident partner of McCornell & Co., but also he is my uncle.

"Say, Jerry," he says, after we have discussed the market, "when you get time I would like you to do me a favor."

"Shoot," I invite. "My time is in your hands."

"Maryline," he states, "got a hot tip yesterday, and bought herself some—"

"Omoc," I break in.

"How did you know?" he asks.

"It's in the air," I answer.

"Even so," he goes on, "look it up for me. I'd like to have—"

"I did," I say. "Mrs. Gerald Woods is also among those present."

"What is it?" he questions, surprised.

"A mine," I reply.

"I know that," he snaps. "But what are the prospects?"

"Down deep in the ground," I assert. "It's a gold mine."

"How does it look?" he demands impatiently.

"Yellow," I reply, grinning at him.

"Lay off, Jerry!" he admonishes. "Your aunt Maryline bought quite a sizable block of that stuff and I'm anxious to get the low-down. But why in heck she didn't ask me about it before making a commitment is—"

"And the answer to that question," I interrupt, "is also beyond Havelock Ellis, Bishop Manning, The Federal Council of Churches and even Roger Babson."

"Seriously though, Jerry," he continues, "what did you find out? Is it any good at all?"

"WHAT I hear, Uncle Bruce," I state, "is just this: A couple of years ago the Omoc Mining Company had a pretty fair sort of a mine. But from all I can find out their pay-vein petered out, and here lately they haven't taken out enough ore to gold-plate the widow's mite."

"Then why the sudden activity?" he queries. "What's going on?"

"Here," I answer, "read this." And I hand him the reply to my inquiry which has come over our private wire from New York.

The telegram reads:

RE OMOC MINES BUYING APPEARS GENERAL UNABLE TO ASCERTAIN SPONSORSHIP INFORMATION AVAILABLE INADEQUATE WHAT DO YOU HEAR HM NY

"Humph!" he snorts disgustedly, tossing the message on my desk. "We ask for information, and we get that! . . . Well, what do you think?"

"According to the cumbersome system," I return, "you always trump your partner's ace."

For a minute or two he drums with his fingers on the top of my desk. Then he grins at me. "You couldn't possibly be wrong all the time, Jerry," he chuckles. And he reaches out his hand, picks up a "sell" pad and starts writing.

(Continued on page 32)

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

"That means," I continue sympathetically, but with my tongue in my cheek, "that you've lost your dough"

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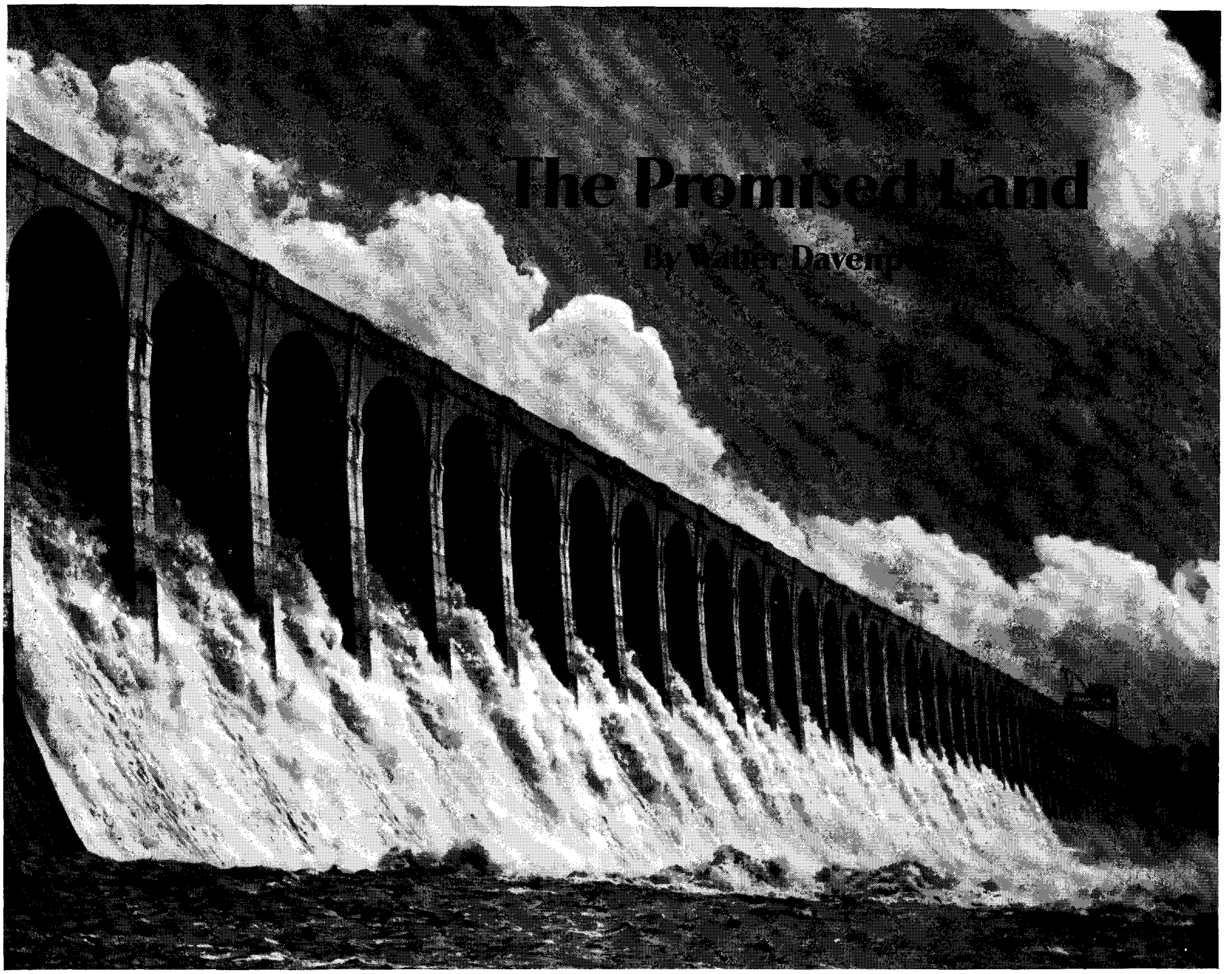

The Promised Land

By Walter Davenport

Wilson Dam, a part of the vast power project at Muscle Shoals, Alabama

If you live near Muscle Shoals and use electric light—most people in that district can't afford to—you pay eight cents per kilowatt-hour. The company to which you pay that rate buys the power from the government for two and nine-tenths mills per kilowatt-hour. What happens to the difference? Nobody seems to know. But there is always a loud and well-organized protest at any proposal for allowing the government to sell power direct. There is an even louder protest just now at President Roosevelt's vast plan for transforming the Tennessee River basin into Utopia. Here Mr. Davenport dramatically shows you that, for the dwellers in the basin, a little Utopia would not come amiss

ALL around Merce Johnson there is power. At night he may stand on the hump of starveling land behind his decaying cabin and behold the lights of Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals. If the night is still he can hear the steady moan of the embattled waters charging through the spillways.

There's power for you: a massive steel and stone giant, a hundred feet high, squatted on the eternal rocks, its arms flung a mile wide, holding back the rolling Tennessee River. Beating upon its back is Wilson Lake, surging, crowding, begging for release, fifteen plunging miles of water that would, were the giant to surrender to its endless urge, sweep from the earth the tiny Alabama towns that bathe in its spray —Florence, Sheffield and Tuscumbia.

By the glow of a kerosene lamp, Merce Johnson beds down his solitary mule. And then, until he can no longer see through his weariness, he spells out the simple words of a handbill that tells him that he should rise with a million of his brother farmers and demand that the government turn over to them the limitless energy of Muscle Shoals to light his evenings, to cook his meals, to enrich his thin acres. Power for Merce Johnson.

And by day, as he mopes along the state highway, he is fanned by the breezes of the motor cars that carry his betters to and from the fight for and against the plan to make the roaring giant yonder—Wilson Dam—his, Merce Johnson's, servant. He is not aroused. He just doesn't get the straight of it all yet. The only power he has ever known was that of his mule's body and his own. One man tells him that all he has to do is stand out against the power companies and pretty soon the government is going to run electricity right up to his door and revive his dying hillside with powerful fertilizers, all from the shoals below.

But then another, a lawyer man from Birmingham, comes along saying that the government is all right when it comes to running the post office and holding elections, but it doesn't know anything about selling electricity or making fertilizer. And this fertilizer (all this in strict confidence to Mr. Johnson, who hasn't been able to buy a bag of any sort of fertilizer for three years) is to be full of dead gas—nitrogen. And in case Mr. Johnson doesn't know it—well, this propagandist tells him, just between the two of them, that this here nitrogen won't do cotton land no good. No, sir.

Mr. Johnson is less impressed than his visitor had hoped for. Perhaps he even gives off one of his rare smiles, reasons for such demonstrations being few in his life. What is it that will do no good to land like his, land that requires ten acres to produce a bale of low-grade cotton that he can't sell anyway? But he signs the stranger's paper. Almost every third man coming down the road these days has a paper with him with names written on it and plenty of room for more. These papers are going up to Washington to show Congress what the people within the Tennessee River Valley want. And each of these paper-toting strangers is as smooth as red mud, proving black on white that what the last man said was all wrong. But Mr. Johnson always signs. Sort of looks forward to it.

A power of talk, this way and that, envelops Merce Johnson. A power of politics that no man can understand who works from sunup to nightfall to scratch a bare existence from the cape of clay that covers his hill. That is all he hears these days—talk of power: Power of Public Opinion. That means Merce Johnson and the thousands of sad-land farmers within the swing of the river which holds more than fourteen million Tennessee acres within its coils. In this basin there are lands as fertile as nature knows; but we're not talking about them.

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The power of the courts, the power of the government, the power of the sovereign states—sovereign, mind you—of Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Georgia, Kentucky and Arkansas. And a power of strangers who don't talk much but come along with outlandish accents, asking the price of land here and the price of land yonder.

More Crazy Yankee Notions

There on his impoverished hill—a straggle of ferrous clay, of stunted, skinny trees that shame the name of oak, of briers as tough as barbed wire and grass that wouldn't hide a garden snake—stands Merce Johnson wondering what it's all about. His clock is the sun, his calendar the parade of nights, his world a forgotten township. He is the man whom Franklin Roosevelt would rehabilitate, reëstablish economically, whose dead land would be planted with trees, reforested, and who would be moved to the lower lands near the river where an acre would produce upward of a half bale of long-fiber cotton if only it could be kept above flood water.

And what he does understand of it, he doesn't believe. In the first place, the power companies—the great corporations that light the cities and quicken the factories—aren't going to stand for any such nonsense. He has had that flat, in so many words, from the politicians, the lawyers, the real estate developers and so on. Fact is, he has had it from a member of the legislature that he might as well resign himself to what he has, little as it is, and stop wasting time listening to Yankee dreamers even if they are Democrats.

Let's see. As he gets it they are going to take part of his land, maybe all of it, and turn it into timber land, which is all that it's good for. Is that so? Well, how do they know what it's good for? Did they ever see it? He is willing to admit it isn't worth much. He is a farmer. His daddy was a farmer. And his granddaddy before him. And all on this hill, so he ought to know. And to do this tree-planting, cultivating and patrolling they are going to use about seventy thousand men. Listen, stranger, there ain't seventy thousand men in the ten counties around his farm. So obviously that's just foolishness got up by some of the real estate men down there on the river. Send them down from the cities? They'd starve to death.

Another thing: How are they going to keep the Tennessee from overflowing in the spring so that this bottom land can be farmed? Put dams along the rambling river, hitch the old Tennessee up with high-water catchment basins all the way from Cove Creek beyond Knoxville over in the east, on around the loop to Paducah, Kentucky, where she empties into the Ohio? Why, stranger, that's six hundred and fifty-two downhill miles of a river so crazy that every so often it squirms inside out and kicks itself in the face. Besides, there are a lot of dams on that river right now, and what good are they? Wilson Dam, yonder, for instance. A man told Mr. Johnson that a million horse power could be worked up at Wilson Dam; and what have they done about it? Not a thing. Back before times got so hard, Mr. Johnson and a couple of farmers out his way went down there and wondered if a line couldn't be run over his hill, so they wouldn't have to bother about kerosene lamps any more—put a light in the barn, for example, and maybe one in the house if it wouldn't be asking too much. And when that man got through figuring what it would cost to throw that line up his way, Mr. Johnson and his neighbors began to apologize and agree with one another that they hadn't any right leaving home to bother folks with ignorant questions. And since then the old Tennessee has been overflowing its banks right regularly, laughing at the dams and mocking the engineers who thought they were bigger than the river.

Mr. Johnson had heard, too, that it was the Roosevelt plan to entice industries—great factories—from the North and East and locate them on the Tennessee so that they could benefit by cheap electric power and thin out the crowded cities. Well, that, says Mr. Johnson, gets right back to the local power people who, he knows, will tolerate no such crazy notions. If you want power you buy it from the company, or you don't get it. Besides, he remembers back in 1921 that Henry Ford was coming down to Muscle Shoals to build a city seventy-five miles long, manufacture fertilizer and raise the dickens generally. And what happened? Nothing. Mr. Ford was going to pay the government five million dollars spot cash and a hundred and fifty millions more over a period of a hundred years. Well, where's Henry Ford now? Up in Detroit, where he has always been.

Fogged by Propaganda

No. Mr. Johnson isn't far enough gone to believe all this nonsense. Perhaps the President of the United States would like to do something about folks like Merce Johnson, but, after all, the President is only one man (from New York, at that) and there will be Merce Johnsons scratching flint as long as the good Lord lets the world go on twirling. Giddap, mule, next thing you know you'll get all nervous thinking of eating the old Tennessee River, the way these wild men from the city are talking.

And don't get to thinking that the confusion is all Mr. Johnson's. Almost from the moment that Franklin Roosevelt announced his plan of putting the land to work in unison with its workers, town and country have been roaring with misconception, misrepresentation, intentional and otherwise, to confuse the issue. There are those who know it can't be done because it never has been done. They cite past failures of government control and operation as conclusive evidence of its inefficiency and even impossibility. They don't go behind the curtain to find out why there have been failures.

Opposite, there are addle-pated enthusiasts who shout the arrival of the new day and die of despair if it isn't immediate. But from New York to New Orleans the land rings with propaganda. Even the few facts one may not escape don't help much. Perhaps the anti-government-control prophets are the more numerous. Anyway they are more articulate. The average voter, the single house owner, the small industrialist, merely asks questions and is completely baffled by the conflict of reply.

(Continued on page 36)

Keystone View

A typical Tennessee River Valley family, one of thousands that struggle for existence in a land of vast natural resources

Keystone View

Primitive life in barren surroundings is the lot of the indigent families of the Tennessee hills

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Fu Manchu's Bride

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

A MYSTERIOUS and deadly plague threatens all southern France. Working frantically, Dr. Petrie, noted English scientist, evolves an antidote, "654," sends the formula to Sir Manston Rorke, in London—*and is himself stricken.* To save him (he is in a coma) more "654" is needed. His friends—Sir Denis Nayland Smith, formerly of Scotland Yard, and young Alan Sterling—cannot find the formula. Preparing to wire Sir Manston Rorke for it, they learn that he has been murdered—and the formula stolen!

What can it mean—this sinister effort to destroy the work of the plague-fighters? Obviously some enemy of mankind is *operating. But who?* Sir Denis knows the answer. Hideous dacoits (members of a secret brotherhood of killers) are lurking about Petrie's villa, striving desperately to find the formula. "Sterling," the detective says, "only one man uses dacoits—the most dangerous criminal the world has ever known: *Dr. Fu Manchu.*" He pauses: then—"We are in deadly peril—we, and *every human being on earth!*". . .

Again and again, during the stirring events that follow, Sterling thinks of a girl he has recently met. Her name is "Fleurette." She is astonishingly beautiful. She lives in a near-by villa, occupied by a wealthy Egyptian: Mahdi Bey. Beyond that, he knows nothing concerning her. He wonders who she is. He longs to meet her again. . . . Another beautiful woman is in the neighborhood. She comes to him, while he is guarding Petrie (who dies a few days later), and hypnotizes him—makes him feel, momentarily, that he loves her madly. Sir Denis listens to the story. "That," he says, "was Fah Lo Suee. Watch her, Sterling—she is dangerous. She is *Fu Manchu's daughter!*"

At a restaurant in Monte Carlo, following an adventure during which he is gassed with poisonous, mimosa-scented vapor shot at him by the conspirators, Sterling sees a beautiful girl: Fleurette! He leaves the restaurant. A dacoit—a sinister, yellow-visaged fellow—follows him. He tries to capture the man, who strangles him. Losing consciousness, he comes to before a man with a face "like a death mask of Satan in gold." *Fu Manchu!* "Sterling," says his captor, "you are now in China—in *one of my* laboratories. Come, I will show you." All manner of strange things lie before them: fantastic plants, monstrous insects. But a greater wonder awaits him when he meets the Doctor's co-workers. All are world-famous. All are men whom he knows *to be dead.* "I have more to show you," Fu Manchu whispers.

V

OUR route led up a flight of stairs, rubber-covered like every other place I had visited with the exception of that strange study pervaded with opium fumes.

"The physiological research room," Dr. Fu Manchu said, "would not interest you. It is very small in this establishment, although Companion Yamamata, who is at present in charge, is engaged upon a highly important experiment in synthetic genesis."

We entered a long, well-lighted corridor, with neat white doors right and left, each bearing a number like those in a hotel. These doors were plain and possessed neither handles nor keyholes.

"Some of the staff reside here," my guide explained.

He pressed a button in the wall beside a door numbered eleven, and the door slid noiselessly open. I saw a very neat sitting-room, with other rooms opening out of it.

"Temporarily," the guttural voice continued . . .

There was a strange interruption.

A sort of quavering note sounded, a gong-like note, more a vibration of the atmosphere than an actual sound. But Dr. Fu Manchu stood rigidly upright, and his extraordinary eyes glanced swiftly left along the corridor.

"Quick!" he said harshly, "inside! And close the door—there is a corresponding button in the wall. One pressure closes the door; two open it. Remain there until you are called if you value your life. . . ."

His harsh, imperious manner had its effect. Some of the secret of this strange man's power lay in the fact that he never questioned his own authority or the obedience of those upon whom he laid his orders.

The force behind those orders was uncanny.

With no other glance in my direction he set off along the corridor, moving swiftly, yet with a sort of cat-like dignity.

With his withdrawal, some part of my real self began to clamor for recognition. I hesitated on the threshold of the little room, watching him as he went. And when the tall figure, with never a backward glance, disappeared where the corridor branched right, something like a cold wave of sanity came flooding back to my brain.

This was neither delirium nor death! It was mirage. This place was real enough—the long corridor and the white doors—but the rest was hypnotism; a trick played for what purpose I could not imagine by a master of that dangerous art!

THAT the woman called Fah Lo Suee was an adept, Sir Denis had admitted. This was her father, and her master.

Those living-dead men were phantoms, conjured up by his brain and displayed before me as an illusionist displays the seemingly impossible. Those vast forcing-houses, the big laboratory, the horrible insects in their glass cases! It was perhaps his method of achieving conquest of my personality, submerging me and then using me.

Very well! I was not conquered yet. I could still fight!

That curious throbbing, as of a muted gong, continued incessantly.

What did it mean? What was the explanation of Dr. Fu Manchu's sudden change of manner and his hurried departure?

"Close the door . . . and remain there until you are called, if you value your life!"

These had been his words. He had spoken with apparent sincerity.

And now as I watched I saw a strange thing. At the foot of the stairs which we had ascended I saw a door dropping slowly from the roof. I could feel the slight vibration of the mechanism controlling it.

I glanced swiftly left, along the corridor.

A similar door was descending just where the passage branched off!

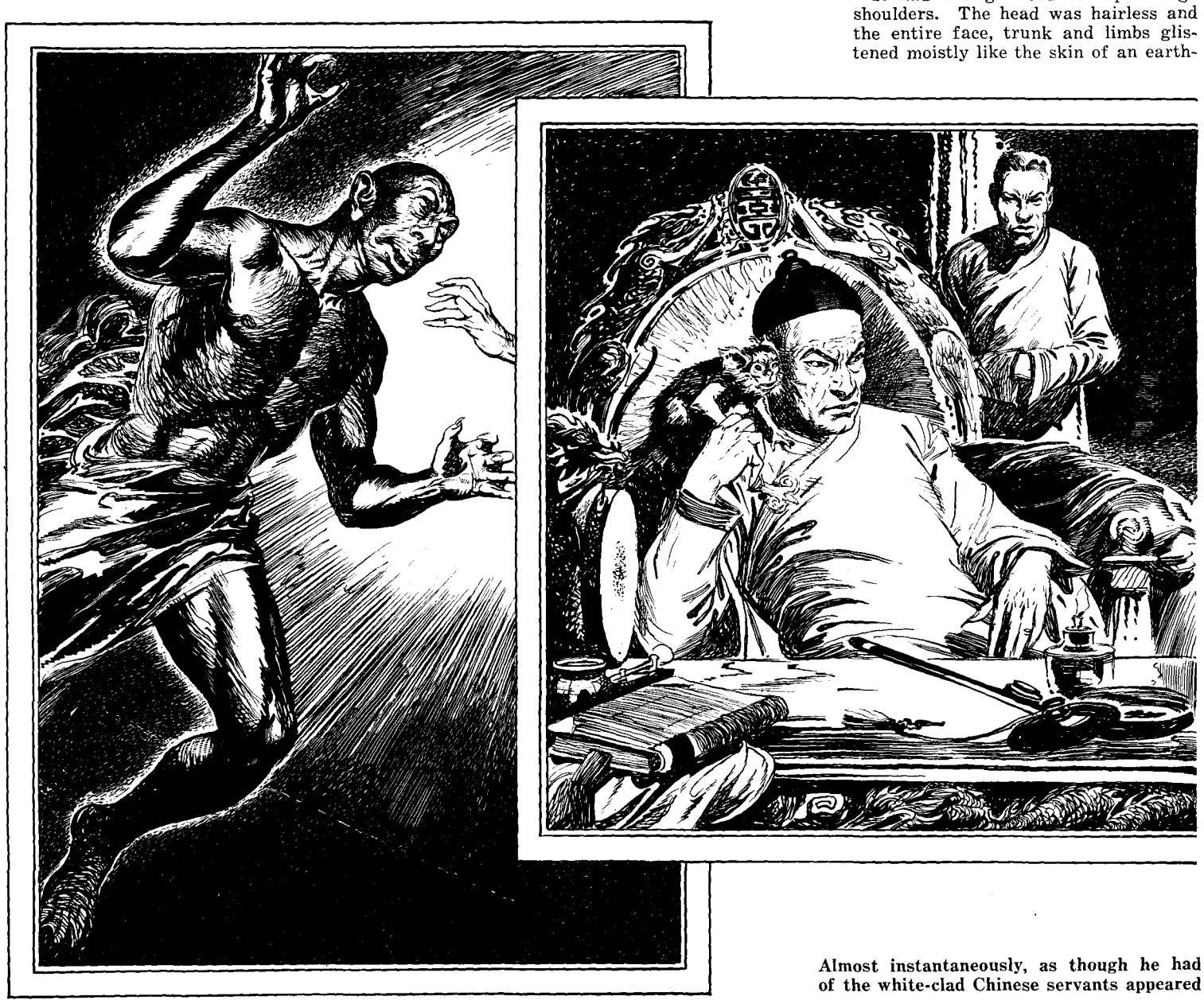
They were stone doors, or something very like them, such as are used in seagoing ships. Was this the meaning of that constant vibrating note which now was beginning to tell upon my nerves?

What had happened? Had fire broken out? If so, I might well be trapped between the two doors, for I knew of no other exit. Further reflection assured me that these devices could not be intended for use in such an emergency as fire. What then was their purpose, and what was it that Dr. Fu Manchu had feared?

The answer came, even as the question flashed into my mind.

Heralded by a hoarse, roaring sound, a *Thing,* neither animal nor human, a huge, naked, misshapen creature resembling an animated statue by Epstein, burst into view at the end of the corridor!

It had a huge head set upon huge shoulders. The head was hairless and the entire face, trunk and limbs glistened moistly like the skin of an earth-



Almost instantaneously, as though he had of the white-clad Chinese servants appeared

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worm. The arms were equally massive; but I saw that the hands were misformed and the fingers partially webbed.

The legs were out of all proportion to that mighty trunk, being stumpy, dwarfed, and terminating in feet of a loathsome pink color—feet much larger than the great hands, but also webbed.

From the appalling, glistening, naked face, two tiny eyes, set close together beside a flattened nose with distended nostrils, glared redly, murderously in my direction.

Uttering a sound which might have proceeded from a wounded buffalo, the creature hurled itself toward me. . . .

I sprang back, looking wildly right and left for the button which controlled the door.

The worm-man was almost upon me, and transcending all fear of a violent death was the horror of contact with those moistly glittering limbs. The control button proved to be on the right. I pressed it.

And the door began to close rapidly and smoothly.

In the very instant of its closing, a loathsome, moist mass appeared in the narrowing opening.

My heart leaped, and then seemed to stop. I thought that one of those great pink arms was about to be thrust through. Judging the door to be a frail one, I looked in those few instants upon a fate more horrible than any which had befallen man since prehistoric times.

The door closed.

And now came a hollow booming, and a perceptible vibration of the floor upon which I stood.

That unnamable thing was endeavoring to batter a way in! I inhaled deeply, and knew such a sense of relief as I could not have believed possible under the roof of Dr. Fu Manchu.

The door was of metal. Not even the unnatural strength of the monster could prevail against it.

All sounds were curiously muted here; but one harsh bellow of what I took to be frustrated rage reached me very dimly. Then silence fell.

I pressed my ear against the enameled metal but could hear nothing save a vague murmuring, with which was mingled the rumble of those descending doors.

Thereupon I stood upright; and as I did so a stifled exclamation brought me sharply about.

Fleurette was in the room, just behind me!

She wore a blue-and-white pajama suit and blue sandals. Her beautiful eyes registered the nearest approach to fear which I had seen in them. She had told me, I remembered, that nothing frightened her; but today or tonight—for I had lost all count of time—something had definitely succeeded in doing so. Her face, which was so like a delicate flower, was pale.

"You!" she whispered. "What are *you* doing here?"

I SWALLOWED, not without difficulty. I suffered from an intense thirst and my throat remained very sore by reason of its maltreatment at the hands of the dacoit.

My heart began jumping in quite a ridiculous way.

Yet I suppose the phenomenon was not so ridiculous, for Fleurette was more lovely than I had ever believed a woman could be. Oddly enough, her beauty swamped the last straw of reality upon which I had clutched in the corridor with its rows of white doors and which had remained with me up to the moment that the worm-man had appeared. I sank back again into a sea of doubt, from which, agonizingly, my mind had been fighting to free itself.

Fleurette was dead! *I* was dead! This was a grim, a ghastly half-world, horribly reminiscent of that state which spiritualists present to us as the after life.

"I have joined you," I replied.

My words carried no conviction even to myself.

"What?"

Her expression changed; she watched me with a new, keen interest.

"I have joined you."

Fleurette moved toward me and laid one hand almost timidly upon my shoulder.

"Is that true?" she asked in a low voice.

I had thought that her eyes were blue, but now I saw that they were violet. The life beyond, then, was a parody of that which we had lived on earth. I had seen travesties of my own studies in those monstrous houses; I had met with the fabulous Dr. Fu Manchu; I had watched men still pursuing the secrets they had sought in life—amid surroundings which were a caricature of those they had known during their earthly incarnation.

Horror there was in this strange borderland, but as I looked into those violet eyes I told myself that death had its recompenses.

"I am glad you are here," said Fleurette.

"So am I."

She glanced aside, and went on rapidly:

"You see, I have been trained not to feel fear, but whenever I hear the alarm signal and know that the section doors are being closed—I feel something very like it! I don't suppose you know about all this yet?" she added.

Already normal color was returning to those rose-petal cheeks, and she dropped into a little armchair, forcing a smile.

"No," I replied, watching her; "it's unpleasantly strange."

"It must be!" She nodded. "I have lived amid this sort of thing, on and off, as long as I can remember."

"Do you mean *here?*"

"NO; I have never been here before. But at the old palace in Ho Nan the same system is in use, and I have been there several times."

"You must travel a lot," I said, studying her fascinatedly and thinking that she had the most musical voice in the world.

"Yes, I do."

"With Mahdi Bey?"

"He nearly always comes with me: he is my guardian, you see."

"Your guardian?"

"Yes." She looked up, a puzzled frown appearing upon her smooth forehead. "Mahdi Bey is an old Arab doctor, you know, who adopted me when I was quite tiny—long before I can remember. He is very, very clever; and no one in the world has ever been so kind to me."

"But, my dear Fleurette, how did you come to be adopted by an Arab doctor?"

She laughed: she had exquisite little teeth.

"Because," she said, and at last that for which I had been waiting—the adorable dimple—appeared in her chin; "because I am half an Arab myself."

"What!"

"Don't I look like one? I am sunburned now, I know; but my skin is naturally not so many shades lighter."

"But an Arab, with violet eyes and hair like . . . like an Egyptian sunset."

"Egyptian, yes!" She laughed again. "Evidently you detect the East even in my hair!"

"But," I said in amazement, "you have no trace of accent."

"Why should I have?" She looked at me mockingly. "I am a most perfect little prig. I speak French also without any foreign accent: Italian, Spanish, German, Arabic and Chinese."

"You are pulling my leg."

That maddening dimple reappeared, and she shook her head so that glittering curls danced and seemed to throw out sparks of light.

"I know such accomplishments are simply horrible for a girl—but I can't help it. This learning has been thrust upon me. You see, I have been trained for a purpose."

And as she spoke the words, dancing, vital youth dropped from her like a cloak. Those long-lashed eyes which I had an insane desire to kiss ceased to laugh. Again that rapt, mystical expression claimed her face. She was looking through me at some very distant object. I had ceased to exist.

"But, Fleurette," I said desperately—"*what* purpose? There can be only one end to it: Sooner or later you will

(Continued on page 41)

John Richard Flanagan

arisen from the floor like an Arab genie, one in the doorway behind Dr. Fu Manchu's chair

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Rotofotos

Nets between Nations

By Ellsworth Vines

Fred Perry (in foreground) and Bunny Austin, who will lead the 1933 British team into Davis Cup play

"Gledhill and myself think we can beat any team sent against us." Here our national champion shows you the headliners of this country, Europe and Australia in action—and estimates our chances of capturing the Davis Cup

THE American Davis Cup team soon will be sailing for Europe with high hopes of reaching the challenge round and meeting the French defenders again. There is no prize in tennis quite so desirable as this famous trophy, first presented for international competition in 1900 by Dwight Filley Davis, former Secretary of War, who was himself a member of the victorious American team of that year.

Since then the greatest champions in the world have represented their respective countries in this classic competition. The cup has been challenged for twenty-seven times. The United States has been successful in winning it on ten occasions while Australia and France have scored six victories each, and Great Britain five.

After being twice beaten by the United States, France, with her famous Musketeers, René Lacoste, Jean Borotra, Henri Cochet and Jacques Brugnon, finally defeated the Americans in 1927 and have since successfully defended the cup.

The United States is expected to face the winner of the European Zone. It is difficult to select a favorite among the many fine teams, which include those of England, Germany, Australia, Japan and Italy. I believe that England and Germany have the best chance to reach the semifinal round. They have outstanding stars.

England can count upon the erratic but brilliant "Bunny" Austin and the dangerous Fred Perry. When Austin is on his game he is the equal of any man in the world, while Perry, if he were more serious about his play, could pull Britain through to the finals. Fred has a tendency to pile up an early lead with ease and dispatch and then, just when you are certain that he is going to win, he "softens" his game, tries for impossible shots, and clowns his way to defeat.

If the British could make this team of Austin and Perry really mad before an important match by giving them the kind of "fight" talk which most football coaches employ, they should be able to conquer all of the European teams, including the German combination headed by Baron von Cramm.

The baron is now about twenty-two. His game is decidedly on the up-grade. Dr. Daniel Prenn, who ranks second to von Cramm in Germany, was not named on the German team. Von Cramm is a wonderful singles player who can do almost anything while standing deep in the backcourt. Unfortunately for their Davis Cup chances, the German stars are not good doubles players.

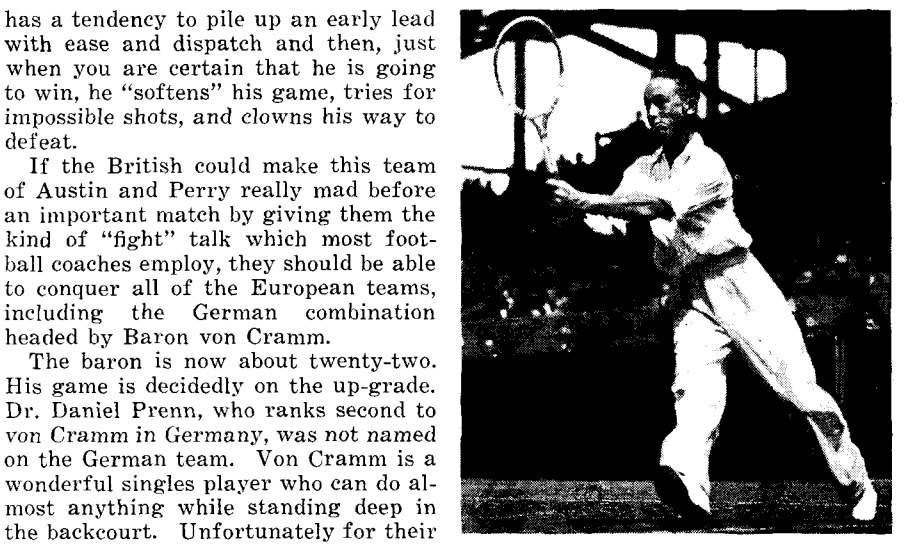
I believe that it is possible for the United States to place a strong enough combination on the court to beat whatever European Zone team wins, and so get another opportunity to face France for the cup. Some may wonder why I have not mentioned the Australian as a possible challenger from the European Zone, particularly in face of the fact that during the past winter all of us at one time or another, singly or collectively, lost to the Aussies in their own country.

Tennis Round the World

Wilmer Allison, John Van Ryn, Keith Gledhill and myself sailed for the Land of the Southern Cross from San Francisco on October 5, 1932. We stopped over in Hawaii for a few days of exhibition matches and practice. We were given a wonderful reception throughout the islands and were transported by air from place to place. The two best players we faced were Dick and Bob Hoogs, former University of California stars. We were sorry to leave Honolulu, but did not realize the full extent of our misery until we were several days at sea.

Our ship was an ancient vessel which had been used during service days, and I think all of us wished that, since some of the boats had to remain permanently in dry dock after the war, ours had been one of them. We enjoyed a few hours' respite in the Fiji Islands. But we did not engage in any tennis and were thankful that the natives were ignorant of the game. If they had been able to play us as we felt at that time, I am sure we would not have won the Fiji championship.

(Continued on page 44)



Ellsworth Vines, 1932 national champion, thinks we have a good chance to lift the Davis Cup this year

Above, Vivian McGrath, getting both hands into the backstroke; below, Lester Stoefen, rising to an emergency

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Set me to Music

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Rupert Hughes

Mario Cooper

When Rose heard that song she got right up and left the theater

THE Botkins' romance had begun so well! Leo had been the piano-player in a shabby night club where Rose sang. Sometimes she tried out his compositions on the customers. They didn't "go so good" but she loved him all the more. Once, when he was smothering her with his attentions, she startled him by demanding: "Say, boy, who you thinkin' of whilst you're kissin' me?"

"What'd'ya mean?" he gasped. "Who would I be thinkin' of but you?"

"Well, your mind ain't on your woik. Imaginin' I was somebody else?"

"Gee, no! But I was kind o' thinkin' of a tune. Goes like this." Somehow it fitted Rose's very words and he worked it up into:

Who are you thinking of
Whilst you're kissing me?
When we're apart
Who's got your heart?
Or are you really missing me?

"Grand!" she squealed. "It's simpully gra-and!"

"You inspired it," was his perfect tribute, and she knew the supreme ecstasy of being a muse. Leo was so excited by her excitement that he got an arranger to write his song down, and he found a publisher who gave him twenty-five dollars for all the rights. Then Rose and Leo got married.

Before long Leo had another success—a hit he got out of a quarrel they had, when she accused him of having a swelled head:

Who do you think you are?
What do you think I am?
Why, I knew you when
You hadn't a thin dime.

As Leo gleaned more successes, Rose gave up her night club, of course. Her only public life was in her sayings, which were sung by the whole nation. Publishers competed for Leo. As his fame increased he accumulated a cabinet of literary and musical aides and advisers. Rose called them "stooges." His songs were written now in long conferences, usually in the dining-room. Rose grew weary of these unending wrangles. She began to tire of being set to music. It seemed as if everything she said got hitched to a tune. She said to Leo once: "Why, I got no more privation than a goldfish. I might as well be livin' in a loud-speaker."

To appease her, Leo bought her a diamond with an orchid stuck in it. She was touched by this, but she said: "I feel so awkward wearin' an orchid. A hollyhawk would suit me better."

She thought she saw his eyes bug out at that, but nothing happened till he took her to the opening of a new musical show. One of the interpolated numbers was one of his, and it went:

Why did you send me an orchid?
It only makes me feel awkward!
I'm far more at home
With a rose I have grown,
Or a violet all covered with dew.
A hollyhock tall
Or a daisy so small
Suits me to a T, but I'm awkward
In orchids
From you.

When Rose heard that song she got right up and left the theater. Leo followed her, protesting and pleading, but she stormed:

"Is anything sacred between you and I?" He promised on his honor that he would never publish her again, but she had her doubts.

Before long, just as she feared, Leo's famous song came out: Is Nothing Sacred to You?

Rose left him flat and refused to see him again.

Poor Leo was so lonely that he began to pine away. His music began to pine away. His popularity began to pine away. Whether Rose took pity on him or on herself; whether she feared that she would crush him or that she would lose her alimony, she consented to take him back on probation.

He was so happy now that he was utterly miserable over how unhappy he had been. He had to tell her all about it and she felt so sorry for the pain she had inflicted that she begged him to forgive and forget the whole trouble.

He groaned: "It's forgiven, but I can't never forget, never!"

She smiled: "It isn't forgiving, dear, unless it's forgetting."

"What's that?" he gasped, lifting his head like a startled deer. "What you say then?"

Her heart stopped. She repeated the line grimly: "I said, 'It isn't forgiving unless it's forgetting.'"

HIS eyes seemed to turn inward and withdraw. She felt that she could see his soul inside reaching for a pencil. He was hopeless. She refused to go on with it and left him flat. . . . Months went by and Rose heard that Leo was pining away again and his sales were falling off again. In fact, he fell a little behind on her alimony. That touched her to the quick. She went to see his publisher about that. Mr. Proner welcomed her effusively, and no wonder. It was like having a lost gold mine come walking into your office. He beamed on her. He smothered her fat hands in his fatter hands.

"I hope Mrs. Botkin has come to say she'll collobarate with Leo once again in those fine ideas you gave him."

"Collaborate my eyes!" said Rose. "I've come for my divorce royalties."

"Rerlties are far and few between for Leo these days. His life is sperled. He vants you, he neets you. He woiks here now with his steff of collobarators. Take a peek at him how he woiks, how blue he is."

He led her through a corridor. He put a chair next to a glass door and left her. Leo, she noticed, seemed very sad. She recognized Sammy Mintz's voice: "Say, Leo, I got a nidee for a song, only a foist draff, y'unerstan':

"Your mother scrubbed a lobby,
Your father dug a sewer;
But you're a swell so nobby,
And yet your heart is pure."

Leo did not speak, but Gus Roseman could be heard: "Why's a sewer got to run through a classy song? Take it out."

Mintz tried again: "How would this be:

"Your mother scrubbed a floor,
Your father dug a ditch;
But you're as sweet and pure
As if you'd been born rich."

They raised a riot. Roseman growled, "How you gona rhyme 'floor' with 'pure' unless you say 'poor'?"

"You might make it an Irish song. Them harps says 'flure' for 'floor,'" Mintz persisted.

As Rose knew all too well, it was thus that great songs were written. Infinite patience! Infinite attention to detail! But Leo did not join the battle. Rose's heart ached for the poor darling, brooding over her absence, no doubt. Maybe she'd better take him back. Then his voice stole through the glass, dismal but overflowing with mortal meaning:

"Sammy, your idea's no use. What people want nowadays is dialogue songs, songs that has cute expressions in 'em, things people say. That gives 'em heart int'rust, makes 'em realitous. Here's a story: a guy and a goil. He loves her, but—well—he lets his eyes roll. The wife finds out. They have a nawful quarl. Finely they make up. He promises to go straight and she says—in rhyme, of course—'Well, I'll forgive you but I can't never forget that you toined me off for anotha.' And he sings somethin' like this:

"It isn't forgiving unless it's forgetting,
Our May'll be December
If you always remember
The sins my heart is regretting,
Do-day-de-di-do-de-dotten
It isn't forgiven unless it's forgotten."

"It's gotta be woiked ova, but the main thing is to find a good rhyme for forgotten."

ROSE was sick at heart. The others were in an uproar. Leo was himself again. The master had returned to the good old stuff. The pot was berling again. All they needed was the rhyme for "forgotten." They all thought of one, but no one breathed it. Leo himself spoke it on a sudden note of grandeur:

"No! The rhyme for this song is 'rotten'! It's too poissonal. It's sacred to me. That song will never be written."

"Oh, yes, it will!" Rose cried as she swung the door open. "I got no right to rob the univoise of your genius. I'd rather live in the little old loud-speaker than try to get along without you. Come on and set me to music. Let's go home and colloborate."

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Slander

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

MARTHA BLAISDELL'S broker, Gerald Gerrish, has been quietly insinuating that he and his young client are having an affair. And Martha has learned the truth, dismissed the man—and discovered, to her dismay, that she is almost penniless!

What to do, now? Desperate, she knows the answer. Two men are in love with her: Herbie Cranston, an explorer; and Peter Baxter, a young "charity doctor." Cranston is rich. Ignoring the gossips, he proposes to Martha, who promptly accepts him.

But Gerrish is in a belligerent mood. Threatening blackmail, and defied to do his worst by the girl, he files suit against her to recover funds advanced her on her promise to marry him! Open scandal—thoroughly aired in the newspapers—is sure to follow. And Martha knows it. At the Lemmings' estate on Long Island, she makes her decision: She will give Cranston his freedom. Returning to New York, she goes to her apartment. There, to her horror, she finds Gerrish. The man, intoxicated, raves at her, threatens to call the reporters. Then, in a paroxysm of rage, he dies! . . . Cranston arrives. Martha tells him her story. He loves her. He must protect her. But how? He thinks of Peter Baxter—*a doctor!* If Baxter will only cooperate—help him to remove the body to Baxter's office, and make it appear that Gerrish died there—Martha will be safe. He phones Baxter, who hurries over. And presently Cranston's plan has been carried out.

One person alone is suspicious: Ansted, Gerrish's valet. He does not, very obviously, believe the story Baxter tells him. The man, Baxter sees, is a dangerous rat. But he resolves to protect Martha Blaisdell, cost what it may. . . At the Lemmings' again, Martha receives a telephone call. A reporter wishes to know more about Gerrish—and herself! Martha is evasive; but she is badly frightened. If the newspapers ever learn the truth! . . . Alone, in her apartment, Martha receives a terrible shock. A man slinks in. "I," he announces, "am Fred Ansted, Mr. Gerrish's valet." Martha is dumfounded. "But how," she gasps, "did you get in?" The man smiles. "Easy," he replies. "I found the key to your apartment that Mr. Gerrish used. It was still in his pocket." Whereupon, he talks at some length. He has, it appears, been quietly investigating—he knows much of the sinister story. He hopes to profit by blackmail. Martha thinks quickly. Then, picking up the telephone: "Central," she says, "get me police headquarters."

IX

EARLIER today, Dr. Peter Baxter had suggested to Ansted that the valet call the police. The suggestion had terminated a conversation. Now, as Martha spoke to the operator, the valet's face whitened. He belonged to that all too common class of people who like to bully, to make trouble, to be overbearing, but who are terrified when trouble turns upon them. In his heart he did not believe that Gerrish had been the victim of foul play, but the circumstances surrounding his master's death were sufficiently mysterious to excite his curiosity. Oddly enough, Gerrish had won the man's admiration and affection. Because Ansted was a pliant instrument in the many little nastinesses in which the broker had been concerned, Gerrish had admitted the man to intimacies. In return for his friendliness he had received a dogged loyalty from Ansted.

Martha Blaisdell had contemptuously dismissed Gerrish from her life. Gerrish, needing a confidant always, had told Ansted of Martha's treatment of him and of Cranston's threats. Now that Gerrish had died suddenly, gratitude for the dead man's confidences made the valet troublesome.

But the police were people whom he did not care to face at the moment. After all, despite the evidence which he had gathered during the day, he had only the vaguest sort of charges to bring. And his entry into Martha's apartment might very well bring him into difficulties.

He held up a trembling hand.

"Don't do that, Miss Blaisdell," he said in quick panic. "I'll get out."

He did get out; as she lowered the receiver into place he wheeled and almost ran from the room. Not until he was out upon the sidewalk again did coolness return to him. She was bluffing, he told himself. Why, if he told the police his suspicions, she would be involved in scandal that she could never live down. Only, if she weren't bluffing, the fact that she had called the police, that he had forced himself into her presence, might not look well. When crime has been committed, one who is aware of the fact ought to go directly to the police; if one aware of transgression temporizes with the guilty party he lays himself open to suspicion.

Ansted told himself this as he walked slowly toward Broadway. But he didn't have enough to take to the police. His mean heart pounded with excited rage as he realized this. His loyalty to Gerrish made him hate the people whom Gerrish hated. If there were only some way of wreaking upon them the injury that Gerrish had planned for them!

ONE cannot serve a scoundrel for many years without becoming a scoundrel oneself. Gerrish, by his admission to intimacy, had made his friends the friends of the valet, and his enemies the enemies of Ansted. In his heart Ansted knew that Martha had not been the mistress of Gerrish. He had been shrewd enough to realize when his master lied, but this shrewdness in no way lessened his regard for Gerrish. Like master, like man, is as true as like father, like son. All the venom that had been in Gerrish was transferred upon his death to Ansted. And it was in a mood of impotent fury that the valet stepped into a speakeasy on Forty-third Street.

He had walked all the way uptown; the unwonted exercise on this hot summer night had not improved his temper. And three highballs combined with excitement and the sultriness of the atmosphere to make him reckless, eager to talk. And it is a peculiar fact that, although we may find the world deaf to praise, there are always ears at hand to listen to slander.

Such ears were present in the speakeasy as Ansted entered. They were attached to a round head upon which black hair grew sleekly. Bird-like eyes, that looked upon an object, appraised it, and looked elsewhere, were set on either side of a hawk-like nose in that round head. Thin lips, always ready to curl in a mocking jeer, were beneath the nose. In short, the countenance belonged to Georgie Gotham, which was the nom de plume of the man advertised as the roving reporter of the Planet.

Gotham never forgot a face, any more than he ever forgot a bit of news. He had once attended a party given by Gerry Gerrish. To his credit be it said that he had never attended another. As he once told an intimate, "I'll print stuff that comes from the gutter but I won't go into the gutter looking for it." Not too convincing a declaration of principle, but better than no principle at all.

He recognized now the sallow, moody face of Ansted. It took him a moment to place the man, but when he did his thin lips puckered faintly. He had been in the Planet office today and had heard other reporters mention Gerrish's death, and he had listened to comment on Martha Blaisdell's admission that the dead man had brought suit against her. It was the kind of story that Gotham would have liked to use, but the fact that it was already known to the press at large barred it so far as he was concerned. He never rehashed things in his writings.

But now he stared curiously at Ansted. Of course, it was natural enough that the man should seek a certain solace in liquor; losing his master also meant losing his job, probably. There was nothing extraordinary in the fact that the valet should indulge in a drink or two. But there was an air of suppressed excitement about the man that didn't seem to bear any relation to grief or depression. Impulsively—many of his best news stories had been the results of impulse—Gotham rose from his table and walked over to Ansted.

"You were Gerrish's man, weren't you? I'm Gotham of the Planet. I seem to remember having seen you at a party Gerrish gave last year."

He sat down casually, easily, and signaled a waiter.

"Tough luck about Gerrish," he went on. "I didn't know he hit the booze as hard as all that. I've seen him hitting it up around town, but not like a real drunkard."

"He wasn't a real drunkard," said Ansted hotly. "He'd been drinking heavily recently, but that was because he was depressed."

"WHAT was on his mind?" asked Gotham. "But I suppose he felt pretty badly about Miss Blaisdell. Sort of a dirty trick, bringing that suit against her, at that. But he's dead, and I suppose we shouldn't judge him harshly. Maybe if he'd lived he'd have withdrawn it."

"Why would he have withdrawn it?" demanded Ansted angrily. "He gave her money and she was glad to get it."

Gotham shrugged.

"Oh, well, it's just one of those things. Don't you think you've had enough?" he asked, as Ansted now beckoned a waiter. "You don't want to pop off the way your boss did, do you?"

"How do you know how he popped off?" demanded Ansted.

"Cerebral hemorrhage, brought on by excessive alcohol. Isn't that it?" He asked the question idly, making conversation until he should finish his drink. He was utterly unprepared for Ansted's reply.

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

Slowly, distinctly, she told everything that had

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"That's what Doctor Baxter says," sneered the valet. "A doctor can say anything, can't he? You or I could walk into any doctor's office and if we died there the doctor's word would be taken as to the cause of death, wouldn't it?"

Gotham's mind was instantly alert. The vaporings of semi-drunken men seldom amounted to anything, but sometimes they were exceedingly important.

"Well, why not?"

"What would my master be doing in Dr. Baxter's office?" cried Ansted. "He didn't know the doctor. He'd never met him. But last night Dr. Baxter talked to some process servers about Mr. Gerrish. And Mr. Gerrish never went there for treatment. He went there to tell Baxter where he headed in—if he went there at all."

The valet downed his drink and instantly, unmindful of his advice of a moment ago, Gotham called the waiter and another drink was set before the man.

"You must be cockeyed," said Gotham contemptuously. His derision was carefully assumed. "If Gerrish went there—why, you fathead, he died there."

"Who says so? Dr. Baxter." Ansted's sneer matched the newspaper man's.

"Well, where do you think he died?" asked Gotham.

"I don't know where he died or how he died, but I know it wasn't in Dr. Baxter's office."

"You'd better go home and sleep it off," jeered Gotham. "The trouble with you is that you're so upset that a few drinks make you goofy. Didn't die in the doctor's office, eh? Where else could he have died? How could he have got to the office, and why would anyone bring him there if he were dead?"

"Suppose somebody didn't think that where he died would look too good?" countered Ansted. "Suppose they carried him to a doctor's office to avoid scandal."

Gotham smiled patiently, a little wearily.

"You'll be seeing things any minute now," he said.

"And I suppose the two people that saw my master being carried into Dr. Baxter's office this afternoon were seeing things, too!"

"You mean you've got witnesses to that?" demanded Gotham. There was no sneer on his lips now; his voice was incisive and his eyes were hard.

"I don't seem so drunk now, do I? Certainly I've got witnesses. Two men carried a third man in, and only one of them came out."

"Will those witnesses identify Baxter as one of the men?"

"Do you think I'd be talking to you now if they would? I'd be with the police, telling them my story, telling them all the things I've checked up."

"And what are they?" inquired Gotham.

ANSTED was cunning; he had had affection for Gerrish, but he would have put money above regard had he been completely sober. Something like blackmail had been in the back of his mind all day. It had not been formulated, was not clear, but he would have esteemed financial reward more than the bringing about of justice in his more normal moments. But now he was intoxicated, and cunning had deserted him. Also, he felt that he had been rather shrewd in tracing Gerrish's movements as well as he had, and he wanted to boast of his cleverness. Within fifteen minutes Gotham had not merely heard Ansted's story, but had cross-examined the man shrewdly, without finding a flaw in the tale. It was a whale of a story. There might even be a murder trial involved in the matter, although Gotham didn't believe this. Nevertheless, it was possible.

He stared at the valet, who was now nearly maudlin. He wouldn't dare, and the Planet wouldn't dare, to print the valet's statement. Not on the man's unsupported story. But if the police could be induced to take some action, the occasion for such action could be printed without fear of libel. Gotham went into action with that certain celerity which had made him an outstanding, though not too admirable, purveyor of news.

He rose from the table and walked over to the bar.

"Tony," he said to the white-jacketed attendant, "there's a stew at the table. He's not too cockeyed, but I want him cold sober in fifteen minutes. It doesn't matter whether he likes it or not. Give him the works."

Tony nodded comprehendingly.

"He's practically a teetotaler this minute," he grinned.

He mixed something in a glass and walked around the bar to Ansted.

"Drink this," he ordered.

Ansted tasted the concoction, then set it down.

"This isn't Scotch, and I want Scotch," he said.

Without the slightest hesitation Tony slapped him savagely on the face.

"It's Scotch to you, mug," he said. "Drink it."

Ansted half rose from his chair, looking to his new-found friend, Gotham, for protection. The newspaper man smiled coldly.

"Better drink it quick," he advised.

Other tables' occupants stared curiously for a moment, then turned to their own affairs. Too great a curiosity is not always healthy in speakeasies.

Ansted swallowed the drink. Even as he sputtered and gasped he was lifted from his chair and hustled through a rear door. His clothes were torn from him and he was shoved under a shower that was scalding hot one moment and icy cold the next. From somewhere in the building came a burly man who rubbed and slapped and kneaded the hapless valet. Within the prescribed fifteen minutes Ansted was pale and shaking and sick, but indubitably sober.

"NOW listen," said Gotham. "You're coming to police headquarters with me. You're going to demand an autopsy on the body of Gerrish. You're going to tell the folks down there exactly what you've told me."

"I won't do it," whined Ansted. "I can't prove anything."

"To hell with proof," snarled Gotham. "You say you've got two people to swear that a man was carried into Dr. Baxter's office. You've got a taxi man who brought him down there, to Miss Blaisdell's apartment, and didn't see him go away. Proof? What the hell! Any more proof than that would *spoil* the story. It wouldn't give a good man opportunity to exercise his imagination, and believe me, boy, this is a story that needs plenty of imagination."

"I don't want to see the police," weakly protested the valet.

"Of course you don't; you were going to shake down Baxter and Miss Blaisdell and anyone else you could. But you're not going to now. If you don't come with me, I'll have a warrant out for your arrest in half an hour, charging you with conspiracy to cover up crime. Listen, yap, I could sick enough warrants on you to paper the Grand Central Station. Are you coming quietly or do I have to belt you over the ear to make you nice and tractable?"

"I'll go," said Ansted.

Twenty minutes later the cringing valet was led into the office of Lieutenant Davis of the Homicide Bureau.

The policeman stared at Gotham.

"It's a long time, Georgie," he said, "since you've been covering this place. What's the matter? Did the boss get tired of libel suits and demote you?"

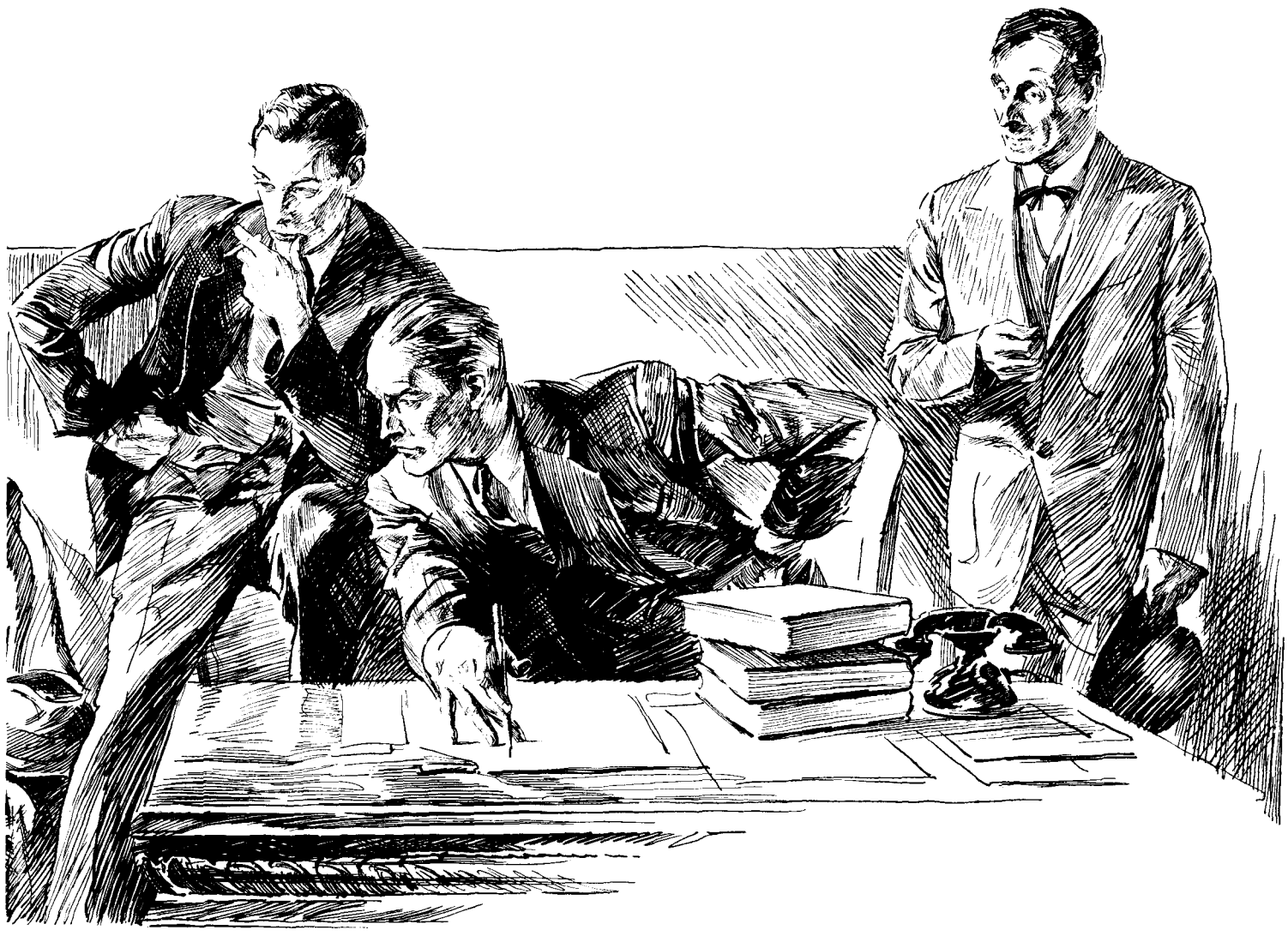
"The boss will stick an extra hundred in my pay envelope next Saturday because I came down here," the reporter said. "And I wouldn't be surprised if my conscience can tell me to spend it all on a party for you. Do you know how many times a good reporter can stick a police lieutenant's name in the paper if he feels like it?"

Davis puffed at his cigar.

"Maybe half a dozen times before the editor wondered if you'd gone press agent," he replied.

"Half a hundred would be nearer the mark," laughed Gotham. "And every time

(Cont'd on page 28)



happened during the day. She was listened to in silence

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Perfect Control

By Brooke Hanlon

The confession of a small bag of tricks known as Candace, who bumped into a large proposition. Some siren, Candace!

IT CAME like a bolt out of the blue. I was sitting in front of the mirror experimenting with a new lipstick shade and thinking of the gay summer ahead of me in Larch Point. Peck Packer, I'd think dreamily. Arch Bush. The Bush yacht. . . . Grayson Peters. . . . The Peters' imported cars. . . . The corners of my lips had turned up in that gay and tender smile which means you are remembering good times which are gone but will come again, when my mother came in.

"Darling," she said, waving a letter rather apprehensively, "it seems we aren't going to Larch Point after all. Dad says we'll have to economize in Bay's End this summer."

"Grave's End?" I cracked hollowly.

"Bay's End, dear," she corrected gently. "You remember it, don't you?"

Did I remember a place I'd practically stagnated in every summer until I was fourteen?

Peck Packer, I thought again, wildly, trying to gather up my shattered dreams. Arch Bush. Gray Peters. This couldn't be happening to me! "Mother," I said, putting the lipstick down and turning to her tragically, "do you mean the first summer I've reached marriageable age I'm to be buried in a place like—"

"Marriageable age?" She laughed lightly. "Why, you're just a baby, Candace."

Parents! I leave it to you!

All of which explains why, on a blazing-hot day in early July, I was chugging up and down the bay at Bay's End in Dock Reeves' smelly little toy boat. From the Bush yacht at Larch Point I had descended to this.

I hadn't had to waggle an eyelash the first week to have every likely man in the place calling me up, of course, but it was all—to fall into the Bay's End vernacular—so much horsefeathers. I mean after you have been rushed by men like Peck and Arch and Grayson what are you going to do with the sort of callow youths who infest a place like Bay's End? I was pretty sick. But you have to have men, or what passes for men, in the corner where you are, so I had just ground my teeth and continued casting out lines in every direction in a way which has become second nature to me. This Dock Reeves—I studied him under lowered lashes—was a specimen. As I watched him a terrible nostalgia seized me and I was jelled with self-pity.

"Where do you get that Garbo stuff?" He leaned forward suddenly, fondly.

"Garbo stuff?" I laughed hollowly.

"I mean what makes you so mysterious?" he babbled.

I COULDN'T stand it any longer and I broke right down. I began moaning to him about Larch Point and the Bush boat and the Yacht Club. I had been on the Bush yacht only three times, of course, but there is no point in telling everything.

Dock merely grunted. "Sounds all right," he said lazily, "if you go for that high-hat stuff. Me, this suits me all right." He squinted up at the sun.

I laughed coldly and said "It would" under my breath.

"And anyway, if you're bored"—a curious expression came over his face—"you won't be that way long. Rufe Grainger's coming down next week."

"And who might Rufe Grainger be?" I asked scathingly.

"R. G.'s just about the hottest thing there is in these parts," Dock confided, squinting again at the sun. "Dolls all go for him, if you know what I mean. Keeps his own plane over at the landing field. Crack pilot. Takes aëronautical engineering at M. I. T. and has scads of dough. Some think he's good-looking, some don't think so."

"But the women all go for him," I jeered. "Go on, tell me more about this Fredric March of the ether. I'm just burned up, really."

"Thought you'd show life," the nitwit said, gratified. "Boy, boy, what that lad can do with a plane! And women! What he can do with women! Perfect control is what that lad's got."

"Stop, stop—please stop," I choked. "So life holds something for me, after all. God's gift to the women of Bay's End is coming out of the clouds next week. In puttees and helmet he's coming. I can sit at his feet and hear about turbines and carburetors."

"I wouldn't get all steamed up, though, if I were you." Dock looked at me uncomfortably. "Rufe don't give any of them a tumble."

I rocked, helpless with laughter.

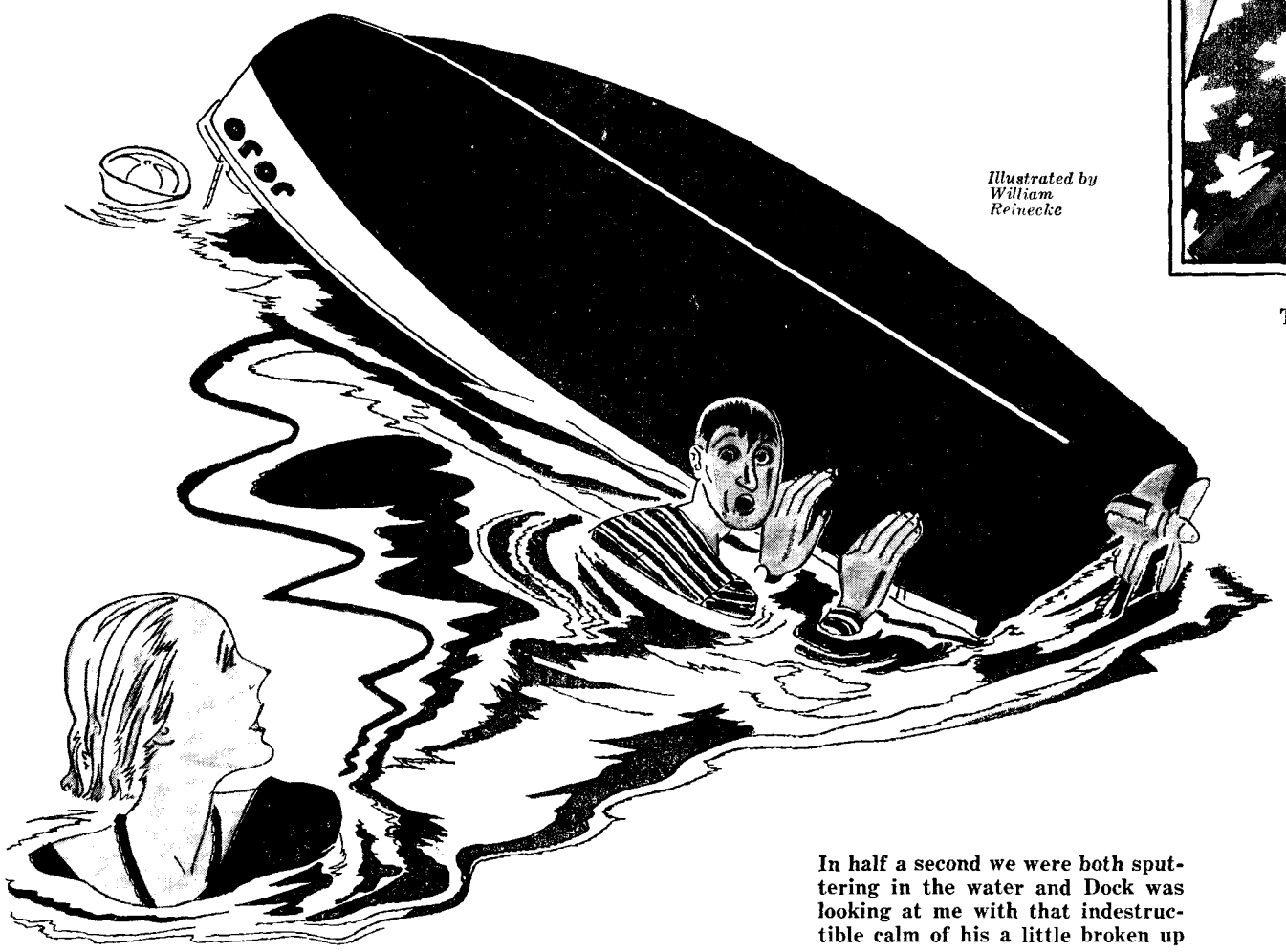
"He don't, though," he went on seriously. "I mean, Rufe has a system with women. He has to, because they're always under his feet. He told a bunch of us about it at the club one night."

"What"—I sobered with a colossal effort—"what is this priceless system?"

"It's this: He only rushes a girl one month and that way they don't get a hold on him. One month to a day, and then he's through. So you don't get mixed up with him, see."

I was lost. I had to roll over and over and there was no place to roll but into the bay, so I capsized us. In half a second we were both sputtering in the water and Dock was looking at me with that indestructible calm of his a little broken up.

Then, suddenly, I was dancing. Dancing



Illustrated by William Reinecke

In half a second we were both sputtering in the water and Dock was looking at me with that indestructible calm of his a little broken up

"Well, I warned you," he said to me rather coldly when we'd reached shore.

"Oh, thank you," I gurgled, collapsing again on the sand. "Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you." I was practically wailing again. I thought I couldn't stand any more of Dock Reeves for that day, so I told him to go. He moved off slowly, a little puzzled, but with that self-satisfied look a man takes on when he figures he has at last been able to pierce through a woman's armor.

He stopped at the top of Lookout Rock and cupped his hands. "I'm telling you," he shouted back to me.

AFTER I had arrived at one of the Bay's End club dances I'd always wonder why I'd come, but it just boiled down to this: there wasn't anything else to do.

I sat pretty bored in Stevie Carter's used car that night, bumping along the shore road, and when I thought back over that day, and the days that had

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preceded it, and on to the evening and the evenings to come, I came near wishing Stevie would run into a bulkhead or something during one of those forward passes he kept making in my direction.

"Honest, Candy," he said fatuously, "that gets me, that rag. Never saw a rag that got me like that one does."

"You nor anyone else in Bay's End," I said coldly. I had put on my most glamorous evening dress in a despairing effort to raise my stock with myself but it had only made things worse. This piece of froth meant to impress Arch Bush at the Larch Point Yacht Club was crumpled up in Stevie Carter's one-cylinder wheeze, on its way to the mildewed Wednesday night dance at Bay's End!

"Oh, well," I thought despairingly, hunching farther down in the car.

"Woman, woman," Stevie chortled, thinking I was nestling him. In a moment he had ground the car to a stop and was all over me like the Army blackfield. I wriggled loose with a dexterity won in fields of far greater

"Most of them do," Dock told me ruefully, "and then burst into flames." He squinted about. "That's him, over there," he informed me in a hushed voice. "Coming this way."

And before I knew it I was meeting the air boy himself. I just let that lazy, mocking look linger in my eyes. Head tilted back, I prepared for the clinch which means you are beginning to dance in Bay's End.

"Candace, Candace," the stranger murmured, going into his routine. "Nobody told me you were here, Candy."

"The name is Candace," I said wearily. I fixed that cool and superior smile more firmly on my face.

Then, suddenly, I was dancing. Dancing for the first time in Bay's End. After the mauling I'd gone through at former evenings at the club this was smooth, smooth. "Good," I thought, amused, "and knows it." I stole a glance at him. "Some think he's good-looking, some don't," Dock had said. Well, I didn't. I patted a yawn carefully. He didn't look like Peck Packer.

other woman there wanted. "The Girl-of-the-Month boy," I'd murmur, fixing lipstick on a slow smile which the dressing-room mirror told me was pretty good.

IT WAS at about the sixteenth cutback that I had my inspiration. It was a dull summer, anyway. My eyes began to glimmer. This was the Girl-of-the-Month boy, was it? Suppose he met a Boy-of-the-Month girl? Suppose I got him up in the air, and left him dangling? Without even a parachute! And could I do it? I tilted my head back and went into that low, gurgling laugh which is all menace.

"Mystery woman breaks down and snickers," Rufe Grainger observed interestedly. He'd been watching me. Avidly, you might call it.

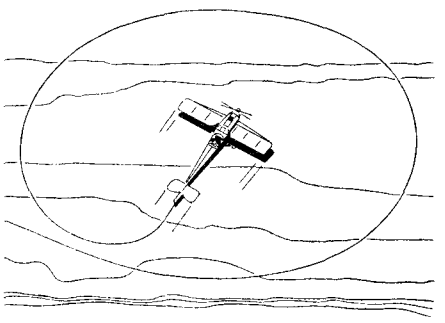
"I was thinking of something," I said angelically. Spurred on by the birth of this perfectly priceless idea, I gave him a smile which held almost all the works—not quite all.

"Woman, woman," he reacted. "They

behind his grin. He was considering his chances with me, and not at all sure of them. It was just no struggle at all, I reflected, going clinging on Rufe all of a sudden and giving him that trustful, wide-eyed look. This is the act which makes a man feel he's piloting a girl through a jungle infested with pythons, even though he's only guiding her across the floor of the Bay's End Club. I have had a lot of use out of it.

When Dock next bowled in I had things pretty well under control.

"What did I tell you?" Dock gloated.



for the first time in Bay's End. After the mauling I'd gone through on former evenings this was smooth, smooth. "Good," I thought, "and knows it"

finesse, and escaped to join the boys and girls. "Allah, Allah, how long?" I thought with a moan in my heart that this combination of orchid with silver tissue in a brass effect at the top should have had me dodging nothing better than Stevie Carter.

WE DANCED around and there was something queer in the air. A hush, an air of suppressed excitement, a tension. "After all," I was beginning to think complacently, "even Bay's End knows a dress from a dream." Then Dock Reeves clutched me.

"He's here!" He took me out of the grapple which passed for dancing with Stevie and began crashing me about the floor. "What I mean is Rufe Grainger is here."

"What am I to do now?" I asked sweetly. "Go into a tail spin and crack up right on the floor?" I fixed a smile of cool superiority on my face and submitted to these new gymnastics.

He didn't even remotely resemble Arch Bush or Gray Peters. I let amusement flicker visibly in my eyes. "The Air Mail Boy, or O'er the Alleghenies in Fog and Snow," I breathed, laughing viciously. You can see I was beginning to have a good time, in a bitter sort of way. I mean self-pity had me by the throat again.

"Where did you get it?" He touched one of the silver bows which held me together in the back.

"Paris," I said. That should hold him.

But just then a mildew by the name of Ken Dart cut in and I had a sort of foiled feeling. But Rufe cut back in a minute, and I wasn't surprised. He cut back every time it was decent and lots of times when it wasn't decent. I mean it began to be one of those sandwich evenings. Rufe, and then someone else, and then Rufe again. And the reason I submitted to it, of course, was because I could see I had what every

do say you're mysterious, you know." He was fending off the boys who came up to cut in very skillfully now. His eyes were beginning to take on that half-gone look.

"Nice," I breathed suddenly. This time I gave him the full blast of my eyes.

"You can't mean the music, sugar?"

"No. Dancing with you." I released it dreamily. "After—"

"Sweet, we call it in the air, when everything's going oke," he said, grabbing me closer. "Sweet." He made the second "Sweet" sound a shade more personal. He seemed to lay his cheek on my hair, without actually doing it. Some men can do it, some can't.

Stevie barged into this act. "My woman, my woman," he babbled, clutching me.

But in a minute Rufe was back. It was going to be too easy.

"How's the purple panic?" he asked, but there was that certain something

I laughed, one of those long, lazy rollicking laughs, where I lay my head back and part my lips just a little.

"Stop that," Dock commanded. "Say, woman, stop that. Say, let's sit this out, huh?" The well-known light of battle was in his eyes.

"WAIT," I begged, turning languid. "Wait just a moment until I set you straight, Boy Scout. Did you think I fell for the winged meteor, by any chance? Did you think I even felt myself beginning to weaken? Because if you did—" I released my laugh again.

"Oh, stop that," Dock groaned. "Did you fall for him? Didn't I see you practically crawling up on his neck? My gosh, they all do! All of them."

"For your information"—I controlled my amusement—"I am not interested in that aviation mechanic or any other. For your information I was just trying to start something. For instance"—my

(Continued on page 39)

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Going to beat Ninety

They're off! And under their own power. On bicycles and roller skates the whole country is taking to the concrete. And as if that weren't enough of a reversion to the nineties, the Gibson Girl is back—puffed sleeves, fedora hat, tailored suit and all. But she's not the girl she used to be

By Marie Beynon Ray

The girl of 1900, shown above, was the forerunner of the cycling enthusiast of 1933, at the left. In the inset is Miss Isadore Rush, in a mannish costume of the Gibson Girl era

Roller-skating is enjoying a re-birth of popularity in Central Park, New York, but costumes are a far cry from the mannish garb of the Gibson Girl era worn by Anna Robinson, actress, in 1900

OFFICER! . . . Officer! . . . What's going on here? Why can't I see? . . . Don't push! . . . I'm not jumping on anyone's toes—I'm just trying to see! . . . Is it a fight? . . . Are they taking motion pictures? . . . Who's been killed? . . . I want to see!"

The Mall in Central Park, sacred to nursemaids and nurslings, didn't know itself that Sunday afternoon. Had Communism broken out? Were anti-Hitlerites staging a demonstration? Were the Reds in control of the city?

Wrong—all wrong. What it was—if you can believe your ears—was a roller-skating contest, staged not by the graduates from perambulators nor the boys who career murderously through the Park, but by New York's fairest and best—débutantes and their attendant males and any others willing to loosen their grip on their three favorite dollars to pay the entrance fee, to be applied not only to prizes for the winners but also to tea and dancing at the Casino in the Park.

A roller-skating contest! Do you wonder that the crowd craned its necks, trampled women and children underfoot? When, since the nineties, has such a sight refreshed the blasé eyes of New Yorkers?

At the crack of a pistol, the most dauntless entrants, strangers to embarrassment—for there were not only the bumps but the jeers of a gusty crowd to be taken—tore into a roller-skating race which, although it had nothing on the nineties for speed, had considerable in the way of bruised shins and battered knees. Ethel Barrymore Colt—there's a girl who can take it! On the nose, on the chin, anywhere! But it's the girls who get out every night and practice, like Elise Fanoni, who go home with the prizes.

New York didn't lead this riot. They've been doing it for months in Chicago and points west—any number of people giving roller-skating dinner parties where all the guests come on skates and skate to music after dinner. The very smartest sort of party one can give in Hollywood today is a roller-skating party. Edith Hughes recently gave one which clinched its claim to being *the* party of the month by serving the first legal beer in Hollywood. What could be more chic—more *fin de siècle*—than skates and beer?

It looks practically certain, at the present writing, that we're in for a new era of roller-skating, comparable to the orgy of the eighties when every town in the country had its skating pavilion, and girls with their back hair flying, lads with their whiskers streaming amain, whirled in mad frenzy to the strains of The Beautiful Blue Danube.

And that's not all. More is to come—much more. Not only the roller-skating craze but the bicycle craze is bearing down upon us. Society maids and matrons, congressmen and movie stars, college lads and lassies tear across country on motor highways and pedestrian paths, through parks and along suburban streets (it's all one to them), giving imitations of Englishmen stirring their livers, getting tickets for "scorching." From California to New York the menace rages. Out in Hollywood they're bicycling all over the lot (literally)—Mary Pickford, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Adrienne Ames, Neil Hamilton, Gary Cooper. Yes, even Marie Dressler. And not only on the

(Continued on page 46)

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SAVE
on the day you buy it and every mile you drive

CHEVROLET Chevrolet's idea of a really economical car is one that not merely saves you a little money here—and a little there—but a car that's economical on everything! It gets right down to this business of saving, on the very day you buy it—with the lowest purchase price of any six-cylinder closed car. And once started—it never seems to stop. It just keeps on, week after week, with one steady succession of important savings—as long as you drive the car: Fill up the fuel tank of your Chevrolet, and you won't have to fill it again for hundreds of miles. Put six quarts of oil in the crankcase, and the chances are those six quarts will still be there when you change your oil again. As far as upkeep is concerned—Chevrolet has the best reputation of any low-priced car, for trouble-free performance. And durability? Chevrolet stands up so well and lasts so long, it's recognized everywhere as the outstanding buy of the used car as well as the new car market! No other automobile in the world can point to all these economies, and back them up with proof. Because no other is designed, engineered, built and priced to save you money in so many ways—and save you so much! Chevrolet . . . America's largest selling automobile . . . the acknowledged champion for all-round economy!

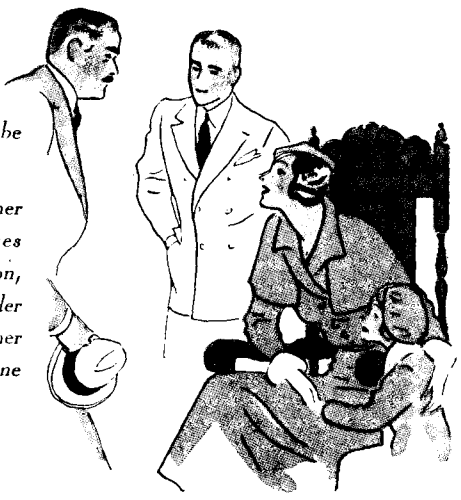
CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

$445 TO $565

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan. Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. A General Motors Value.

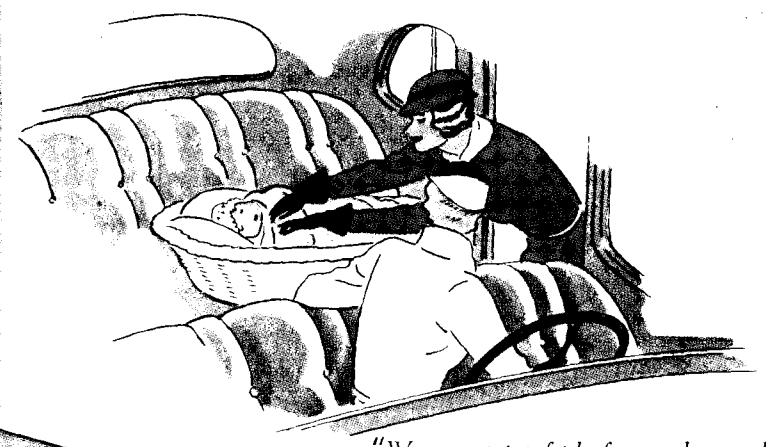
"What a great idea it was to trade in the old car on a new Chevrolet. Our motoring expenses have dropped 'way down."

"And it's so smart, too. I'm proud of it, wherever I go."



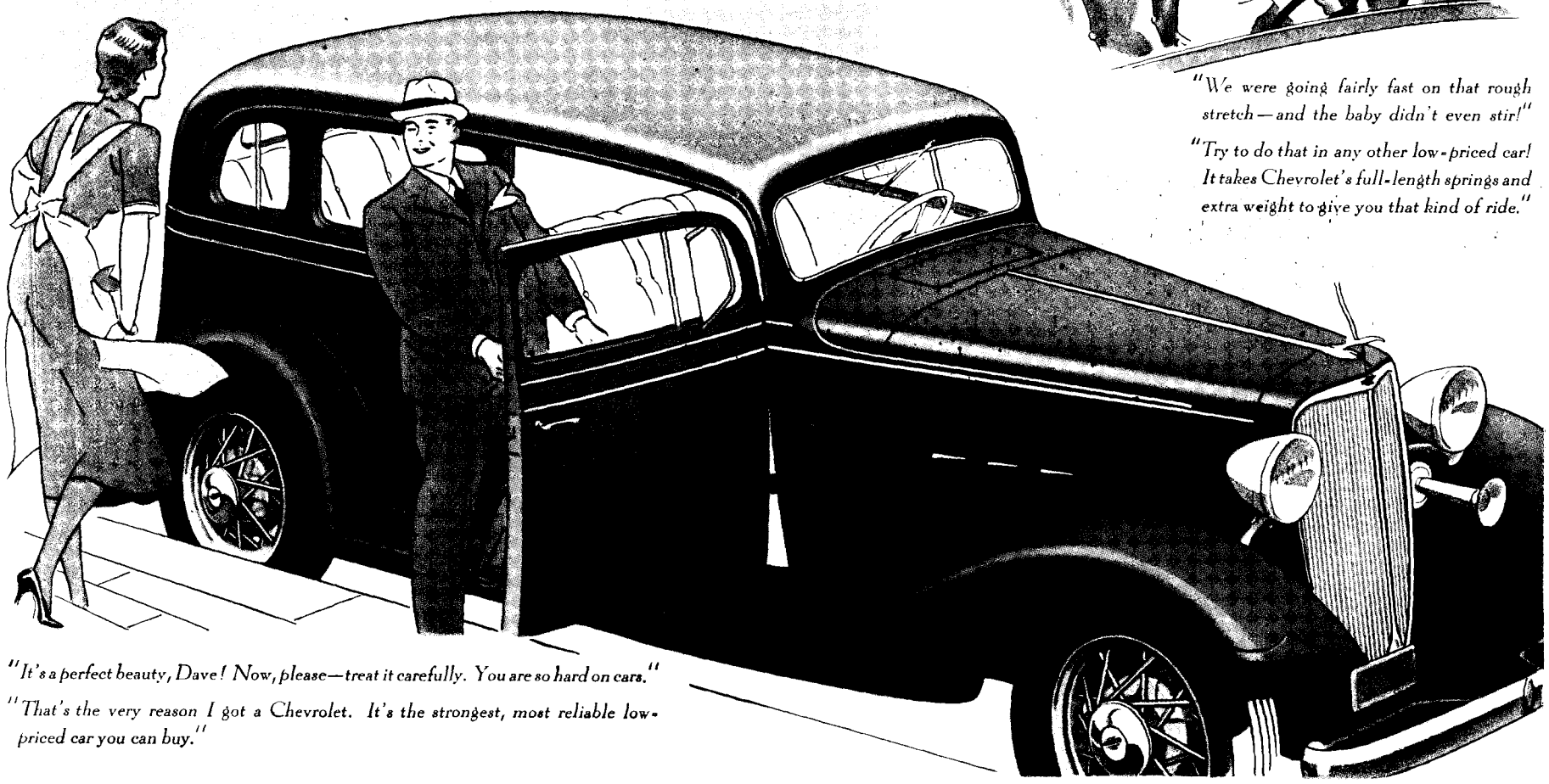
"Then we're agreed—it's to be a Chevrolet?"

"Of course. Since no other car at that low price gives Fisher No Draft Ventilation, the Starterator, six-cylinder smoothness and all those other big features, it's the only one to buy!"



"We were going fairly fast on that rough stretch—and the baby didn't even stir!"

"Try to do that in any other low-priced car! It takes Chevrolet's full-length springs and extra weight to give you that kind of ride."



"It's a perfect beauty, Dave! Now, please—treat it carefully. You are so hard on cars."

"That's the very reason I got a Chevrolet. It's the strongest, most reliable low-priced car you can buy."

SAVE WITH A NEW CHEVROLET

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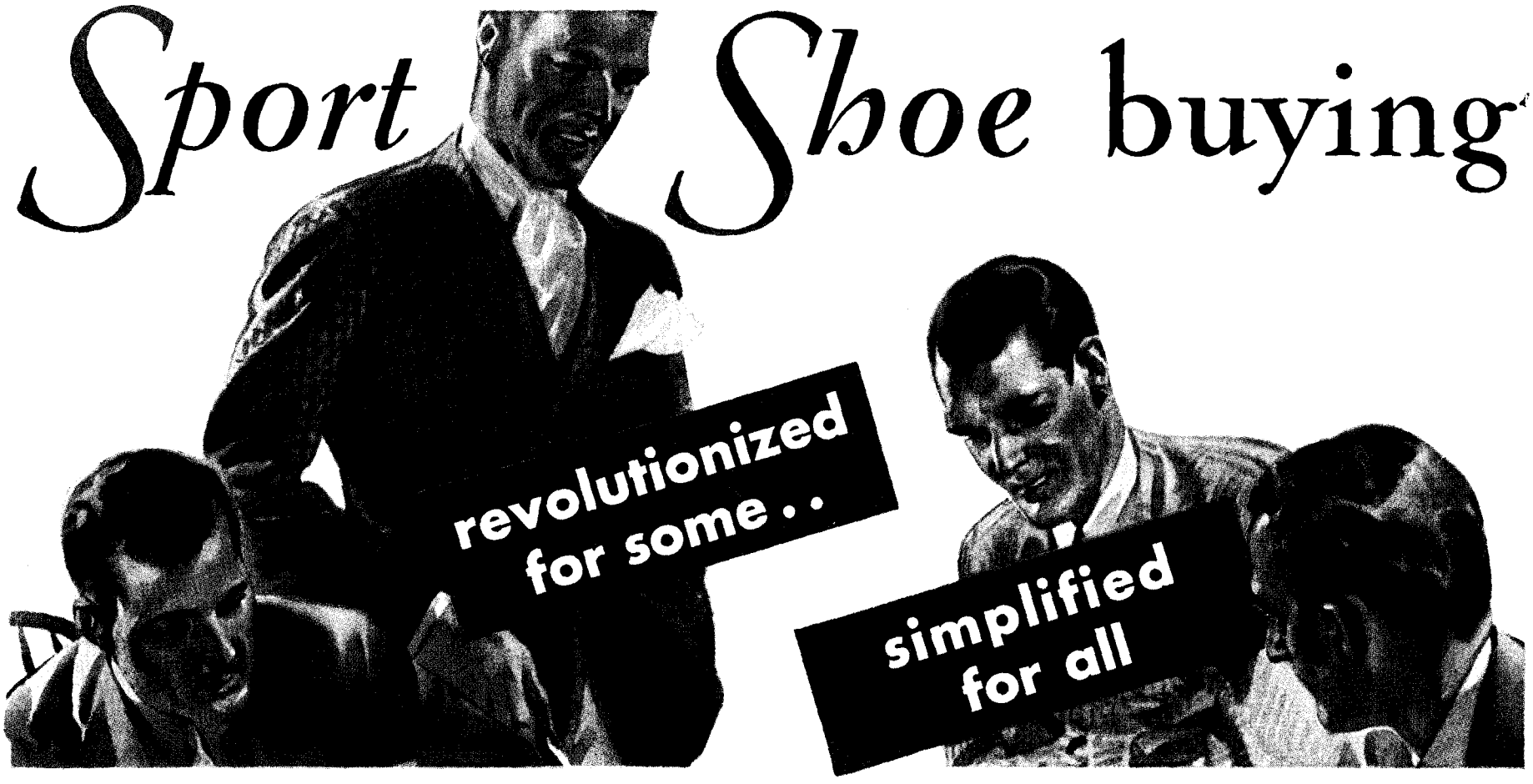
Sport Shoe buying



WHETHER you wear a small size 5 or up to a 15, you can now obtain it in sport shoes quickly and easily — and in any width, from a narrow AAA to a wide E.

Friendly Five Sport Shoes are offered you in one of the largest varieties of "in-stock" lasts and styles, sizes and widths, in the industry.

There are more than 1900 such combinations. This assures you a sport shoe virtually made to your own foot's measurement. A shoe completely safeguarding you against the danger of a possible "mis-fit" shoe, the cause of 78% of all common foot troubles. And a shoe recognized as the greatest $5-shoe ***value*** ever offered. For $5 is the established price of ALL Friendly Fives.

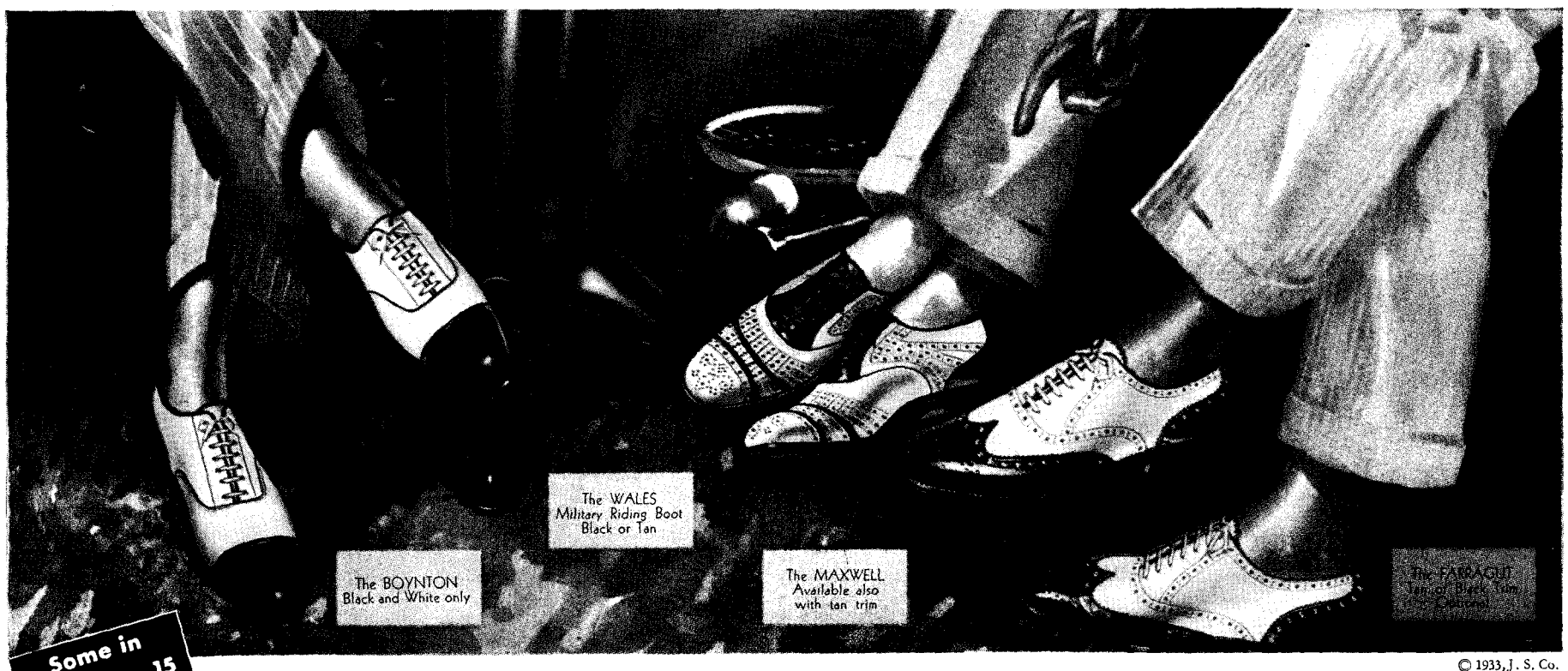
Thus Friendly Fives have revolutionized sport shoe buying for men with "expensive" feet — feet unusually narrow or wide, large or small. And simplified it for all others.

So great and unique is the range of Friendly Five styles, sizes and widths carried, that your Friendly Five dealer can fit perfectly any normal foot from store or factory stock. He is now displaying the newest patterns in sport shoes including all-over whites, black-and-whites, two-tone tans, tan-and-whites, and genuine buckskins.

Be up-to-date. Wear smart, cool, comely ***sport shoes.*** But, to save time and effort, go to your Friendly Five dealer first! Go where you know you'll get a perfect fit — in sport shoes you can wear both with comfort and pride!

If you don't know where to go for Friendly Five Shoes, look for your Friendly Five dealer in the "classified" section of your phone book, under "Shoes," Friendly Fives. If not listed, write us. You'll get back, by return mail, name of your nearest dealer with free style booklet. Jarman Shoe Co., 539 Gallatin Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

$5 ALL STYLES



Some in Sizes 5 to 15 Widths AAA to E.

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FRIENDLY FIVE SHOES

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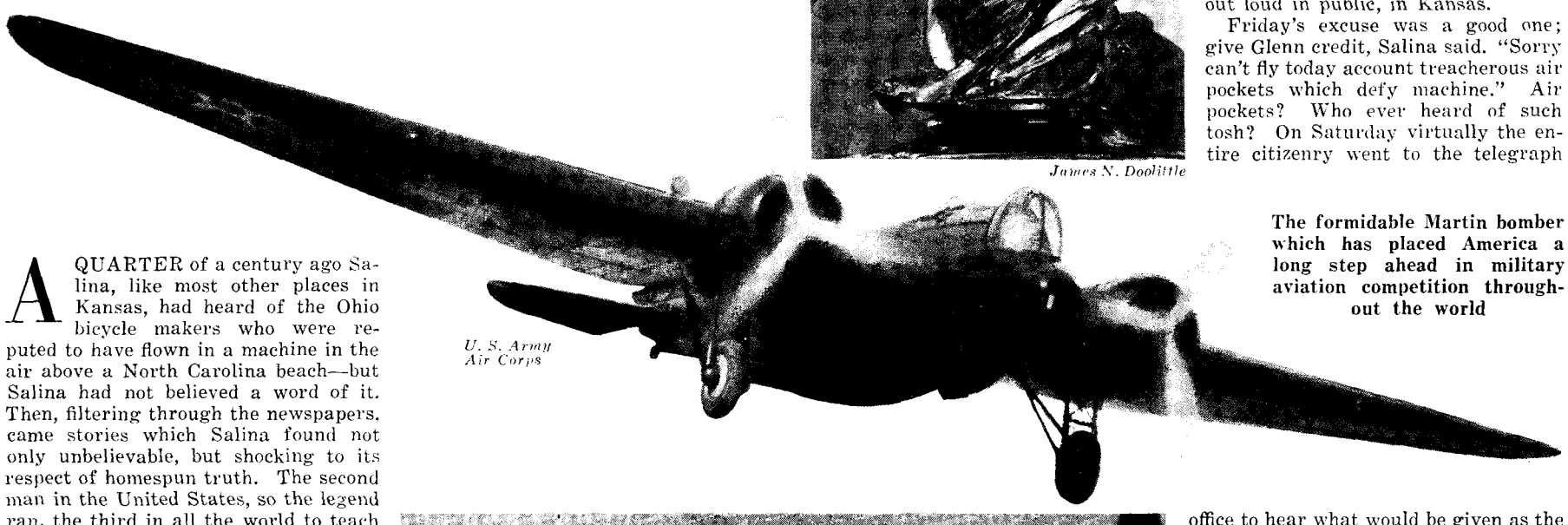
Glenn, the Bomb Boy

He used to fill the Kansas air with kites. Now he fills the national air with the world's goshdingdest bombers. He holds more "first places" in aviation progress than any other man. This week he gets the biggest prize of all—the Collier Trophy, aëronautics' most important award

By W. B. Courtney

James N. Doolittle

The Collier Trophy, with its long list of distinguished holders, is annually awarded to an outstanding contributor to aviation progress



U. S. Army Air Corps

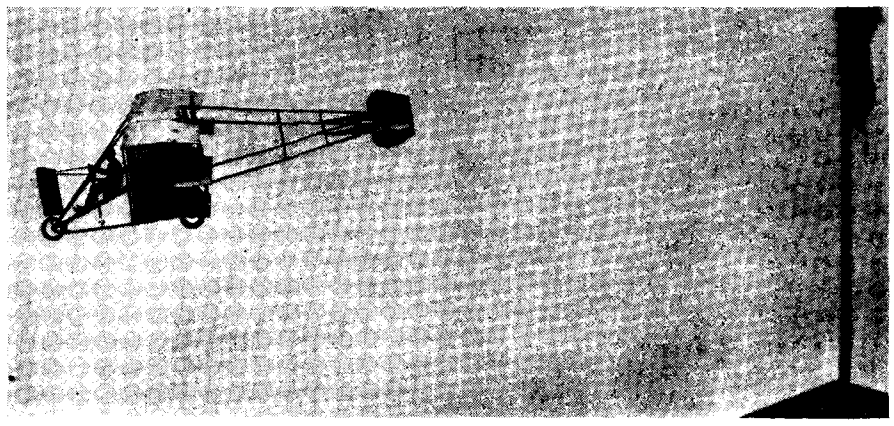
The formidable Martin bomber which has placed America a long step ahead in military aviation competition throughout the world

A QUARTER of a century ago Salina, like most other places in Kansas, had heard of the Ohio bicycle makers who were reputed to have flown in a machine in the air above a North Carolina beach—but Salina had not believed a word of it. Then, filtering through the newspapers, came stories which Salina found not only unbelievable, but shocking to its respect of homespun truth. The second man in the United States, so the legend ran, the third in all the world to teach himself to fly in a heavier-than-air machine of his own invention was Glenn—Clarence Martin's boy—who worked in his pa's hardware store but took so many things apart and could not put them together again that Clarence finally had to retire and move to California to grow oranges, which are not meant to be put together again.

Salina remembered Glenn as long-legged, languid, thin and bespectacled, with a record of sensible deportment as a student in Kansas Wesleyan unmarred save for the time he took a circus merry-go-round apart. His alleged flying had taken place, first at Santa Ana in California, later throughout that state. When the reports of his activities in the air grew, the skepticism of Salina did not abate; rather, it gained in tone and variety. The first quiver in its smugness came when the outland newspapers reported that the young birdman planned to fly to Salina, in the course of an unprecedented air tour, to show the home folks his machine and his skill. "Land's sakes," folks said over and over to one another, "do you suppose it possibly could be true?" What had seemed inventions of the black tongue of Darkness in faraway California seemed more credible, had more of the substance of everyday life, when reported from as close at hand as Nebraska.

Suspense in Salina

Salina wavered to a virtual standstill, and its citizens stood in the streets and looked into the empty blue sky of Kansas and wondered if they were really going to live to see the day when a machine made and operated by a boy who was of prairie stock like themselves, the flesh and blood of as industrious and happy a couple as ever had lived in Salina, would actually fly over their heads like a bird! Salina was on its heels, red-eyed and hoarse, and a bit concerned behind its disbelief. Now even a day was set; a Monday in late summer.



Glenn Martin flying his first ship, which, with his mother's help, he designed and built in California in 1908

Glenn Martin and his mother, Mrs. Clarence Martin, who has been an aviation enthusiast since the time of her famous son's first flights

Wide World

The appointed day came—and went. No Glenn, no air-machine. Something had gone amiss, Salina was told by telegraph: a broken wire, which could not be repaired at once, but Tuesday, ah, that will be different. Your old neighbor's boy will come zooping home, and you'd better take down your wind vanes or he'll knock them over. Tuesday, A. M. and P. M.—and nothing more scientific or phenomenal than a telegram from somewhere in Nebraska saying that, alas, a hoodoo had seized upon the expedition, and that bad gasoline had caused the airplane and the birdman to fall one hundred feet, together, causing both a temporary indisposition.

Sneers were loud in the streets of Salina that day. Wednesday brought word that the aviator's tent had blown away and he could not find his rubbers, or would they be galoshes?—at any rate, he wasn't coming. Nightfall found Salina a perfect representation of a city relieved because the threatened opening of the heavens had been gauged as merely an uneasy dream, and there was not going to be any miracle. When, on Thursday, Salina was told that an unseasonably early prairie "norther" had frozen the air-machine so tight last night that it could not be made ready to fly today, the town wits made a Roman holiday. Neither before nor since has there been so much fun, so much laughing out loud in public, in Kansas.

Friday's excuse was a good one; give Glenn credit, Salina said. "Sorry can't fly today account treacherous air pockets which defy machine." Air pockets? Who ever heard of such tosh? On Saturday virtually the entire citizenry went to the telegraph office to hear what would be given as the latest excuse.

The annals of Salina do not record the name of the alert fellow who first raised the cry ushering in the Modern Age, but at exactly fourteen minutes past three that Saturday afternoon someone looked down Santa Fe Street and saw in the sky a growing speck that was obviously not a buzzard. His lone cry swelled into the thunder of thousands. Every man, woman and child in Salina who was physically able ran into the centers of the streets and raised eyes and hosannas. Farmers walked unseeing into wells and motorists drove unwitting into poles and ditches. The whistles of the flour mills were tied down; horses ran away, mules brayed, dogs barked and horns were tooted. It was the noisiest moment in the history of the western plains.

Thundering Wings

All that was twenty-three or more years ago, come September. Today Glenn Martin is the world's most important manufacturer of large military airplanes. The "Martin bomber" has become a byword in the air defenses of the United States; its performance a zealously guarded secret of the Army and the envy of foreign powers whose attack ships can scarcely match its flight. In one stroke he has changed the air-fleet balance of nations and lifted his country from inferiority by giving to it that most deadly and terrible of air weapons—a ponderous bomber that flies as fast and is as maneuverable as a light attack plane, yet carries in its maw on each flight destruction—obliteration—for a city as big as Salina.

"Other nations have more fighting ships in the air now, in peace-time, than we have," he will explain to you as he shows you through his factory, "but that is a mere show-off of power. They could not immediately increase

(Continued on page 47)

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THE MASTERPIECE OF TIRE CONSTRUCTION

FIRESTONE High Speed Tires are made of the *finest materials* by *master tire builders*. They are FIRST CHOICE of race drivers who know tires and will not take chances or risk their lives on ordinary tires.

For thirteen consecutive years, Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires have been on the winning cars in the 500-mile Indianapolis Race—the most gruelling test for any tire.

Road speeds of today are the *racing speeds* of yesterday. *Don't take chances* on inferior or thin, worn tires—guard the *safety* of yourself and family.

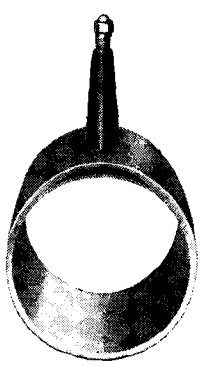
Liberal Trade-In Allowance

Trade in your old worn tires *today* and get a *liberal allowance* to apply on a set of Firestone High Speed Tires—*the Safest Tires in the world.*

REMEMBER—*your brakes can stop your wheels, but your tires must stop your car.*

THE *New* Firestone SEALTYTE *Leakproof* TUBE

Coated inside with a special compound which seals against air loss. Flexible rubber valve stem—*no chance for air leakage.* Constant air pressure *increases tire mileage.*



Fires HAS NOT CUT TO MEET TODAY'S LOW PRICES

SAVE money NOW! Firestone Quality is higher than ever. *Prices probably will never be as low again.* These prices cannot last. Equip your car *today* and get these Extra Values—*before prices go still higher.*

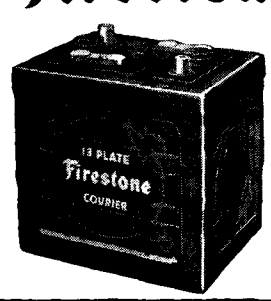
These *Extra Values* are made possible by the *tremendous savings* effected by manufacturing the complete line of Firestone Tires, Batteries, Brake Lining, Spark Plugs, Rims and Accessories, in our own *most efficient* factories and distributing them through dealers direct from factories and warehouses—*a One Profit, Low Expense System.*

Firestone Tires are not made by cheap labor—to sell at a price. Every tire is built with the patented Firestone features of *Gum-Dipping* and *Two Extra Gum-Dipped Cord Plies* under the *scientifically designed Non-Skid Tread.* They give you *Added Safety* and *Longer Mileage.*

Take advantage of these EXTRA VALUES *today.* Buy Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires with the confidence that they are *built up to a Quality—not down to a price.*

Visit the Firestone Building at "A Century of Progress," Chicago. See the famous Gum-Dipped tires being made in a modern Firestone tire factory

Firestone BATTERIES

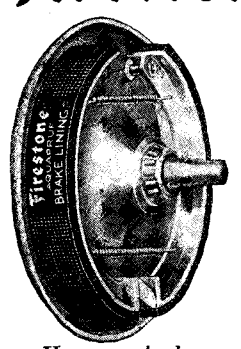


Firestone Batteries set a new high standard of *Power, Dependability, Long Life* and *Economy. All makes of batteries tested FREE.*

$5.40 and your old battery

MAGNEX BATTERIES $3.95 and your old battery

Firestone



Have your brakes tested FREE.

30,000 FIRESTONE DEALERS a The Greatest Distribution a

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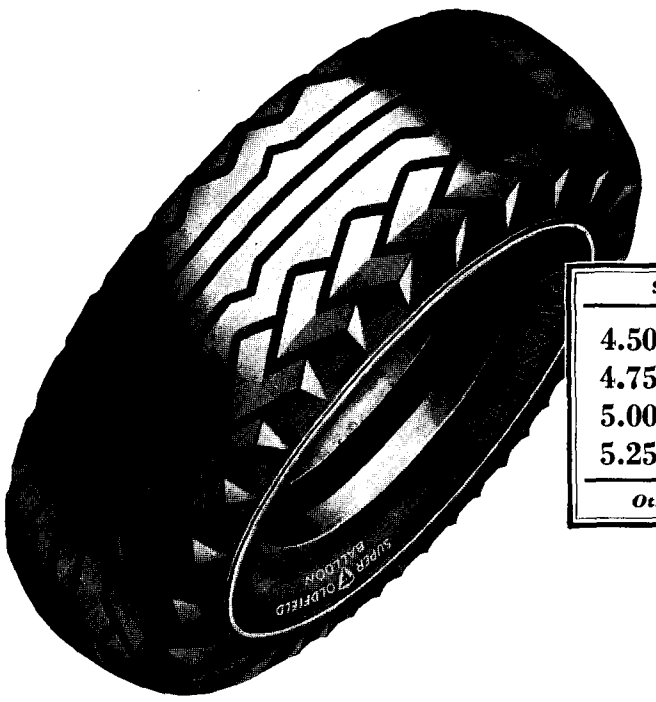
tone QUALITY

Announcing THE NEW Firestone

SUPER OLDFIELD TYPE

This tire is the equal of all standard brand first line tires in Quality, Construction and Appearance. Sold at a price that affords you *real savings.*



4.40-21 $5.27

SIZE	PRICE
4.50-21	$5.85
4.75-19	6.30
5.00-20	7.00
5.25-18	7.65

Other Sizes Proportionately Low

FIRESTONE OLDFIELD TYPE

This tire is superior in quality to first line special brand tires made without the manufacturer's name and guarantee, offered for sale by department stores, oil companies, and mail order catalog houses. This is *"The Tire That Taught Thrift to Millions."*

4.40-21 $4.65

SIZE	PRICE
4.75-19	$5.65
5.00-19	6.10
5.25-18	6.85

Other Sizes Proportionately Low

FIRESTONE SENTINEL TYPE

This tire is of better Quality, Construction and Workmanship than second line special brand tires made without the manufacturer's name and guarantee and offered for sale by mail order houses and others.

4.40-21 $4.20

SIZE	PRICE
4.75-19	$5.10
5.00-19	5.48
5.25-18	6.17

Other Sizes Proportionately Low

FIRESTONE COURIER TYPE

This tire is of good Quality and Workmanship — carries the name "Firestone" and full guarantee — sold as low as many cheap special brand tires manufactured to sell at a price.

4.40-21 $3.25

SIZE	PRICE
30x3½	$3.15
4.50-21	3.85
4.75-19	4.20

AKE LINING

Firestone Aquapruf ing is moisture-proof ies a new principle ices *smoother braking* nore positive braking

2.40 per Set

ng Charges Extra

Firestone SPARK PLUGS

Give a *hotter spark, increased power,* and have a *longer life.* Double tested and sealed against power leakage. Old worn plugs waste gasoline. *Have your spark plugs tested FREE.*

58c Each in Sets

MAGNEX SPARK PLUGS 3 for $1.00

COMPARE

CONSTRUCTION • QUALITY • PRICE

at any one of the 30,000 Firestone Dealers and Firestone Service Stores

FIRESTONE SERVICE STORES

Service System in the World

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there'd be a word like able, or shrewd, or brilliant, or untiring, or energetic—like the idea?"

"What's it all about?" demanded the lieutenant.

"I want a beat, an honest-to-God beat," replied Gotham. "Oh, I know that the other papers will get out an edition in twenty minutes, and that hardly anyone will know I had a beat except myself, but I want it. Do I get it?"

Lieutenant Davis grinned.

"Able, you said. Energetic, you said. Brilliant, you said. Twenty minutes ain't much to give to a man that uses the wonderful language you do. Shoot."

At exactly midnight Gotham walked into the city room of the Planet. The night editor looked up at him.

"What's on your mind, Georgie?" He impaled some flimsy on a spike. "I haven't seen you in the office for months. Thought you always sent your stuff down by messenger."

"I always do, early in the afternoon, in plenty of time for the boys on the copy desk to give way to their instincts for mayhem. Gosh, it would be swell to have my copy read by some bird that didn't think he could improve it."

"And I suppose you came down here to beef about the extra commas the boys insert?"

Gotham shook his head.

"I came down to write a swell story. Boy, I've brought you a beat."

LIKE a tidal wave the waters of scandal and slander crashed over New York. Long Island, Newport, Tuxedo, Lenox, Narragansett, Bar Harbor, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington, San Francisco, Burlingame, Santa Barbara—only a gazetteer could list the places reached by the waves. In the remote places, of course, only a mild froth, a muddied foam, drew attention to the great upheaval. But there was hardly a spot in the English-speaking world that didn't know that Gerald Gerrish had died under suspicious circumstances, and that Martha Blaisdell, Herbert Cranston and Dr. Peter Baxter had been visited by the police and sternly questioned as to their knowledge of the facts in the case.

Martha had been aware of gossip about herself, and had felt it too dreadful to bear. She had known that the Planet would print the fact that Gerrish had tried to institute suit against her, and somehow she had been prepared to meet this with courage. But she had not dreamed of the notoriety that would come to her if the facts about Gerrish's death became known. Dimly she realized that if she had not permitted Cranston and Baxter to aid her, the scandal would not only have been less, but would only have been about herself. But this way it was worse. Not only had the two men been involved, but their injection into the affair had tripled the sensation.

Detectives had come to her some time before midnight. They told her that her presence was required at headquarters. She had gone down there, to be confronted by Ansted. She had heard him repeat to police officials the tale he had told her earlier tonight. She had no opportunity to converse privately with Cranston and Baxter, and when a soft-voiced official turned to her to ask questions, her nerves were stretched so tight they very nearly broke.

Cranston intervened.

"Miss Blaisdell is entitled to an attorney, as are Dr. Baxter and myself," he said quickly. "Martha, pay no attention to this ridiculous tale. It isn't true, and can't be proved."

The soft-voiced man—Martha never knew his name or his office; she gathered that he was an assistant commissioner, but had no certainty of this—leaned forward.

"You're perfectly right, Mr. Cranston," he said. "There's been an autopsy performed on the late Mr. Gerrish. The report gives the same cause of death that Dr. Baxter gave. There is no question of murder involved in this inquiry. But there is a question of law violation. You people aren't murderers." His smile, Martha noted, was as gentle as his voice. "But deaths must be reported according to formulas laid down by the law. Now if you good people would tell the simple truth about what happened it would be much easier for you. When there is a suspicion that the circumstances of a death are being kept from the knowledge of the proper authorities, there inevitably arises a further suspicion that those circumstances cannot bear disclosure. You can send for lawyers; you can stand upon your legal rights. But in that case I assure you that I must stand upon my duty, and it would be my unpleasant duty to detain you all on a very serious charge. I would advise you to tell the truth."

Slander

Continued from page 19

"This tune is a swipe from 'Lady, Play Your Mandolin'"

Louis Priscilla

MARTHA stared at Cranston; he was frowning and shaking his head. Baxter's lips were compressed, but his eyes signaled her a warning. She closed her own eyes and tried to think clearly. No matter how strongly the three of them denied the accusation, Ansted's discoveries, backed up by the testimony of the two people who had seen Gerrish carried into the doctor's office, were too strong to be refuted. She raised her head and Cranston read her intention in her opened eyes. So did Peter Baxter and, before Cranston could speak, Baxter's mouth opened.

"All right, sir," he said. "I'll tell the truth. I went to Miss Blaisdell's apartment to call upon her cook, who had been ill recently. I had a key to the apartment and let myself in. I found Gerrish there dead, and realized what a shocking thing such a discovery would be if known—and misinterpreted—by the world. So I managed to get him out of the apartment into my car and brought him to my office. I then pretended that he had come to me for treatment and died in my office."

Even in her bewildered misery, her desperate anguish, Martha smiled faintly. The dear blunderer. In his anxiety to save her, he was telling a story that would be punctured by the first question.

"THE witnesses say," said the soft-voiced man, "that two men carried Gerrish into your office. You don't mention that other man, Doctor."

"I was the other man," said Cranston.

The soft-voiced one smiled.

"I don't know what you gentlemen are trying to do. Of course, you're trying to make it seem that Miss Blaisdell knew nothing about Gerrish's death. That's obvious. But it's also obvious that Gerrish died in her apartment, so it doesn't seem to me to make a great deal of difference whether she knew about it or not. Suppose we hear her story."

Cranston started to speak but the soft-voiced man became suddenly stern.

"You keep quiet or you'll be ejected—under guard," he warned.

Martha looked at the two men who had tried vainly to save her.

"You're both good," she said. "You tried so hard and have done so much for me. And I've let you be dragged into dreadful things. I'm going to tell the truth."

Slowly, distinctly, she told everything that had happened during the day. She was listened to in silence. As she finished and folded her hands on her lap in the manner of one patiently resigned to anything, the soft-voiced man looked at her.

"I'm sorry one of you *didn't* kill Gerrish. If ever a man needed killing it seems to me that he was the man. You have my deepest sympathy, Miss Blaisdell." He looked at Ansted. "Your master probably saved himself a lot of unpleasantness by dying. You may save yourself a lot of unpleasantness by walking very carefully. I'm sorry for you three people. A newspaper man brought the matter to Lieutenant Davis. Had anyone else brought it to us, it might have been possible to keep it quiet. But we can't muzzle that reporter. There's not a chance in the world of that. I can only express my regret and say good night to you."

Cranston gasped.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"I can't promise that," said the other. "The district attorney's office may object to what you did. For all I know, the medical association may decide that Dr. Baxter violated some of its rules. But so far as the police department of the city of New York is concerned the incident is closed. There are too many serious crimes committed every day for us to annoy chivalrous-minded gentlemen who try to save a lady from embarrassment. I think you're both great fellows, gentlemen, and I'm glad to have met you. That's all."

IF IT only could have been all! Martha, reading the newspapers the next day, almost wished that there had been stern prosecution on the gravest charge. Because then there might have been some opportunity to disprove the thing that she knew all the world must now believe that she had been Gerrish's mistress.

Men just didn't go to bed in a woman's apartment simply to cause her annoyance, to scandalize her. Her friends would believe that, especially if they had ever known Gerrish, but the world wouldn't believe it. And while she had managed to tell Cranston on Sunday that it didn't matter what the world thought so long as she and her intimates knew the truth, she had not visualized the newspaper headlines. It *did* matter what strangers thought, when one's name had become a byword, when the press of the world had shrieked the story of circumstances that made her seem shameless. In agony, pacing up and down her living-room, curling herself upon her bed restlessly to rise again, she recognized that life could never again be the same thing for her that it had been.

She was notorious. She couldn't face her friends again. She smiled bitterly as she thought of those friends. They were loyal, she knew; but was it fair to make demands upon their loyalty? Take Trudie, for example; Trudie had telegraphed her Monday afternoon:

I HAVE TRIED TO GET YOU ON THE TELEPHONE AND YOUR MAID SAYS YOU WON'T SPEAK TO ANYONE, BUT I AM NOT ANYONE, YOU SILLY THING. BOB AND I WANT YOU TO COME RIGHT OUT AND STAY WITH US FOREVER, IF YOU WILL. LOVE.

Trudie couldn't be more divine. But Martha's presence in Trudie's home would subject Trudie to all kinds of petty annoyance. Trudie would be eternally defending her; Trudie would be avoiding reporters and photographers. Trudie would be quarreling with her friends because they might not want to accept Martha.

She even refused to speak to Cranston. Bless him, he had done for her more than any other man in the world would have done—except Peter Baxter—and had proved his love conclusively. She stared at a note that had come from him late on Monday afternoon:

DEAREST MARTHA: You must see me at once. I want you to marry me right away. In a week everyone will have

(Continued on page 31*)*

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

"First to the Fire"

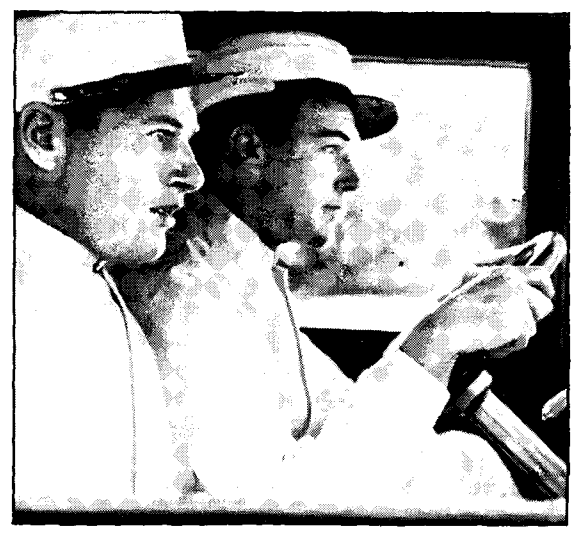
A Mobiloil Movie with

CLAUDETTE COLBERT & RICHARD ARLEN

Miss Colbert, star of Paramount's "Disgraced" ★ ★ ★ Mr. Arlen, star of Paramount's "Song of the Eagle"

1 DOC: "Big fire downtown! Hurry up and get your emergency kit ready! We'll have to beat the Flagler's ambulance to this job!"

2 DOC: "We'll have to step on it to get there first. Flagler Hospital has a new bus. This crate is four years old."



3 DRIVER: "Don't you worry about Flagler's. They use cheap oil. That's why they had to get a new bus. Even if their bus is new, I'll bet the engine's choked up with carbon. We use Mobiloil."

4 NURSE: "There's the Flagler outfit behind us now! Tramp on her, John. Here's a chance to prove that your engine really is alive!"

5 DOC: "Some fire! But we're first through the lines! Even if our bus is four years old, I'll say John has certainly kept her engine in good shape."

6 DOC: "Well, I guess our outfit is there with the speed. But John had better look out now and keep that Mobiloil a secret from the Flagler crew—or they might get to beating us."

With Double-Range Mobiloil your engine is safe at all speeds

Your car may not carry a clanging ambulance gong or a shrieking siren. But—

Today—with high speeds more and more common—you can't be too careful in choosing your oil. Along the highways today you will find many "depression" oils. Made for a price, they were never made to take the punishment your engine gives them in fast driving.

With Mobiloil you can give your oil *any* kind of punishment. Mobiloil will always stand up—no matter how hard, how far, or how fast you drive. Because Mobiloil is a unique *double-range* oil, it will not foul or "gum up" your engine at slow speeds. And at high speeds—unlike ordinary oils—it does not thin out dangerously. Its lubricating richness protects your engine *always*.

Save on gas—on oil—on repairs—and above all, save on car life. Drive in today where you see the Mobiloil sign and ask for Mobiloil. Remember—double-range Mobiloil offers you the best engine protection at all speeds—fast or slow.

Tune in on the Socony-Vacuum radio program, "The Inside Story of Names that Make the News," every Friday night at 8:30 Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Broadcasting System, coast-to-coast.

SOCONY-VACUUM
CORPORATION
MERGER OF STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK AND VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Mobiloil makes old cars last longer . . . keeps new cars young

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Slander

Continued from page 28

forgotten everything. Please call me up. I'll be waiting by the telephone to hear from you.

He had signed it tenderly and tears were in her eyes as she put the note away.

But that was ended; she would not let Cranston's shoulders bear a further load. Common decency made her resolve this. If she loved him, perhaps she could bring herself to let him shelter and protect and love her. But to take all these gifts from a man when she would only be able to give him a simulation of love—that would be too cowardly.

Peter Baxter had telephoned too, so Seena told her. But she had been unable to speak with him. God knew into what difficulties Peter's chivalrous action would get him, and she couldn't face him. Some time later, when she was more composed, she would seek Peter out and thank him. But not now, when her thanks could only hurt him. For it must hurt to accept gratitude from a person when what you want is love.

MONDAY night passed, and Tuesday became a thrown-away piece of paper that had once been a part of the calendar. On Wednesday morning the lawyer whom she had retained to go over her affairs telephoned her. He would appreciate it if she would give him thirty minutes of her time, so she told him to call at once.

He needed less than ten in which to make his report. If the great depression ever ended, she would have an income sufficient to support her very modestly. But while her stocks paid no dividends, she would be in receipt of no income at all. Too, there was no question but that Gerrish had advanced her several thousand dollars. His estate would be justified in demanding repayment. It would be possible to defer such payment for several months; in that time the value of her holdings might increase. If she sold at current prices it would cost her more than a third of her fortune.

"Sell today," she ordered. "I want that debt wiped out instantly."

"But that would be foolish," advised the lawyer. "It takes time to settle an estate, and every month, every day, means something. The market may go up any minute."

She shook her head stubbornly.

"I want that account settled."

The lawyer nodded.

"I can only obey your instructions. But may I ask—not as a lawyer—what your plans are?"

"I suppose I'll have to find some kind of work," she replied.

"But Mr. Cranston—I had heard that an engagement—"

The look in her eyes stopped him.

"Could I marry him? Could I bring to any man the notoriety that surrounds me?"

"Mr. Cranston has suffered an almost equal notoriety," he reminded her. "I have only a slight acquaintance with him, but I am certain that what has happened could only make him more eager to marry you."

"Can't women be chivalrous also?" she countered.

"Chivalry is noble, but mistaken chivalry is so stupid that it verges on wickedness," he told her.

She was to remember this remark in the days to come, but at the moment it just seemed an attempt on his part to be soothing. And after he departed she tried to face the facts that hemmed her in.

It would break Cranston's heart to be married to a woman concerning whom there were any dubious circumstances. Oh, he was fine and all that, and loved her dearly. But more than love is necessary in marriage. There must be respect, not merely the respect which the husband feels for the wife or the wife feels for the husband, but the respect of others for them. Cranston would know that people smiled significantly when his wife's name was mentioned. They might have children; how would Cranston feel at being father to children whose mother would always be under a cloud? It wasn't fair to let any man undergo such a thing. She couldn't marry him, and she was nearer to loving him in this moment of sacrifice than at any other time.

Trudie was sweet, but she couldn't visit Trudie. A dozen other friends had written her notes asking her to stay with them, and she would never forget the courage of their kindness. But it was a kindness upon which she could not impose. It was a lax world nowadays, but the eleventh commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out," had been broken by her. At least, the world would think she had been found out, innocent though she might be. And if she could not bring notoriety upon a man who loved her, neither could she bring it upon people who liked her.

THE world seemed barred to her, she realized with quick terror. At least that which she called the world must be closed to her.

But above the fear of notoriety loomed another fear, that of poverty. She had drifted, and all her troubles were due to her lazy drifting. Had she had the courage, at the very outset, to face the facts, she would not have been the victim of spoken gossip or printed slander. But facing those facts would have meant giving up all the pleasant things in life, things which she had come to believe were absolute necessities. She would have had to go to work in order to support herself.

To go to work! What on earth could she do? She was pondering this question on Thursday morning when the superintendent of the building called upon her.

He hemmed and hawed and stuttered and evaded; but he made it very clear that the owners of the building would be perfectly willing to return her deposit and cancel whatever was due under the lease since the quarter began if Miss Blaisdell would find it convenient to move from the building. He tried to be apologetic, but she listened to no protestations of regret. She would leave instantly, as soon as her furniture could be put in storage, certainly by the first of the week. With which assurance he shamefacedly left her.

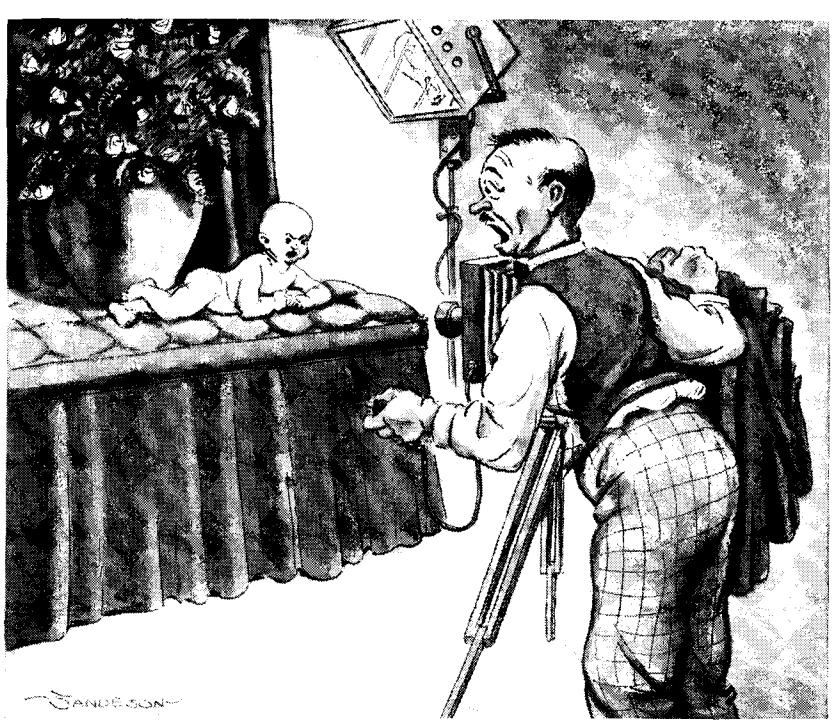
But she couldn't blame him. After all, the presence of a notorious woman is no asset to an apartment building. Even in these lax days people are apt to prove fussy about neighbors who have figured too brazenly in the newspapers.

By the first of the week she had put her furniture in storage. The storage people made her a cash offer for her effects on Friday, and on Saturday, having paid off and dismissed the weeping maid and cook, Martha left the place which she had called home.

ON SATURDAY night she looked out upon a dingy street from the window of the room which she had engaged in a lodging house. She tried to smile bravely; after all, anything that was an experience was part of life and worth undergoing. That is, if one were a philosopher. Only, she knew she wasn't a philosopher but just a lonesome and terrified girl. She wondered if loneliness and terror were to be her companions for the rest of her life.

In sudden panic she went to the public telephone downstairs and asked for Cranston's number. Better to accept the fate of bringing shame to a man who loved her than to face unknown terrors. But she dropped the receiver before he answered. At least, if Gerrish in his death had robbed her of everything else, he had not been able to take from her her courage. Wearily she went upstairs to the shabby room which was all she could afford.

(To be continued next week)



"Come on! I don't want to lay here naked all day!" *Bill Sandeson*

NEWS

"THE greatest single improvement ever made in tooth brushes" . . . That is our sincere judgment of **PERMA-GRIP**, the new Pro-phy-lac-tic invention (United States Pat. No. 1472165).

This dramatic advance ends the medical danger of loose bristles lodging in gums, throat, or lower internal organs.

The tufts of bristle are not merely fastened into the handle, but actually become a part of it! Be sure that the next tooth brush you buy gives you the advantages of this outstanding improvement.

Ask for the new Pro-phy-lac-tic, and remember that the improved 1933 model has the word **PERMA-GRIP** plainly shown on the new window-type package. When you use it, you will feel how the famous Tuft really reaches and cleans the molars (back teeth). You will note how it polishes every part of every tooth. How much longer the brush lasts.

Adult size, 50¢. *Youth's*, for school children; also used by many grown-ups with small mouths, 35¢. *Child's*, for tiny teeth, 25¢. All are genuine American made throughout, sterilized, sealed in Cellophane, and must satisfy you completely or *your money back.*

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

Prophylactic

Bristles Fastened Forever by PERMA-GRIP
(U. S. PAT. 1472165)

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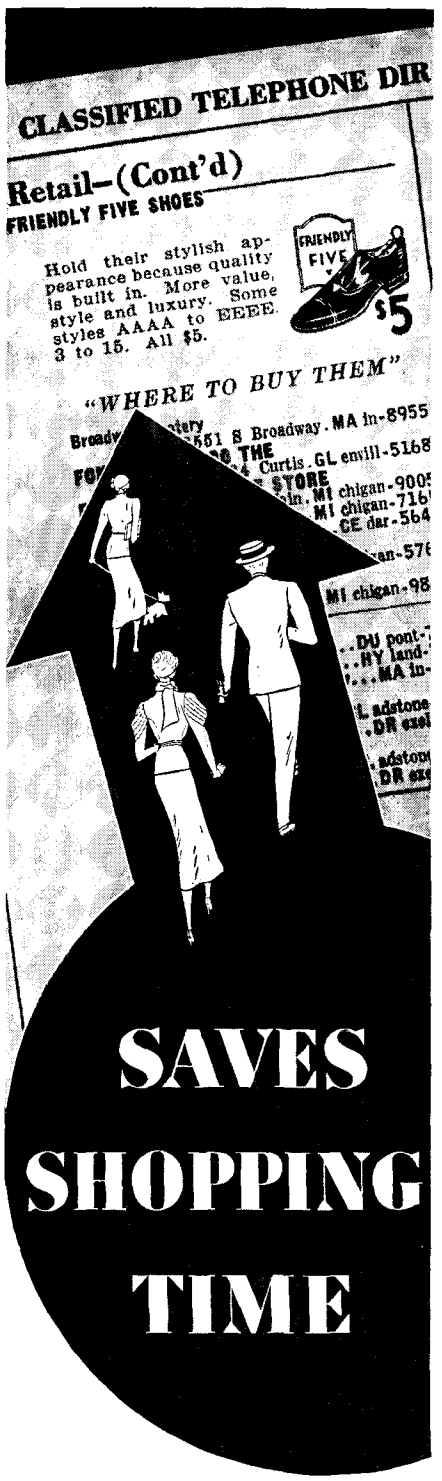
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Hold their stylish appearance because quality is built in. More value, style and luxury. Some styles AAAA to EEEE. 3 to 15. All $5.
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Your classified telephone book tells you

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Your classified telephone directory can save you time and trouble. It tells who sells the brand you want. Simply look for the trade name of the product or service — Remington-Rand, Leonard, Oldsmobile, Goodyear, for example. There you'll find names, addresses and telephone numbers of authorized local dealers.

BELL SYSTEM AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

"WHERE TO BUY IT"

On a Lady's Advice

Continued from page 11

"Get this in for me, Jerry," he orders, flipping it across the desk. "I can at least break even."

I write one out myself, only not for such a large amount, just a couple of hundred, and slide both orders up to the telegraph-room, where they are transmitted to New York.

Omoc closes in a flurry of buying at fifteen and one half, and I go home.

Betty greets me with a rush, running toward me from the kitchen.

"I met Royce Turner at the bank," she cries. "He had a telegram. And what do you think?"

"I think it came collect," I return.

"It said to sell Omoc Mines stock at fifty," Betty goes on, paying no attention. "The telegram said, 'Sell Omoc Mines stock at fifty.' Mr. Turner showed it to me. I mean, he let me read it."

"Did you notice who signed it?" I ask quickly, thinking to find out who is behind this manipulation. "Do you remember the signature?"

"Of course," she says. "It was something or other witz. I mean, his name ended in witz. Do you know him? He's a New York broker, and his name ended with witz."

"Sure," I mock, "I know all the witzes. Have you any idea," I inquire jeeringly, "how many guys there are in New York whose names end in witz?"

"There must be quite a few," she giggles. "I mean, there must be at least a dozen."

IN THE morning Uncle Bruce sends me down to San Diego to see a banker who is under the impression that the public always forgets, and that the time may be opportune for us to help him peddle a block of farm bonds with which his bank is stuck. Uncle Bruce tells me not to buy anything, but to be extremely polite, as he understands this banker is to have some loose money in a few days and we may be able to sell him some of the very nice gold bonds that McCornell & Co. have had on their shelves since 1929.

When I leave to go down there, Omoc is all over the tape around eighteen, and I do not feel so good about having sold that two hundred short at thirteen and five eighths. Particularly as the stock acts as though it were really going places. So, after I have seen the banker I walk around to our branch office, having made up my mind that if Omoc is continuing to skyrocket to sell another hundred and bring up my average.

The office is nearly deserted, and Les McBride, the manager, is over in a corner playing some sort of a game with a lady customer. And as she is the sort of gal who even looks good in one of those pie-plate hats, I decide to investigate. But first I stop at the order clerk's window.

"How's Omoc?" I say to him.

"Hi there, Jessie Livermore!" he grins. "You got an entry in that dog show?"

"How is it?" I repeat anxiously.

"Like that, eh?" he returns, still grinning. "Well, take a look. And in case you've forgotten, the sobbing salon is still in the same place. And," he adds, tearing off a piece of ticker tape and handing it to me, "we've quit furnishing towels."

"What happened?" I question, trying hard to keep the elation out of my voice. For the little strip of yellow paper he'd given me shows that the last sale in Omoc had been at six and a half.

He grins again, thinking I'm hooked, pokes his head and shoulders through his little window and points to a message tacked to the bulletin board. "Cast your limpid, brown eyes over that," he suggests.

I read:

ALL OFFICE FLASH

ARRONOWITZ & CO SMALL FIRM OF NO RATING WHO WERE BEHIND BULLISH DEMONSTRATION IN OMOC MINES DECLARED INSOLVENT EXCHANGE INVESTIGATING HM NY

Well, although I cover too quickly, as Omoc is only saved by the bell, closing at four, I get out with around a sixteen-hundred-buck profit. Which, in these perilous days, is by no means hay. I try several times to reach Betty by phone before the close, but there is no answer. However, even if she has lost all the money she puts up, we are still way ahead, and I reach the house feeling very pleased with myself.

Betty is sitting in the big chair over by the window when I walk in.

"You know about Omoc?" I begin, walking over and sitting on the arm of her chair.

"Certainly I do," she replies. "Mr. Marache told me it sold at eighteen, and he was absolutely right. He's very smart. Mr. Marache is very smart. I shall do all my investing with him."

"It sold at eighteen all right," I say. "But," I add meaningly, "it took a nose dive and closed at four."

"Naturally it did!" she exclaims. "That is exactly what Mr. Marache said it would do. He knew all—"

"Listen," I interrupt. "You paid ten for that stock, didn't you?"

"Ten and something," she affirms. "The something was commission. Mr. Marache said he had to charge me—"

"I know all about that," I cut in. "You paid ten dollars a share for it. You put up five hundred dollars as margin. When the stock broke this afternoon, Marache unquestionably tried to get you to tell you to put up additional margin. But you were out gadding some place, so he was forced to sell you out. And that means," I continue sympathetically, but with my tongue in my cheek, "that you've lost your dough. Your five hundred's gone."

"But that's silly," says Betty. "That's positively silly. I mean, how can my five hundred dollars be gone, when I have it in my purse."

"YOU what?" I cry. "What are you talking about?"

"My five hundred dollars," she says. "Isn't that what you mean? And the extra three thousand and something dollars Mr. Marache gave me. He should have given me more. I mean, the difference between ten and eighteen, and eighteen and four times two—I mean, the eighteen and four times two, not the ten and eighteen—is thirty-six hundred dollars. I figured it out. Only, Mr. Marache took out the—"

"Wait a minute!" I holler. "Do you mean to tell me you didn't lose your money?"

"Of course not, foolish," she replies. "When I told Mr. Marache, he said we had better dump it overboard. So we dumped it overboard at eighteen. And then he thought we should be bruins. So we sold two hundred more at eighteen. And just before the finish we bought it back at four. I mean, the two hundred. Being bruins is fun! Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," I groan. "Absolutely nothing. You merely sold at the top and bought it back at the bottom."

"What's so odd about that?" she asked wide-eyed. "Isn't that what you're supposed to do? It was easy. I mean, when I told Mr.—"

"Just what did you tell Mr. Marache?" I cut in, feeling like a sap.

"It was ridiculous," says Betty. "I mean, I don't believe in it."

"May I," I inquire respectfully, "be so bold as to ask what?"

"That woman," she informs. "That woman was positively ridiculous."

"What woman?" I ask humbly.

"I'm telling you," she resumes. "I mean, Josephine Elliot called me up and said she had an appointment. So we went to see her."

"Who?" I question meekly, pulling at my collar.

"Why," Betty says, "Hildegarde Wilson."

"You—you mean th-that—" I stammer.

"She tells you things from the stars," she breaks in. "She tells you about the comic ray. I mean, cosmic. I mean, it's either cosmic or comic."

"LET it go at comic," I say submissively. "Is that where Jo Elliot heard about Omoc?"

"Why, of course," Betty advises. "She read it right off a piece of paper. Hildegarde Wilson. A map, I mean, with funny little pictures on it. And I think it's ridiculous. I mean, how could she?"

"So that's how they worked it," I gulp, piecing it together. "The same old game with a few frills. This Arronowitz & Company—"

"I don't like frills," she interrupts. "I don't like frills at all. I like puffed sleeves, but not frills. Jo Elliot says frills are coming back. But I don't like them. I positively don't. Do you like them?"

"I really wouldn't know," I admit dejectedly.

"Nobody does," she says. "I think they'll be very popular. I mean—"

"This Arronowitz outfit," I break in gently, glancing up at Betty unassumingly, "worked the horoscope dodge. First they bought a load of that Omoc when it was selling at two-bits a gross. Then they cut that star-gazing dame in, and got her to start things by passing out a tip to buy it as coming straight from the planets. And they jiggled the market around to make it look active. When the saps scrambled to buy it, they unloaded their cheap stock to them on the bulge. What a racket!" I exclaim, feeling better. For, after all, I doped it out too.

"That is just what Mr. Marache said," she nods brightly. "I mean, he didn't believe in it. I mean, when I told him she said that when I was born the moon was in the Aquarium, he thought I'd better be a bruin."

"It is probably just fate," I say, with a sheepish grin, "that I didn't go to Columbia. If I had, you might have wished to become a lion. And then, God knows what might have happened."

"But something should be done about it," Betty continues, sorting out her lists. "I mean, absolutely something. I mean, if they hadn't juggled the Omoc Mines stock with the stars, I might have got fifty. I mean, first. Instead of just eighteen."

"You might at that," I sigh, shaking my head. "Yes, I think you might have."

"And she was wrong about one other thing, Jerry," she goes on. "Hildegarde Wilson. She was positively wrong. I mean, she was. She told me that my weakest points were my feet and ankles. But they're not. Look! I mean, I'll leave it to you."

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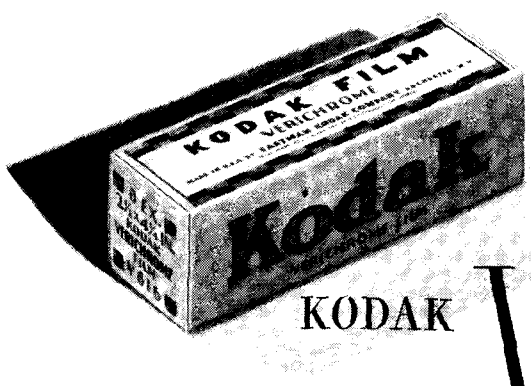
"So, that's the Girl?"



• What a world of sentiment a simple little picture may contain. And now every snapshot you make can be so expressive, so lifelike. The new-type film—Kodak *Verichrome* Film—doesn't require people to stand squinting at the sun. It takes them at ease, relaxed and natural. Verichrome is double-coated . . . with one coating for dull light, another coating for bright. In leafy shade . . . or on glaring beach . . . it gets pictures that are rich, and clear. Today, try Verichrome—in the yellow box with checkered stripes. It will double-guard the success of snapshots that may become priceless to you. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

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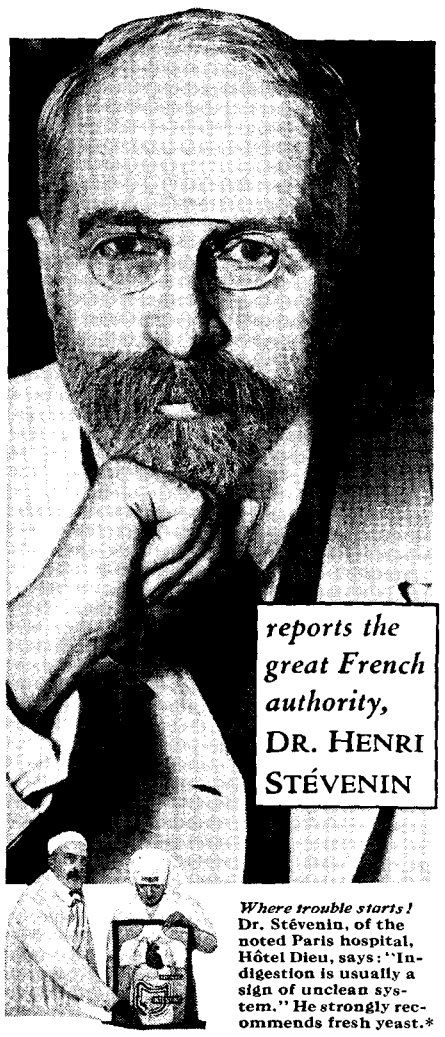
"INDIGESTION *is usually totally needless*"



Where trouble starts! **Dr. Stévenin, of the noted Paris hospital, Hôtel Dieu, says: "Indigestion is usually a sign of unclean system." He strongly recommends fresh yeast.***

"VERY FEW PEOPLE really *need* to suffer from a weak, 'acid' stomach and indigestion."

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Thirty-eight Dollars

Continued from page 9

won't mind. She probably thinks she's lucky to get let off so early."

"I think it was horrid," reaffirmed the girl, sinking to a seat at the table and letting her arms fall forward on the polished surface in a gesture of disillusionment. "The whole thing is vile."

Mat seated himself beside her. "I don't know what you're talking about," he said, "but I assure you you're in the air. You simply don't know Fran. When people are polite it gives her a sort of pain. Besides, she doesn't care a whoop about me."

"That only makes it worse," murmured the girl discouragedly.

"Worse for which—for what? What's the idea, anyway?"

"Worse for me. I despise myself and what I'm doing. It was bad enough before without this. I hate losing things. Sometimes I think I can't stand it another minute."

Mat looked at her, puzzled. "What things?" he asked.

"The things you believe," she explained. "I mean the things you want to believe—and all of a sudden you can't any longer."

"I get you," said Mat. "Illusions."

"No, no!" she came back impatiently. "I'm young but I'm not infantile. I'm sick of that word—illusions. An illusion is a mud pie you fool yourself into thinking you could eat."

"Gee!" exclaimed Mat admiringly. "Listen. Your voice, your eyes, your skin and the rest of you are all lovely. Now if you're going to add a brain, I'll just about pass out."

"I remember that passage," said the girl bitterly. "You got it out of a Learn-a-Line book at ten cents a copy. But since you're paying for my time, why bother to practice on me? I knew a mud pie was mud when I was three years old. But there are a lot of things that aren't mud—I mean that oughtn't to be mud."

"Like what?" questioned Mat.

"Love and decency and manners," exploded the girl, and then drew herself up sharply. She made a desperate effort and smiled, a crooked, faint and appealing smile. "I guess I'm crazy."

"Why?"

"Oh—nothing. Anyway, I'm short-changing you. Do you know what this is costing?"

"Sure—you told me. Six dollars an hour."

"Well—" She studied him curiously. "Well what?"

"Am I worth it? Are you getting your money's worth?"

"I am," he assured her. "I was suffering terribly from the money blues, but now I'm cured—marvelously and perpetually cured. Spill your news. How did you of all people land in this dungeon? Tell me all about it—when, why and because. Let's start with your name—your real name."

SHE paused for a moment, weighing what he seemed against what she had seen and heard him do to his wife, Fran. At first she had been vaguely disappointed at losing that first man, Wyatt—but only vaguely. This new, strange person had swept her off her feet. Now, staring at him, no wonder she hesitated. Which was he—Wyatt's brute whom she had seen dismiss his wife for the evening with a fifty-dollar bill, or the engaging individual who drew away when she leaned against him professionally, drank in her face with his eyes and filled her ears with flatteries so expert that they actually rang true? She came to her decision. It couldn't last, of course, but why not be happy while it did?

"I'll tell you all about it," she said frankly. "It's really very simple. My full name is Loretta Langdon. Loretta would be awful if everybody hadn't called me Lo all my life. My people have a little ranch in the Sacramento Valley and they thought they had enough laid by to send me East for school and college. But you know how it's been; the price of prunes went down with everything else and then they had to have a hurricane on top of that. All of a sudden they couldn't send me even a ticket. And they were going crazy with worry. So I wired them I'd found a swell job and would come out to see them on my first holiday. Now you've got the whole story. It isn't very exciting, is it?"

MAT laughed. "No—but it's interesting. Now tell me something about this place—the rules and regulations."

"They're almost as simple as the story of my life. The girls get here any time before ten and have to stay until closing around three in the morning. One day off a week, but never a Saturday or a Sunday. Each dance costs ten cents, and the girl gets half. Half of the sitting-out time as well—and that reminds me—you're being awfully extravagant."

"Am I? You're one of the top-notchers, aren't you?"

"Oh, no; I'm hardly any good at all at the big money."

"What about Booster?" asked Mat.

Lo glanced at him, startled. "How did you know? But her name isn't really Booster. Mr. Bergson calls her that because he presses a special button whenever he thinks some customer is too shy for any other girl to handle. She's marvelous. Once she gets a man into one of these booths he generally stays up to his last dime. But I'm simply no good at that sort of thing. Men all seem shy with me. Like you."

"Me?" gasped Mat.

She smiled. "You haven't, for instance, noticed that this table we are at is bright as day. You haven't suggested one of the stalls where the lighting is scarcely better than midnight."

"Why should I?" said Mat. "I want to see your face."

"You are very gentle," she said softly. "Would you like to dance?"

A moment later Mat was saying in her ear, "You dance marvelously."

"Of course," she said. "It's my present profession."

"But," said Mat, "you don't dance as if it were. You dance as if it were no more than your delight."

"It used to be," she said.

"When?" he asked. "Where?"

"Not so long ago. At school. Up the Hudson."

"Poughkeepsie," he murmured. "The Pleasant Valley Road!"

"Yes," she admitted with a little frown.

He led her off the floor, his fingers lightly twined in hers. "By the way," he asked, "do you ever lunch?"

"No," she answered absently.

He was silent for a long moment. "I'm sorry," he said finally. "I thought you would have had the sense to know by this time you could trust me."

Her eyes widened. "But I do!" she exclaimed, distressed. "You've been lovely to me. Nobody has ever before b-b-been as nice as you!"

"But you said you wouldn't lunch with me."

"I didn't!" she cried. "I said I never lunch, and I don't. I—I only breakfast."

He laughed aloud. "Fine! Of course! Well, then, will you breakfast with me tomorrow at one o'clock?"

"Yes," she answered.

"At my studio?"

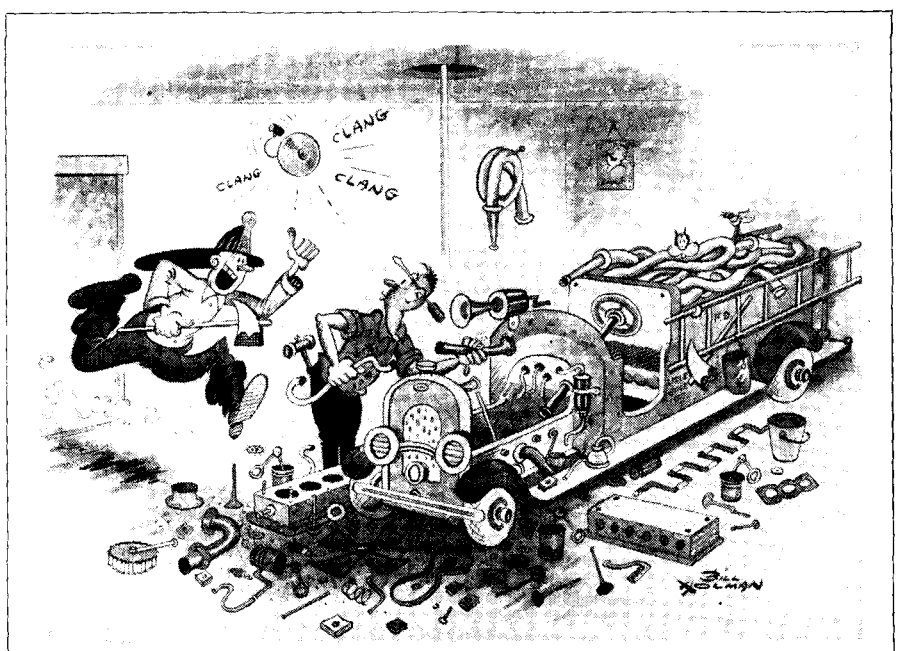
She hesitated, troubled. "But Fran," she murmured.

"Fran!" he exclaimed, frowning. "Forget her. Leave her out." His brows tightened, his whole expression hardened. "Make up your mind," he continued in the tone of one who delivers an ultimatum. "Will you come, or won't you?"

She flushed; then a shadow seemed to sweep her cheeks, leaving them pale. Her lip trembled. "Yes, I'll come," she said finally. "Where is it?"

He gave her the address and went. He felt fine. He walked on air. He swung his stick and whistled.

MAT studied his watch. Five hours to wait. Five hours? Five years, five centuries! He was aware it often happens that a girl who is ravishing at night proves a sad disappointment by day, but on this occasion he felt no qualm. Strangely enough, he did not



"Quick, Dave—put it together—there's a fire!" *Bill Holman*

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care how Lo might look, because it was not by looks alone she had made her appeal. It had been something else, something within her, something unnamable that knocks you over the head, drags you out, and—and that's all there is to it. He knew the thing by name because he had read about it. Love. He was in love. He had dreaded the event for years, but now that it had befallen, he was delighted to find it worried him not at all.

When she finally appeared he felt proud of his brain. It had not betrayed him. It had diagnosed his case and read the girl aright. She was more than something you could see, paint and sell for a magazine cover—much more. She was a presence, blinding and yet pleasant to the eye. But she was also breathing flesh and blood. He started forward as if to throw his arms around her but drew back, not from any sense that he might be rushing things, but because there was such a lot of her you couldn't embrace with arms alone. Her voice, for instance, and her eyes.

"Hello," she said breathlessly, almost as if she had been running.

"Hello," he answered.

THEY stood looking at each other for a long moment, untroubled by embarrassment or haste. They were young, alive, poised on an ancient threshold. The eternal illusion was upon them and they hung suspended within a pool of misty glory, trembling, until Lo's heart began to pound in her breast like a gong, striving to warn her, doing its best to wake her in time: "It's wrong for you to be here—wrong, wrong, wrong!"

She tore her eyes away from the blur of Mat's face. Immediately she became repossessed of the power to think and act like a reasonable person and, obedient to some dormant resolve which had come within an ace of dying in its sleep, her glance swept the high, square room in search of the inevitable feminine touch. At first it seemed there was none; evidently this was a genuine workshop. Then her eye found an ash-tray in which reposed a lonely cigarette butt smudged with carmine. A shadow darkened her pupils.

"Fran?" she questioned.

"Sure," said Mat easily, "but I threw her out."

She looked up, troubled and bewildered. He led her, unresisting, to a couch, settled her high against piled cushions and sat down half facing her. His naturalness calmed and then frightened her. He was at home but she was in an unknown world—a world with no firm ground beneath her feet. She was helpless, robbed of all the familiar holds of resistance. But soon her fears were stilled. He had thought of everything. A lunch had been sent in and he served her where she sat. Then he took away the tray, resumed his place at her feet and let his eyes drink in her loveliness as naturally as if she were a stream.

It did strange things to her to have him look at her like that—it melted her heart and dried her throat.

They did not talk much on that day or the next or the next. He liked to look at her and she at him; they were together and that was enough. . . . On the fourth day, and with scarcely a rumble of warning, came the crash.

After each of her visits he had made clumsy efforts to pay her at the fixed sitting-out rate of six dollars an hour and on each occasion she resented the gesture with increasing fury. Now he was cured. He would never make that mistake again. This time they were sitting at table, the cloth cleared, elbows planted, chins cupped in hands, eyes plunged into eyes. He swayed toward her, all a-tremble.

"Lo," he murmured.

"Yes, Mat," she answered.

Then, with a quick catch of her breath, she tore her eyes from his to look away and down. Her face, in half profile, had an astonishing purity. It was open, like a page you could read if you only knew the language. It was calm, and yet not calm, its peace shot with sadness.

"Listen," he said softly. "What do you want more than anything else in the world?"

"Thirty-eight dollars!" she whispered after a long pause, staring wide-eyed at the floor.

He was dumfounded. Had he heard aright? "What did you say?" he asked, making an effort to pronounce each word distinctly.

"Thirty-eight dollars," she repeated.

He rose slowly and braced himself on his chair.

"That's what you want more than anything else in the world?"

"Yes," said Lo in a choked voice. "I—I want to go home!"

He stood looking down at her gravely. "I don't believe you," he said slowly. He waited but she did not speak. Finally he drew his wallet from his pocket, counted out the exact amount and tossed the notes on the table before her. "If you mean it, there it is," he continued. "Thirty-eight dollars. Take it and get out!"

She slumped forward, her face dropped in her elbow. He thought she was crying, but abruptly she threw up her head and sprang to her feet. With a quick motion of her hand she brushed the money to the floor and stepped around to face him.

"It's no use, Mat. I did lie. I don't want to go away. I love you. I didn't think anybody could ever love anyone the way I love you."

His hands reached out to her slowly, feeling their way; then she was in his arms; her body blotted against his. "Oh, Mat," she sobbed, "Mat!"

"Hush, Lo," he whispered, holding her tightly. "Why are you crying?"

"You know," she sobbed. "I despise myself. I've always despised any girl who would do what I have done, with a man like—like you. And now I've done it—me!"

"What are you talking about?" exclaimed Mat, shaking her roughly. "A man like me? Am I some sort of outcast?"

SHE drew back to stare up into his face. "Don't. Please—please don't."

"Don't what?"

"Don't tease me. Don't hurt me."

"My dear child, you're the one person in the world I want never to hurt."

"Oh—oh, Mat! But Fran—what about Fran?"

"What's Fran got to do with it?"

"Wyatt—Wyatt said—Wyatt told me she—she was your wife!"

"Wyatt! You dear fool, Fran is Wyatt's wife."

"His—his wife! But he told me—"

"Never mind now what he told you. Can't you see that something awfully important has happened? I knew it was on the way the minute I went into that place—even before I'd really seen you. It was around me and in me, and it wasn't anything you and I can change. Can't you feel it, Lo? Don't you know that where I belong you belong?"

She did not answer aloud, but her face seemed to open to a flaming incandescence. Her hands crept into his hair. She drew his head down and began to kiss him eagerly, hungrily. That was it—as if she were hungry and starving for him. He had a feeling of immersion in an overwhelming, blessed flood. He was drowning and didn't care. Why should he? Weren't they going down together for the third and last time? Surely you couldn't drown like this and ever wake or want to wake again.

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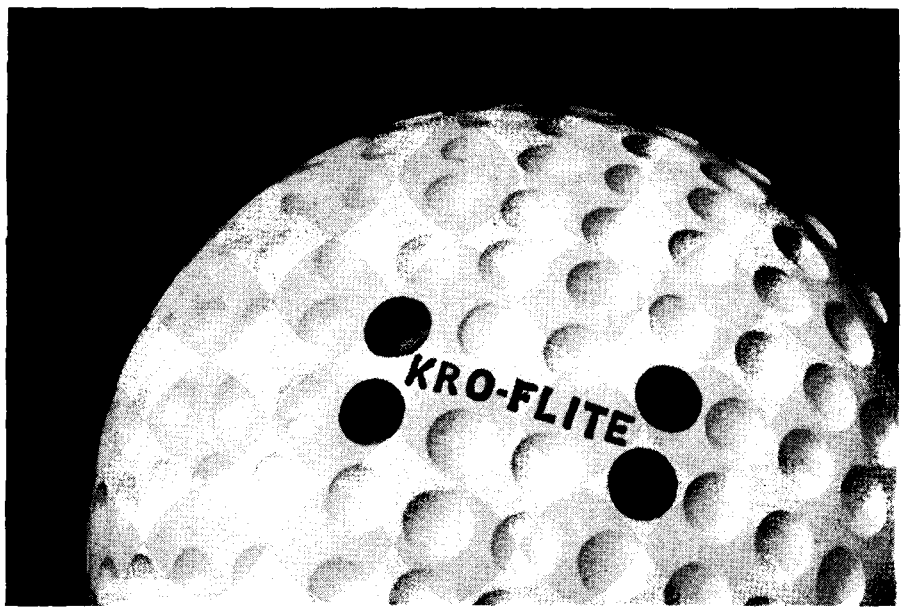

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The Promised Land

Continued from page 13

Why, he asks, should the individual consumer in the little towns of Florence, Tuscumbia and Sheffield, so close to Wilson Dam that if they were to slip a few feet they would be suffocated in the gush of its idle waters, pay the Alabama Power Company eight cents a kilowatt-hour for electricity that is purchased from the government for two and nine-tenths mills and manufactured (by the government) even cheaper. They get an answer, of course, but it is an answer of an old order, an intricate legal answer having to do with distribution costs, capital outlays, financial patterns and such commercial gibberish that means nothing to the small consumer and, judging from the condition of the great public utility corporations, very little more to the delivcrers of such explanations.

Bobbing for Answers

What, besides electricity, is the consumer paying for? the consumer asks. Who knows? By the time he has climbed from corporation to corporation up the common ladder that leads to the distant apex of the financial pyramid, the ordinary man is utterly lost. The Merce Johnsons don't even try to climb. They go right ahead grinding their corn by hand, lighting their nights with dismal oil lamps, closing their minds to the flood of confounding talk. But wondering always why the dam they built, the generators their scant dollars paid for and the men they elect to office are of so little use to them.

Before their questions are answered they have to wander through many corridors of gigantic business mazes wherein even officials of such huge structures are lost. Let's see: There's the Alabama Power Company that buys the government power for two and nine tenths mills per kilowatt-hour. In turn it sells power to the Tennessee Electric Power Company. Allied with them is the Georgia Power Company, the Mississippi Power Company, and a tangled vine of subsidiaries and associated public service corporations. And then one passes on to the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, a sort of big brother in control farther up the pyramid. Presently you emerge into the Electric Bond and Share Company, which, you are told, has nothing whatever to do with running a transmission wire over the shattered road nor the hungry hill where the Merce Johnsons live and die, but manages the fiscal affairs of the towering structure, selling stocks and bonds for the money the strung-out corporations need to build more power houses, to refinance old indebtednesses incurred in past expansions and refinancings, and to find the answers to the eternal question:

"What becomes of the difference between two and nine-tenths mills, the purchase price, and the eight cents the consumer must pay for the light he reads his evening paper by?"

"What," cries the anti-public operation man, "is to become of the shareholder in private industry if the government is to compete? Of course the government can sell electricity cheaper; but does the government dare to jeopardize the forty-two million dollars of Southeastern Power and Light bonds due from the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation? Or the ninety-seven millions in bonds outstanding against the Alabama Power Company, to say nothing of thirty-six million dollars of cumulative preferred stock? And what about the Georgia company's hundred and eighteen millions in bonds?" And so on and so on.

"But," protests the consumer, "it is my money you are weeping over. I'm a bondholder, a stock owner. If my money for the improvements and the growth it was supposed to finance doesn't fetch me lower rates, what have I bought? If it doesn't fetch me power at all until I pay a thousand dollars for the privilege of having your transmission lines run over my hill in addition to what I have paid for your securities—well, just where is this benefit of the private enterprise over a government system that would not seek a profit greater than an ordinary return of from four to six per cent on the initial investment?"

"But," replies the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, "the government would inevitably operate at a loss, as it always does when it attempts to enter the business field. Listen: Do you know that in 1929 the Alabama Power Company's average receipts per kilowatt-hour were one and twenty-two hundredths cents while the municipally owned power plant in Cleveland, Ohio, received two and thirty-seven hundredths cents? Do you know that it costs—"

Whereat the consumer is on his way out. The arguments of costs, relative and actual, overwhelm him. He wanders off, shaking his head. He has no refuting statistics. He is simply a taxpayer, a light consumer, a stockholder. But they haven't shaken his faith in what he sees as sanctuary—government operation, distribution and control.

"Well, I don't know," he sighs. "But it seems to me that in addition to the power that milks my cows and lights my kitchen, I'm paying for the operation of controlling companies, holding companies, rents for offices and taxes on buildings that I'll never see. And the salaries of a hundred thousand officers and privates in interrelated business armies and corporations that have nothing at all to do with whether I turn the switch in my living-room or sit in the dark wondering what becomes of the money I give you. Why, with all this Tennessee River power possibility, are only three fifths of one per cent of the farms in agricultural Mississippi electrified, only one and four-tenths per cent in Tennessee, one and six-tenths in Georgia, two and nine-tenths in Kentucky, three and one-tenth per cent in Alabama?"

Where You Get Off

And the argument goes on—to no place in particular. The consumer is given a book wherein it is stated by so eminent an engineer as Lieutenant Colonel M. C. Tyler of the United States Army that, while there may be an annual saving of $1,194,500 to the consumer of electricity in the radius of the benefits of Wilson Dam's power between now and 1946, there will also be an average annual deficit on government power business of $2,644,900.

Whereat the consumer, rocking on his heels, groggy, asks why the government can't do this and do that, run its lines yonder and force the private companies to do thus and so. Poor sap, he doesn't know the law. He is advised to see his representative in the state legislature. And if he has strength or morale enough left he does so. Whereat he is handed a sheaf of established laws which tell him that the government may not invade the right of sovereign states to grant powers to corporations within

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their limits to enjoy uninterrupted privileges mentioned in their charters.

All of which leaves him precisely where he was in the beginning. Why should he pay eight cents a kilowatt-hour for electricity sold by the government for two and nine-tenths mills? And what becomes of the difference?

But Merce Johnson is the sort of man to whom things have to happen. When they do he is resigned to them and thankful it isn't worse. He is Mr. Roosevelt's forgotten man who is well down near the fundamentals of what is wrong with our design for living. Get the Merce Johnsons out of their hopelessness, out of the futility they live in. What's the use of farming land that can't be farmed? Why go on trying to drag a minute fraction of satisfaction out of certain failure?

Organizing an Empire

The Merce Johnsons can stand on their hills in the vast drainage basins of which the Tennessee Valley is the hub and scan the whole horizon. In every direction lies the power of potential wealth in timber, iron, coal, potash, asphalt, bauxite, sulphur, asbestos, graphite, gas. And he is trying to farm land a crow wouldn't fly over without carrying his own lunch.

Of course he is skeptical. His faster-moving brethren in the towns and cities are only a little less so. But even they are limiting themselves at the moment to thoughts of real estate, factory construction, the purchase of mineral rights and politics, politics, politics. The Roosevelt plan—all of it—is still vaporous. But it's a beautifully natural plan, one that must develop gradually at great initial expense. It will require fifteen years to take form. It has to do with an empire, a domain that envelops all or parts of sixteen states—Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, the Virginias, the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida. The least each may expect in benefits is flood control.

The Tennessee's basin itself is but a patch of land in the whole scheme. The Tennessee's valley involves little more than fourteen million acres. The Roosevelt project takes in six hundred and forty thousand square miles—409,600,000 acres. Perhaps more. As it is today there can be no arbitrary figures. Putting it as simply as may be, before we go along to view the existing facts that form the heart of the whole plan, it merely aims at utilizing what nature has wrought, capturing and harnessing unlimited power to make the most of what the earth affords instead of bemoaning the lack of this and the lack of that when there is no lack.

It seeks, too, to take men away from impossible tasks that habit and tradition have left them tied to and put them to work where they will thrive and contribute to the general good instead of being chronic liabilities. Merce Johnson is half starved; he hasn't spent ten dollars in two years, because he hasn't had ten dollars. Well, get him out of all that. Don't try to make a factory hand or a mechanic of him. He knows the land. Make him a forester. Or put him down on good bottom land where he can make his contribution to industry. Give him light, heat and health. The thousand rushing torrents that feed the rivers are howling with them.

The heart of the ambitious plan is, of course, Wilson Dam and the two gloomy nitrate plants the Federal government built back in 1917 and 1918 to produce nitrates for the explosives with which we assailed our enemies. You may know nothing whatever about hydroelectric generators. You may not know the difference between cyanamide and fuller's earth. But you can't stand at Muscle Shoals looking at the prodigious dam there or wander through those two tomb-like nitrate mills without feeling regret, regardless of science, that all this power, all this magnificence, should be allowed to go for nothing.

The nitrate plants, where one of these days cheap, highly concentrated fertilizers will be made for the benefit of farmers from Merce Johnson's class up to the tillers of wheat prairies, are now as idle as the dogs that snooze on the river banks. They cost the United States government sixty-eight million dollars and not an ounce of explosive materials came out of them to aid our army and navy. Both were finished after hostilities ceased.

The first one—Plant Number One—which was annually to produce twenty-two thousand tons of nitrate by the synthetic ammonia process, is supposed to be obsolete for such purpose today. Plant Number Two, designed for the production of ammonium nitrate by the cyanamide process, can be put into operation in thirty days, they assure you. And here's your central fertilizer plant practically ready to manufacture food for hungry soil—fertilizer that will be more than eighty per cent plant food, whereas certain mixtures the farmers buy today have been found to contain more than eighty per cent of inert matter, gravel and minerals that have no fertilizing value at all, but on which the buyer must pay freight.

Twice the United States government has tried to induce private capital to take over these dormant plants and manufacture fertilizers. Offers were made and rejected. Now, under the Norris bill, the United States will try it alone.

To furnish cheaper power for these plants, Wilson Dam was conceived. It cost the taxpayer forty-seven million dollars and wasn't completed until September, 1925. And there, since then, it has been sitting, a beautiful monument to the genius of our army engineers and the inefficiency of two Federal administrations. Fully equipped with eighteen generators, it might produce 612,000 horse power, more than all the power used in the states of Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana in the thriving year of 1927.

More Power to Them

You really should get out a map to comprehend the rest of it—the whole project as it is seen by the United States Army engineers. Trace the Tennessee, for example, from its beginning at the confluence of the Clinch and Holston rivers about four miles from Knoxville and follow it down, around and up until it empties into the Ohio at Paducah, Kentucky. But pay particular attention to the intricate network of its feeders and sub-feeders to the east and north of Muscle Shoals at Florence, Alabama. You won't have to spend much time.

With the dams and flood-water catchment basins the army engineers would build on this skein of creeks and streams, somewhere between 4,000,000 and 6,000,000 horse power could be developed by a chain of power plants. If all the power possibilities of the Tennessee basin were to be available we would have more than 6,500,000 horse power which could be carried over a great circle with a radius of nearly 350 miles at a cost of not more than four and a quarter mills a kilowatt-hour if all of it could be sold. It represents enough power to fill today's demands of a territory one fifth the area of the United States—a domain taking in all of Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, the Caro-

(Continued on page 38)

● For style, your sport shoes should be all-white. For comfort, they've got to fit. Hot weather exaggerates heel rubs and crowded toes . . . Walk-Over whites will be right and light on your feet. Smart-looking and tailored to snug your ankle and arch—and to let your toes *relax*. Illustrated at top, NEWPORT, white Velbuck. Below: the KOOLIE, air-cooled white Sportgrain. Flexo soles. Each $5. At the Walk-Over dealer in your neighborhood.

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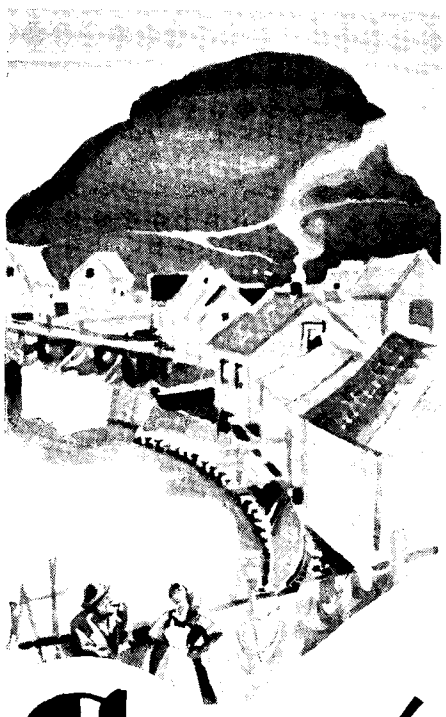

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For maps and descriptive literature, write your home travel agency, Automobile Club, Chamber of Commerce, or Roads Dept., Quebec City, Canada.

(Continued from page 37)

linas, the Virginias, Tennessee and Kentucky, the greater part of Arkansas, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri and Illinois. It would sweep over half of Louisiana and touch Florida, Pennsylvania and Iowa. And in the event a little more power were required, a survey of the Cumberland River in Kentucky and northern Tennessee shows that a million horse power is begging for work there.

Make up your mind to this: Sooner or later, under President Roosevelt's flood control plans, the dams will be built anyway. Unless the terrible Mississippi River and its roaring tributaries are to be allowed to go right on overflowing their banks twice a year, washing away millions of dollars in life and property, the source streams must be caught and held by catchment basins and surplus water lakes. And such is the trend of the times, these unmeasured forces will be made to generate electric power whether private capital favors it or not.

The Penalty of Neglect

Today the Ohio River, the Tennessee, the Mississippi, overflow their banks. Five thousand Merce Johnsons are washed off their lands and fifty thousand men and women who live in the villages and towns along the flooded sides are inundated. Scores are drowned or die of exposure. There is no use trying to estimate losses, because the financial aspect is only a part. The Merce Johnsons straggle back to land that is harder to work than ever. It is the only place they have to go. The villagers and town dwellers have to begin home building and establishing all over. More fortunate people on higher ground must contribute to funds to succor the victims, and tax moneys from state and Federal treasuries must be appropriated, year after year, to save survivors from the inevitable ills of calamity. The catch-water dams will save us more in five years than they will cost to build and maintain.

Nobody seems to have estimated the public money expended to help these victims of unharnessed rivers. But many have ventured the opinion that if it were all available in a lump sum it would immediately finance the Roosevelt plan. And yet, rather than stop this absurd and recurring waste, the propagandists parade the roads preaching against change.

Almost from the beginning the reforestation part of the whole plan will be self-liquidating. Within fifteen years some of the timber can be cut. Almost all the roads now crossing such districts can be abandoned, removing them from the highway lists that absorb taxes for maintenance and improvements. District schools and other institutions supported by public moneys will be unnecessary in these timber areas.

The protest that land thus taken for reforestation will be of no tax benefit to the state after the Federal government takes it over or buys it in, falls far short of soundness; very few of these millions of acres produce taxes anyway.

Similarly, but over a longer period of time, the other projects associated in the general scheme with reforestation can be made self-supporting. Flood control will more than pay for itself when one considers the yearly damage inflicted by wild rivers. Low-cost fertilizers from Muscle Shoals will more than pay for themselves in benefits to the users. The government can manufacture at cost plus plant maintenance and break even because the buyers will pay freight charges. The hardest problem will be in the distribution of electric power. And, after all, there is no honest reason why the government cannot manufacture and sell electricity as efficiently as private capital does. Just so long as the government's power plants are not conducted in the interests of patronage there shouldn't be much trouble breaking even.

It is estimated that the necessary improvements to the Tennessee, making it navigable the entire length of its 652 miles, will require $75,000,000, exclusive of all the half-hearted, misguided and frustrated efforts toward this end in the past fifty years. And this $75,000,000 will be wholly aside from what the government must spend on power plants, and flood control basins. How much it is going to cost to take the Merce Johnsons off their barren acres and turn them to forestry or to retrieved bottom soil is anybody's guess. How long it will take for the government to turn these untamed torrents into useful contributors to mankind is another conundrum. But the movement is under way at last. And the objectors are not going to quit without a fight. They have too much money at stake.

There's nothing very new about this Muscle Shoals agitation. In 1824 President Monroe, basing his message on a report from his Secretary of War, John C. Calhoun, besought Congress to do something about making the Tennessee River navigable over the shoals. Plans were drawn, estimates made and some digging actually done. But along about 1838 Congress and the State of Alabama surrendered to the lobbyists, who proved by one means and another that such activities by the government were nothing more nor less than a betrayal of all our democratic ideals. Anyway, no more money was appropriated and the half-finished canal project was left to decay. Upwards of two million dollars had been spent.

Monuments to Timidity

Again, between 1877 and 1890, four million more was spent on a new scheme of canals over Muscle Shoals. But this had a dismal end, because the engineers began building from both ends and overlooked Nancys Reef in the middle. And the project went to pieces there.

From then on until 1915, surveys, directly and indirectly costing several millions, were made year after year until several unruly members of Congress began to ask embarrassing questions about why something wasn't done about all these engineers' reports. They even went so far as to charge that railroads and other public utilities were contributing large sums of money to block waterway developments. Which led, in 1916, to a decision by Congress to go ahead and build, not only canals around and over Muscle Shoals but the two almost forgotten nitrate plants and the magnificent hydroelectric station at Wilson Dam.

Well, there they stand, huge monuments to waste and timidity. They bring practically no revenue to the government. They are of no particular use to anybody. Gradually they grow obsolete. Every year appropriations must be made to keep them in condition to be of service when and if Congress wants to devote them to the taxpayers whose money built them.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent to maintain lobbies to keep them idle. Senator Norris' bill would have put them into operation for the public welfare. It passed in 1928. President Coolidge killed it with a pocket veto. Again in 1931 the bill passed through Congress. President Hoover vetoed it.

A Dream with Teeth in It

"The real development of the resources and the industries of the Tennessee Valley," said Mr. Hoover to Congress, "can only be accomplished by the people of that valley themselves. Muscle Shoals can only be administered by the people upon the ground, responsible to their own communities, directing them solely for the benefit of their communities, and not for purposes of pursuit of social theories or national politics."

Among the various protests this statement has evoked from the rising tide of liberalism is that Mr. Hoover intimates that Muscle Shoals and the Tennessee Valley are one and the same. The hydroelectric plant at Muscle Shoals will be but one of a chain, a mere contributor to the unmeasured and unquenchable torrent of power the Tennessee can produce in the teaming of flood basins and power dams.

Whether the development of the Tennessee watershed begins this year or next, its inevitability remains. After that, similar developments of the Columbia and the Ohio.

The scheme is so huge that it can afford sanctuary for established private power companies and other industries in which the public has invested. Nothing of the dimensions of the Tennessee basin idea, with its enormous promise of general benefaction, can be shunted aside by propagandists or professional financiers. Their salvation is in getting aboard. It will be fatal to get in the way.

"Home, James" *Jay Irving*

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Perfect Control

Continued from page 21

laughter escaped again, and it was like champagne bubbling, or so Peck used to tell me—"how would you like to see the solo artist who's been taking everyone for a ride around here taken for a ride himself?" I told Dock my scheme.

"You wouldn't," he scoffed. "In the first place he'd scuttle you first, and if he didn't you'd hang on."

"Is it a bet?" I could see Rufe shouldering his way up to us.

"My boat against a—a kiss, say. What say, woman?" Dock gulped, but whether at the thought of losing his boat or receiving the kiss I couldn't tell.

"I'm going to see you tomorrow afternoon, and tomorrow night, and the next night and the next—" I was dancing with Rufe again and this was the half-mocking and half-serious croon he was pouring into my ear. "I'm going to see you all the nights there are for a long, long time, but I got to take you home tonight. Okay?"

I murmured a dreamy assent, letting my eyelashes wave.

"Don't do that," he begged. "I might get my wings tangled up."

"You are about to get your wings clipped," I reflected gleefully. I went into my laugh again. "Are you an aviator?" I breathed, coming out of it with the upward, thrilled look.

"Are they real?" He touched my lashes curiously with one finger. "And am I an aviator? Woman, woman—" He told me about Squintum engines or perhaps it was Rossiter motors all the way home.

I WOKE up early next morning and lay in bed for a while thinking long, long thoughts and smiling long, luxurious smiles. If I had to be marooned in Bay's End all summer at least I was going to have some fun. The very sunshine looked brighter that morning and the breeze that was stirring the curtains urged me to be up and going. I was speedboating with Rufe Grainger at ten o'clock.

At four we put in an appearance at what the Bay's End Hotel so humorously calls its tea dance. The next morning we played tennis. That afternoon we went swimming. That evening we drove over to Walden Inn. On Saturday night we went to the club and I received more of those cold feminine looks which are coming to be so warming a part of my life. It went on that way for a week, for two weeks, with time out now and then, of course, for "come on."

"Cracked two dates to get here," Rufe would tell me cheerfully, leaping out of his car evenings, and I would climb in beside him with eyelids carefully lowered to conceal my expression of unholy glee. I'd sit listening to the line which had all Bay's End by the ears and just simply gloat over my plan. And all the time I was using every black art at my command to sew him up tighter and tighter into that silken web from which there is no escape.

It gave me an interest in life, of course, and time simply flew by.

When Rufe finally asked me to go up in his plane I knew the time had come when I could rest on my oars. The game was practically won. No other girl in Bay's End had ever rated just this honor.

We'd drive out to the field, and I'd settle myself in the Relco, and we'd go up and up into the clear blue air, until the bay was nothing more than a pond stretched out beneath us and Bay's End itself was a mere Christmas tree hamlet. I had plenty to think of, too, high up there above the world. "The higher they go the farther they fall," I'd nitwit to myself, laughing long and loud into the ether.

"What a woman!" Rufe would say to me seriously, helping me out of the Relco when we were back on terra firma and all full of sun and air and thrills. And I'd just stand for a moment with my hand on his arm, sort of thankful and hushed and adoring, if you know what I mean, to give him the idea he'd delivered me safely from the stratosphere, or something like that.

One day, crossing the field to the hangar, I got a stone in my shoe. "Rufe," I said distinctly three times, "I'm afraid I have a stone in my shoe." But he was walking very fast, his eyes fixed on where a mechanic was going over the Relco in the sun, and his eyes were shining and absorbed. There was nothing I could do but hobble after him, and I did it rather thoughtfully. It wasn't the first time this, or something like it, had happened, I remembered. As soon as we'd get near that darned plane I seemed—how shall I say it?—to do a fade-out with Rufe. I looked at him thoughtfully every once in a while that afternoon. I found myself wondering where my eyes had been when I'd decided he wasn't good-looking. Well, that was the beginning.

The end was the morning he tore his engine down. I just wasn't there, except as something to explain a motor to. Any mechanic would have done as well, or better. I stood by feeling very peculiar. I mean, even with Arch Bush, I had been the girl, and the yacht the background. I tried placing my hand on Rufe's arm, but he absent-mindedly shook it off. I got in his way, and he gently but firmly set me out of it.

There was a light never seen on land or sea in his eyes, and he handled the parts of that greasy old piece of machinery, well, actually caressingly. Every once in a while he'd lift his hand up to brush his hair back, and every time he'd leave a smudge of black on his cheek or forehead, and he didn't know or care. The queerest feeling came over me. I wanted to take my handkerchief and wipe those smudges away!

It was then I began to know I was sunk. And I went downhill rapidly after that. Every time Rufe left me without definite plans for seeing me again I'd be in chills and fevers.

I tried to think back. No, Ensign Harold Ritter hadn't had me reduced to such ashes. Certainly Peck Packer hadn't. Nor Arch Bush. Not even that divine Englishman on the boat. Not even Ward Leedom of the Yale crew.

And all the while time was passing. I was going to bed thinking of Rufe, and getting up thinking of him. It was six days to the month's end. It was five days, four days— When I thought that I, too, might be a Girl-of-the-Month, I just practically turned to ice. But things are never so bad that they can't be worse.

"HOW are things going?" Dock barged up to the place one morning and there was an anxious gleam in his eye.

"What do you mean?" I asked coldly. It was three days now and I was beginning to show signs of wear.

"I mean with you and Rufe," he specified.

"You're going to lose your boat," I said stiffly.

"And that ain't all." He rubbed his head ruefully.

(Continued on page 40)

New Facts about Photography

Recent analysis shows most poor pictures caused by under-exposure

How to get 8 good pictures out of 8 exposures

A STARTLING discovery about snapshot failures was made last year—that the great majority of blanks and poor prints are due to under-exposure.

"Under-exposed"! That may mean the exposure was too fast, as when the speed on a folding camera is set for 1-50 when it should be at 1-25. It may mean the "stop" or opening was too small. *Or it may mean that the old-style film was too slow to get the picture, as often happens with a box camera.*

How to End It

Modern research now brings you a new-type film that enables the average amateur to get 8 good pictures out of 8. It is called *Agfa Plenachrome.*

Agfa Plenachrome is much the same as other film except for its emulsion. This contains a special dye, a discovery in organic chemistry used only in *Agfa Plenachrome* Film.

The addition of this dye gives *Agfa Plenachrome* Film extra sensitivity. So, even if you under-expose it, this film gets the picture. Likewise, *Agfa Plenachrome* has extremely wide latitude. So the danger of over-exposure is practically ended.

Two Things to Do

(1) Write down the name: *Agfa Plenachrome.* (2) Remember that you can safely give this film plenty of exposure.

Here at last is a real all-day film!

Think of it! The film itself overcomes ordinary difficulties. Your prints will be richer, visibly more beautiful!

Start now—get 8 good pictures out of 8. *Agfa Plenachrome* Film comes in all sizes to fit all cameras. Agfa Ansco Corporation, Binghamton, New York.

Other Remarkable Agfa Films:

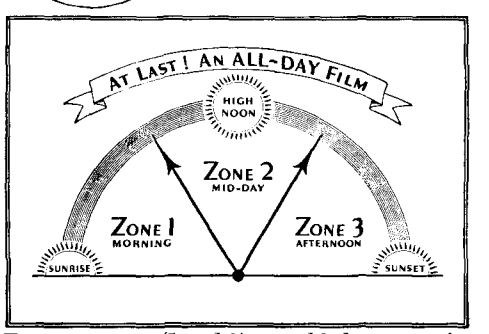
Agfa Fine-Grain Plenachrome (FA8) for miniature cameras.

Agfa Fine-Grain Film Cartridge for Leica and Contax cameras.

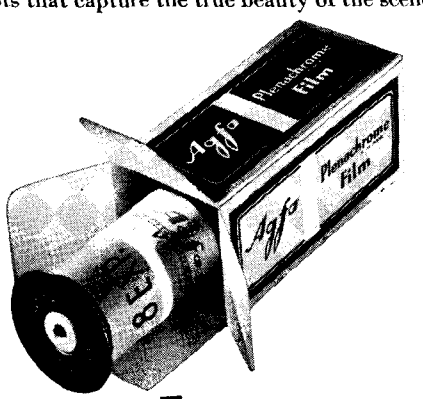
Agfa Superpan Rolls and Packs.

Agfa Panchromatic and Fine-Grain Superpan Reversible for 16 mm. movies.

Taken at 8:30 A.M. . . . with Agfa Plenachrome, the new-type all-day film. Note the soft, rich lighting and fine details.



Two new zones (1 and 3) are added to your picture-taking day by *Agfa Plenachrome.* In the early morning or late afternoon when the light is soft and shadows are delicate, this perfectly sensitized film allows you to get marvelous snapshots that capture the true beauty of the scene.



Agfa Plenachrome

8 good pictures out of 8

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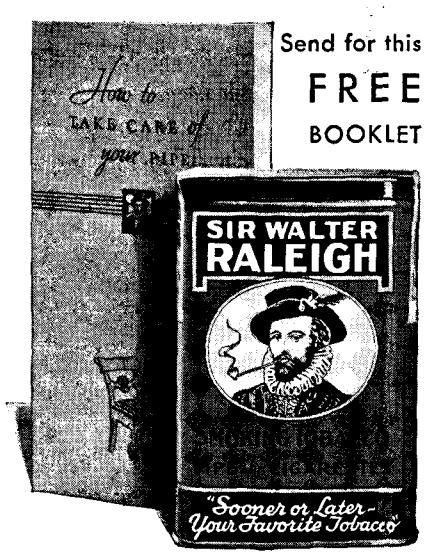
FREE advice *to* Brides!

"HERE'S a way to avoid getting into hot water with your husband. Most husband troubles, like most hot water troubles, are caused by faulty pipes.

"The symptoms of a faulty pipe are black clouds of foul-smelling smoke spreading through the new home like tidal waves.

"No need of it, girls. Get your husband started on Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco in a well-kept pipe, and you'll never have anything but happiness. Neither will he. For this tobacco is a mild, satisfying mixture of rare Kentucky Burleys that delights both sexes. I bring it to you *fresh*, wrapped in gold foil. Here's a book I've written about keeping a pipe. I might have called it, 'How to Keep a Husband.' It's valuable, and it's free to brides (and everyone else)."

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. C-36



Send for this FREE BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

(Continued from page 39)

"What do you mean, that isn't all?" Even at this moment I was listening for the sound of Rufe's car.

"That ain't all," Dock groaned. He dropped his head into his hands again and literally pawed at his hair.

"Please tell me—"

"Aw, listen— Listen, Candy—" He came out of one of those spasms of pawing and his face was red. "I don't know why I told Stevie," he gulped. "But I did and it seems he told Pat and Pat told Gripe Salmon and Pete Riddles and it got all around."

I just looked at him. "You told him just what?" I managed at last. "What got all around?"

"I should've known better than to spill anything to Stevie," Dock mumbled. "Anyway"—he plunged—"the whole gang's got bets up. Stevie and Dolores, and Pat and Skippy, and Dan and Gloria—and, well, practically everybody."

"You mean the whole town knows about my affairs, about that nitwit bet I made with you?" My voice went up.

"Looks like it." Dock rubbed his hair again. "Stevie stands to lose his car, and Gripe Salmon his sailboat, and Pete Riddles his canoe. They're all sort of watching and waiting. The women are all betting he hangs you up and the men are all betting you hang him up. Look, Candy, why don't you just kid Rufe along for the rest of the summer, huh? Everybody knows he's that way plenty and—"

"What did you say?" I asked slowly.

"I said everybody knows he's that way plenty and why don't you—"

"Everybody knows what?"

If Dock had been capable of thought he'd have thought me a dumb bunny, all right, sitting there with my mouth practically open and begging him to say over and over again that Rufe was that way about me. But I couldn't stop myself. I was like a starving man asking for cakes and ale.

"So why don't you just kid him along, Candy?" Dock said anxiously. "Say, why don't you?"

"And save you your silly old boat," I practically screamed. "And get myself a laugh that reaches from one end of the bay to the other. Oh, no, Dock Reeves. Oh, no." I was having difficulty in getting my teeth apart now. They seemed to be clenched in a sort of anguish. No, the thought of parting from Harold Ritter, from the Englishman, from the whole Yale crew had never had me in this state. "Go away from here, Dock Reeves," I said. "Go away. I never want to see you again."

"All right, all right." He backed away, frightened.

AND that night Rufe kissed me. It was the first time. Not that I'm too high-hat for necking, just that I think it's a mistake.

Rufe kissed me, and the whole world seemed to rock gently. I mean, the evening hadn't started out romantically at all. We drove to Gus' for hamburger sandwiches. Coming back there was a moon and the stars were shining and a land breeze was blowing a scent of pine all over us. I was in one of my pensive moods, and no wonder. I had no choice now; I had to give Rufe up. Every once in a while I'd look at his profile in the moonlight—we had the top down—and I'd just practically melt. So when he tried to kiss me I let him and it was then that the world rocked.

When the world had righted itself and Rufe got the car back on the road he stopped it and we just looked at each other in the moonlight. I mean if you've ever heard anybody talk about the world beginning all over again and thought it was just horsefeathers, well, you were wrong.

"Candace," Rufe said, and he had to catch his breath right in the middle of my name, "I've got another year at school but I'll pass it up. I'll pass it up, what do you say, Candy? I'll pass it up." He sounded sort of delirious, but sweet.

"No," I said, with a nobility that was hard. "Of course not. A year isn't long, Rufe."

"It is long," he said, kissing me again.

"No, it isn't," I said, because I could see he was going to keep on kissing me until I said it was long. So I finally said it because it was getting late.

And I was pretty delirious myself, going to bed that night all full of moonlight and happiness. Without a thought I had thrown all Bay's End overboard. Let them laugh. I laughed, too, going to sleep in a way which was like drowning in a sea of moonlight, all pine-scented, with Rufe's eyes looking into mine.

AND it's lucky I drained that cup of happiness to the last drop, because that was the ninth of August and on the tenth the month was up and Rufe didn't call me any more. He didn't come around.

I called the inn until I was hoarse. I drove out to the hangar and his plane was gone. I watched the sky for a blue Relco with white stars on its under wings until my eyes were glazed and hot.

I suppose waves and waves of diabolical laughter were running up and down the coast, but I didn't care. Dock Reeves had the grace not to come around for his kiss, but I didn't care. I didn't care about anything. Rufe was gone. I was a Girl-of-the-Month, and how!

I rubbed my eyes the morning I woke up and saw the Sea Sprite at anchor in the bay, but it was listlessly. And before long I was looking around listlessly at the whole Larch Point gang.

"Candace, we are here," Peck Packer said. He gave my hand that gentle pressure of his.

"Candace, you are surrounded," Gray Peters said, looking around with easy tolerance at all Bay's End. "We track you down," he said, "and find you going bucolic all over the place."

They were tired, perpetually tired, that gang. They dropped all over the deck chairs under our trees. Gray and Peck and Arch, Lois Keith and Amy Descat and the Lakes. Gabby Lake was twenty-one and had been married twice.

"Candace," they commanded feebly, "give us a drink."

I did the best I could for them, what with Mother registering disapproval all over the place. But I felt like a person on a far-off hill, looking at them through the wrong end of a telescope. It was funny. They were here to make my summer; it was written all over them. And we didn't click at all. To me they were just so many collapsed balloons. That is what love can do to you, I've found.

The outfit overran our place and all Bay's End for three days and I grew old before my time. I wanted Rufe. I wanted Rufe.

"Let's go up to the air circus at Langley Field," Peck said lazily one morning. And they all went for that, though a shudder passed over me at the mere thought of looking at heavier-than-air machines. But anything to get away from Bay's End now.

"If this weather keeps up," Arch said languidly, letting himself be carried up the bay on the Bush boat, "we may see something interesting." We were going up the coast to Beth Haven in the boat and then inland to the field. There was a stiff breeze and the waves were choppy.

"You think so?" Gray Peters came to life. He worked his way up from the depths of the deck chair on which he and Gabby Lake were draped, and looked around. "Perhaps they'll call it off," he said, collapsing again.

They didn't call it off, however. At two o'clock the Larch Point crowd had draped themselves in the box Arch had reserved and I was with them. I was still in a state of amnesia, and I didn't pay much attention to the planes.

"What's the matter, Candy?" Gray Peters leaned over me.

"This isn't hot," I said. "Let's go."

"Wait till I see what this blue devil's going to do next."

There was a blue plane, then. I sank farther back. Less than ever did I want to look.

A new animation came into our crowd. This must be good. Gasps were more frequent. Their eyes glinted as they looked aloft. Their faces lighted up with something that was almost life.

"Let's go, Gray."

"Wait a minute." Gray was beginning to have a good time. "That blue devil doesn't care whether he lives or dies." He chuckled.

"My bet is he dies." Peck laughed. His breath went out sharply and he laughed again. "If he keeps that up, in this wind—"

Then the whole grandstand gasped in unison. In spite of myself my eyes went up. A blue plane, far over to the right, was turning in one Immelman after another, struggling with the wind. It had white stars on its under wings, that plane.

"Fool," Gray said exultantly. "Sit down, Candy."

I hadn't known I was standing until my knees gave way suddenly and I fell back into my seat. There was a rush then that was the whole grandstand drawn to its feet—and a long shuddering intake of breath.

"Wing—" Gray gasped. "Wing's gone."

I thought I was screaming, but no sound came. "Rufe!" I was trying to scream, "Rufe!"

"He's jumped." They were hushed now.

"Won't make it. Too low."

I had to look again. I saw Rufe hurtling through the air, the Relco plunging down. I closed my eyes. I couldn't pray or think. I could only wait. When the breath of the crowd came out again, I didn't know whether the chute had opened—or hadn't opened.

THEN a hoarse cheer broke out and I could look. The chute had opened. Rufe was being dragged across a field. He seemed far away. He seemed to be carried miles by the wind, across the ground.

I was out of the box then and running across the field. I was stumbling and sobbing but I got to Rufe before the ambulance did. I simply collapsed against him.

"Hello, Candy," he said.

We were kissing each other then and a thin cheer came from the grandstand. A lot of people closed us in but we didn't care. We just looked at each other or at least I looked as well as I could, for I was all weepy.

"For crying out loud, stop crying," Rufe said. "So you made fool bets, did you?" His voice was funny but he held me tight.

"It doesn't matter, does it?" I babbled. "Oh, Rufe, say it doesn't matter."

"Well, see that you don't do it again," he said. That absorbed look came into his eyes. "Where—where'd the old tub land?" he said.

He was thinking of the Relco again, but I didn't mind. I had seen his eyes when I'd stumbled up and practically fallen on him.

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Fu Manchu's Bride

Continued from page 15

fall in love with—somebody or another. You will forget your accomplishments and everything. I mean—it's a sort of law. What other purpose is there in life for a woman?"

In a far-away voice:

"There is no such thing as love," Fleurette murmured. "A woman can only *serve*."

"Whatever do you mean?"

"You are new to it all. You will know tomorrow or perhaps tonight."

I had taken a step in her direction when something arrested me—drew me up sharply.

Like a fairy trumpet it sounded again, that unaccountable call which I had heard twice before—coming from nowhere; from everywhere; from inside my brain!

Fleurette stood up, giving me never another glance, and moved to that end of the room opposite to the door by which I had entered. She touched some control hidden in the wall. A section slid open. As she crossed the threshold she turned: I could see a lighted corridor beyond.

"The danger is over now," she said. "Goodby."

I stood staring stupidly at the blank expanse of wall where only a moment before Fleurette had been, when I heard a sound behind me. I turned sharply.

The white door was open! The woman whom Nayland Smith had called Fah Lo Suee stood there looking at me.

With the opening of the door a faint vibration reached my ears. The "section doors" (so Fleurette had described them) were being raised.

Fah Lo Suee wore what I took to be a Chinese dress by virtue of its style only, for it was of a patternless, shimmering gold material. Her unveiled eyes were green as emeralds; their resemblance to those of the terrible doctor was unmistakable.

"Please come," she said; "my father is waiting for you."

AS I followed that slim, languorous figure, mentally I put myself in the witness box. And this was the question to which I demanded an answer:

Am I alive or dead?

On the whole I was disposed now to believe that I was alive. Therefore, I put this second question:

Am I sane?

To that query I could find no answer.

If the occurrences of the past few hours were real, then I had stepped into a world presumably under the ægis of Dr. Fu Manchu, and presumably in China, where natural laws were flouted; their place taken by laws created by the Chinese physician.

At the foot of the stairs Fah Lo Suee turned sharply left, and opened one of the sliding doors which seemed to be common in the establishment. She beckoned me to follow, and I found myself in a carpeted, warmly lighted corridor. She bent across me to reclose the door.

"You must forget all that is past and all that is puzzling you," she whispered urgently, speaking close to my ear. "My father knows that you and the little Rose-petal are acquainted. Don't speak—listen. He will question you, and you will have to answer. When you go to Yamamata's room, do not fear the injection. But all that you are told will happen when you have received the Blessing of the Celestial Vision, *see that you carry out*. . . . Pretend—it is your only chance. Pretend! I will see you again as soon as possible. Now follow me."

These strange words she had spoken with extraordinary rapidity as she had bent over me, apparently fumbling with the button which controlled the door.

And now, with that slow, lithe, catlike walk in which again I recognized her father, she moved ahead, leading me. My brain was working with feverish rapidity.

The little Rose-petal!

This must be the Chinese name of Fleurette. Our association, I gathered, did not meet with the approval of Dr. Fu Manchu. And what was the Blessing of the Celestial Vision? This I had yet to learn.

At the end of the corridor I saw a small green lamp burning before an arched opening. Here Fah Lo Suee paused, signaling me to be silent.

"Remember," she whispered.

The green light in the little lamp flickered, and a heavy door of paneled mahogany slid aside noiselessly.

"Go in," said Fah Lo Suee.

I OBEYED. The door closed behind me and a whiff of air laden with fumes of opium told me that I was in that queer study which, presumably, was the sanctum of Dr. Fu Manchu.

One glance was enough. He was seated at the big table, his awful but majestic face resting upon one upraised palm. The long nails of his fingers touched his lips. His brilliant eyes fixed me so that I experienced almost a physical shock as I met their gaze.

"Sit down," he directed.

I discovered that a Chinese stool was set close beside me. I sat down.

Dr. Fu Manchu continued to watch me. I tried to turn my eyes aside, but failed. The steel-gray eyes of Sir Denis Nayland Smith were hard to evade, but I had never experienced such a thralldom as that cast upon me by the long, narrow, green eyes of Dr. Fu Manchu.

All my life I had doubted the reality of hypnotism. Sir Denis' assurance that Fah Lo Suee had nearly succeeded in hypnotizing me at the hospital had not fully registered; I had questioned it. But now, in that small, opiated room, the reality of the art was thrust upon me.

This man's eyes held a power potent as any drug. When he spoke, his voice reached me through a sort of mist, against which something deep within—my spirit, I suppose—was fighting madly.

"I have learned that you are acquainted with the little flower whose destiny is set upon the peak of a high mountain. Of this I shall ask you more later. She is nature's rarest jewel: a perfect woman. . . . You have, unwittingly, I believe, thrust yourself into the cogs of the most delicate machine ever set in motion."

I closed my eyes. It was a definite physical effort, but I achieved it.

"Now when you are about to devote your services to the triumph of the Si-Fan, consider the state of the world: The imprint of my hand is upon the nations. Mussolini so far has eluded me; Mustapha Pasha is a regrettable nuisance, but my organization in Anatolia neutralizes his influence."

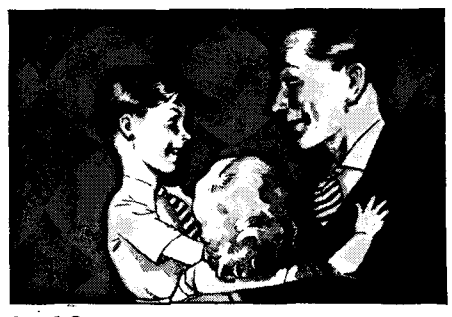
Persistently I kept my eyes closed. This dangerous madman was thinking aloud, communicating his insane ideas to a member of the outer world, and at the same time pronouncing my doom—as I realized: for the silence of the father confessor is taken for granted. . . .

"Rumania, the oboe of the Balkan or-

(Continued on page 42)

THE STORY OF JOHN Y. DELAY

1909 *"I would like to go to Europe" BUT...he got a job and didn't go.*



1919 *"Would like to go to Europe" BUT...family cares prevented.*

1929 *"Would like to go"...BUT... TOO BUSY!*

1933 ...TODAY *"Would like to go." Not busy BUT afraid to spend the money!*

1939 *"Like to go!" BUT...too busy again!*

1949 ... *TOO LATE NOW!*

Pack up and GO! NOW

EVERYTHING seems to be in favor of those who are thinking of Europe this summer. We've written a booklet about it. It's *free*. Steamship rates are down. The booklet gives the figures. Living costs are absurdly low in many quaint European towns. The booklet gives examples.

It's Holy Year in Rome. Music lovers will delight in the many musical festivals in honor of Wagner in Germany. Everything conspires to get you to Europe this summer.

Pack up and GO! But send the coupon for this unusual free booklet first. That's where your trip begins.

To EUROPE and back **$184.00** *tourist class on many fine ships*

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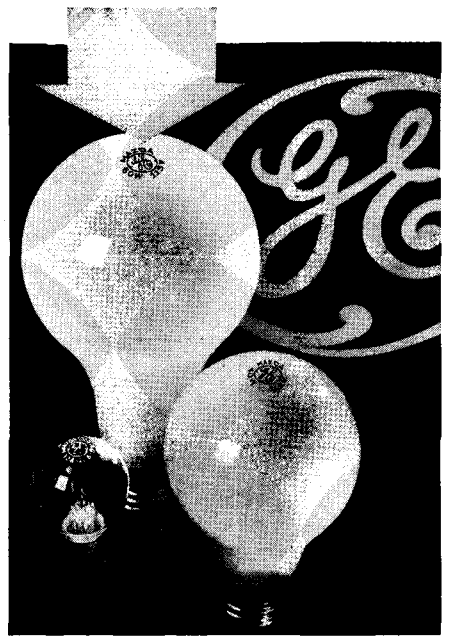

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(Continued from page 41)

chestra . . . I have tried to forget King Carol—but negligible quantities can upset the nicest equation by refusing to disappear. A man ruled by women is always dangerous—unless his women are under my orders. . . . Women are the lever for which Archimedes was searching, but they are a lever which a word can bend. You may have heard, Alan Sterling, that I have failed in my projects. But consider my partial successes: I have disturbed the currencies of the world. . . ."

That strange, guttural voice died away, and I ventured to open my eyes and to look at Dr. Fu Manchu.

He had lighted a little spirit lamp which formed one of the items upon the littered table, and above the flame, on the end of a needle, he was twirling a bead of opium. He glanced up at me through half-closed eyes.

"Something upon which science has not improved," he said softly. "Yes, I could hasten the crisis which I have brought about, if I wished to do so."

He dropped the bead into the jade bowl of a pipe which lay in a tray beside him.

"Here is a small brochure," he went on, and took a book from a table rack, thrusting it in my direction. "*Apologia Alchymiæ*—a restatement of alchemy. It is the work of a London physician—Mr. Watson Councell, whose recent death I regret, since otherwise I should have solicited his services. There are five hundred copies of this small handbook in circulation. Singular to reflect, Alan Sterling, that no one has attempted the primitive method of manufacturing synthetic gold, as practiced by the alchemists and clearly indicated in these few pages. For fable is at least as true as fact. Gold . . ." he placed the stem of the pipe between his yellow teeth . . . "I could drown the human race in gold!

"But Russia is starving, and England undernourished. The world is a cheese consuming itself. . . . Even China—my China . . ."

He fell silent—and I watched him until he replaced the little pipe in its tray, and struck a gong which stood near to his left hand.

A pair of Chinamen, identical in appearance and wearing identical white robes, entered behind me—I suddenly found one at either elbow. Their faces resembled masks carved in old ivory and mellowed by the smoke of incense.

Dr. Fu Manchu spoke a few rapid words in Chinese—then:

"Companion Yamamata will see you," he said, his voice now very drowsy and that queer film creeping over the brilliant eyes. "He will admit you to the Blessing of the Celestial Vision, by which time I shall be ready to discuss with you certain points in regard to the future, and to instruct you in your immediate duties."

One of the Chinese servants touched me upon the shoulder and pointed to the open doorway. I turned and walked out.

I PRESENTLY found myself in a typical reception-room of a consulting surgeon. I was placed in a chair around which were grouped powerful lights for examination purposes. Companion Yamamata, who was scrutinizing some notes, immediately stood up and introduced himself, peremptorily dismissing the Chinamen.

He was young and good-looking in the intellectual Japanese manner; wore a long white coat having the sleeves rolled up; and as he rose from the table where he had been reading the notes, he laid down a pair of tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses and looked at me with humorous, penetrating eyes. He spoke perfect English.

"I am glad that you are becoming a companion, Mr. Sterling," he said. "Your province of science is not mine, but I am given to understand by Trenck that you are a botanist of distinction. Your medical history"—he tapped the pages before him—"is good, except for malarial trouble."

I stared at him perhaps somewhat stupidly. His manner was utterly disarming.

"How do you know that I have had malaria?" I asked. "I don't think I display any symptoms at the moment."

"No, no, not at all," he assured me. "But, you see, I have your history before me. And this malaria has to be taken into account, especially since it culminated in blackwater so recently as three months ago. Blackwater, you know, is the devil!"

"I do know," said I, grimly.

"However," he displayed gleaming teeth in a really charming smile, "I am accustomed to these small complications, and I have prepared the dose accordingly. Will you please strip down to the waist. I always prefer to make the injection in the shoulder."

He stepped to a side table and took up a hypodermic syringe, glancing back at me as he did so.

"Suppose I object?" I suggested.

"Many jib at the last fence," he assured me, "but what is to be will be, you know. Allow me to assist you, Mr. Sterling."

He stepped behind me, and with the adroit movement of a master of jiu-jitsu peeled my overalls down over my shoulders, pinioning my arms. He unbuttoned my shirt collar.

"Injections are always beastly," he admitted. "For myself, they induce a feeling of nausea; but sometimes they are necessary."

I EXPERIENCED a sharp stab in the shoulder and knew that the needle point of the syringe had been thrust into my flesh. I waited tensely for some reaction, mindful of the words of that strange, evil woman. None came. Fah Lo Suee had tricked the Japanese doctor! And I was free—free in mind and body . . . but in China and under the roof of Dr. Fu Manchu!

Dr. Yamamata was cleaning the syringe at a wash-basin on the other side of the room. His manner was that of a dental surgeon who has deftly made a difficult extraction.

"A pleasant glow pervades your body, no doubt?" he suggested. "You see, I am accustomed to these small operations. It will be succeeded, I assure you, by a consciousness of new power. No task which may be set—and the tasks set by the Doctor are not simple ones—will prove too difficult."

He replaced the parts of the syringe upon a glass rack and began to wash his hands.

"When you are rested I shall prescribe a whisky-and-soda, which I know is your national beverage, and then you will be ready for your second interview with the Doctor."

He glanced back at me smilingly.

"Is my diagnosis correct?"

"Perfectly," I replied.

I had a part to play. Not only my own life, but other lives—thousands, perhaps millions—depended upon my playing it successfully!

"Splendid!" Yamamata exclaimed, his small, bright eyes registering pure happiness. "My congratulations, Companion Sterling. We will drink to the master who perfected this super-drug—which makes men giants with the hearts of lions."

HE TOOK up a decanter and poured out two liberal pegs of whisky.

"There was a slight *faux pas* earlier this evening," he went on. "A nearly perfected *homunculus*—not in your province, Companion, but I am an enthusiast in my own—escaped from the incubator. The formula is, of course, the Doctor's. I had contributed some small items to its perfection, and the specimen who disturbed the household had points of great interest."

Yamamata raised his glass.

"Comrade Alan Sterling—we drink to the mandarin Fu Manchu, master of the world!"

It was a badly needed drink, and I did not challenge his toast; then:

"The specimen had enormous physical strength," he went on, "and that blind elemental fury which characterizes these products—a fact recognized even by Paracelsus. The section doors had to be closed. And I felt dreadfully guilty."

I drank down half the contents of my tumbler; and:

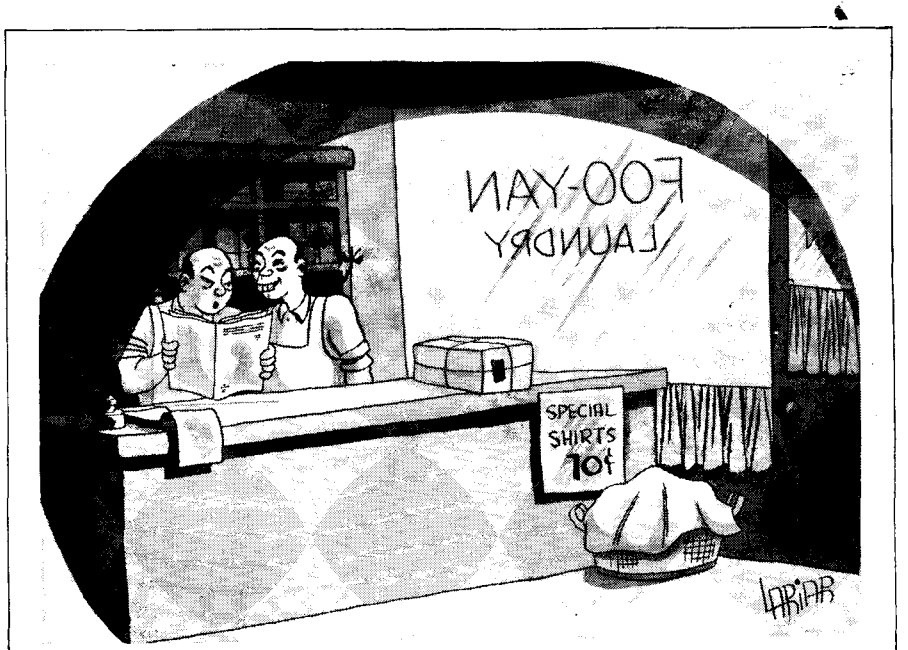
"What became of . . . the thing?" I asked.

"Most regrettably," Yamamata replied, shaking his head, "the vital spark expired. You see, the temperature of the corridors was unsuitable."

"I see—"

I stopped short.

That clear, indefinable sound or vibration which I had first heard upon the beach of Ste. Claire de la Roche came to me again. I saw Yamamata raise one hand and press it against his ear. The sound ceased.



"You washee now, Foo Yan—it's my chance to read Fu Manchu!" *Lawrence La Riar*

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It might happen to your wife

MILES from "nowhere." Night, perhaps. And a "flat"!—due, most likely, to the commonest cause of tire trouble: inflation neglect. Should a woman be needlessly subjected to the anxieties of such a situation? Should keeping proper air pressure in her tires be "too much trouble"?

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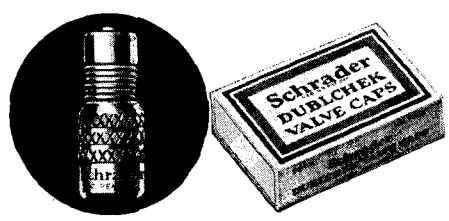
Dublchek protects the inner tire-valve against dust and dirt and is the equivalent of an extra *air-tight* valve besides. The cost is trifling. Attached in a jiffy. More than 100,000 tire, gas and accessory dealers have Schrader products. A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Toronto, Canada—*Makers of pneumatic valves since* 1844.



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"Dr. Fu Manchu is waiting for you," he said.

He extended both hands cordially, and I grasped them.

For a moment I had all but forgotten my part, in the horror of the story of that *life* which was not human, which had been bred in an incubator. . . .

But now, in time, I remembered.

"I am going to kneel at his feet," I said, endeavoring to impart a quality of exaltation into my voice.

And as I spoke, the smile vanished from the face of Dr. Yamamata as writing sponged from a slate.

"We *all* kneel at his feet," he said solemnly.

DRENCHED in the opium fumes of that stygian room I stood again before Dr. Fu Manchu. His eyes were brilliant as emeralds, the pupils mere pin-points; and he lay back in a padded chair, watching me. I had thought out the words which I would speak, and I spoke them now.

"I salute the Master of the World," I said, and bowed deeply before him.

He watched me a while in silence and then:

"In two hours, Companion Sterling," he said, "you will be called for duty. This is your private telephone."

He handed to me what looked like a signet ring, made of some dull, white metal. I had to clench my teeth at the moment of contact with those long, talon-like nails; but I took the ring and stared at it curiously.

"It is adjustable," Dr. Fu Manchu continued. "Place it upon that finger which you consider most suitable. It is an adaptation—much simplified by Ericksen—of the portable radio now in use among the French police. It does not convey the spoken word. Morse code is used. You know it?"

"I regret to say that I do not."

"It is simple. You will find a copy of the code in your room. The call-note used by Ericksen is highly individual, but inaudible a short distance away from the receiver. Companion Trenck will call you tonight for duty and give you further particulars."

As he spoke I started—suppressing an exclamation.

A queer, whistling note had sounded, almost in my ear, and some vague gray shape streaked past me, alighted upon the big table with its litter of strange books and implements, and with a final spring settled upon the yellow-robed shoulder of Dr. Fu Manchu!

Out from a ball of gray fur, a tiny, wizened face peered at me. One of those taloned hands reached toward and caressed the little creature.

"Probably the oldest marmoset in the world," said the guttural voice. "You would not believe me if I told you Peko's age."

And as the Chinaman spoke, the wizened little creature perched upon his shoulder looked down into that majestic, evil face, made a mocking, whistling sound, and clutched with tiny fingers at the little skullcap which Dr. Fu Manchu wore.

"I shall not detain you now. Urgent matters call me. You may possibly have noticed that Professor Ascheim and Dr. Hohlwag of Berlin have found hormone—the life principle—in coal deposits. It will prove to be *female*. The *male* I had already found. It is expressed in a rare orchid which possesses the property of extracting this essence of life from certain Burmese swamps which have absorbed it during untold centuries. . . .

"It flowers at regrettably long intervals. Companion Trenck is endeavoring to force some specimens forward under special conditions."

He struck the little gong beside him upon the table.

Almost instantaneously, as though he had arisen from the floor like an Arab genie, one of the white-clad Chinese servants appeared in the doorway to the right of, and behind, Dr. Fu Manchu's chair.

A guttural order was spoken; the servant bowed to me and stood aside.

I bowed deeply to that strange figure in the padded chair, the tiny, wrinkled-faced monkey crouched upon his shoulder—and went out.

I was conducted back to the long corridor with its rows of white-painted doors. That numbered eleven was opened by the Chinese servant, and I found myself in the small, comfortably appointed sitting-room. My silent guide indicated an adjoining bedroom with a bathroom opening out of it; whereupon I dismissed him.

As the sliding door closed and I found myself alone, I examined more particularly these apartments which had been allotted to me. They were beautifully appointed. Silk pajamas lay upon the temptingly turned-down bed; and, though I had never felt in greater danger in the whole of my life, the lure was one I could not resist.

I recognized a weariness of brain and body which demanded sleep. I made a brief survey of the three rooms before turning in; but, although I failed to find any means of entrance or exit other than that opening upon the corridor, that such another exit existed I knew.

Nevertheless, nature triumphed. . . .

I cannot remember undressing, but I vaguely recall tucking my head into the cool pillow. I was asleep instantly.

The sleep that came to me was not dreamless.

I stood again, a spectator unseen, in the opium-laden atmosphere of Dr. Fu Manchu's study. Fleurette sat in a high-backed chair, her eyes staring straight before her. The long, yellow hand of Fu Manchu was extended in her direction, and a large disc which appeared to be composed of some kind of black meteoric stone was suspended from the ceiling of the room, and was slowly revolving.

As I watched, its movements became more and more rapid, until presently it resembled a globe throwing out ever-changing sparks of light.

The room, Fleurette, the Chinese doctor, disappeared. I found myself fascinatedly watching those sparks, their ever-changing color.

As I watched, a picture formed mistily, and then very clearly, so that presently it resembled a miniature and very sharp motion picture projection.

I saw the Tempelhof airdrome at Berlin. I had been there several times and knew it well. I saw Nayland Smith descend from a plane and hurry across the ground to where a long, low, powerful police car awaited him.

THE car drove off. And, as in a moving picture, I followed it.

It skirted Berlin and then headed out into a suburb with which I was not acquainted. Before a large house set back beyond a thick shrubbery the car pulled up, and Sir Denis, springing out, opened the gate and ran up a path overarched by trees.

A crowd of people was assembled before the house. I saw fire engines and men uncoiling a hose. Through all these, angrily checking their protests, Nayland Smith forced his way, and began to run toward the house. . . .

Something touched me coldly.

In an instant I was awake—in utter darkness—my heart thumping.

Where was I?

In the house of Dr. Fu Manchu . . . and someone, or something, was close beside me!

(To be continued next week)

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because . . . he didn't know about LACQUER OXIDATION

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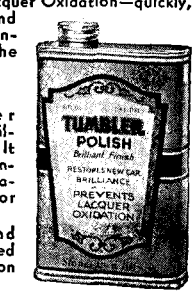

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Nets between Nations

Continued from page 16

We arrived in Auckland, New Zealand, at three o'clock on a November afternoon, and at three-thirty we found ourselves staggering through an exhibition match. Half the time the court seemed to be a big wave which was on the point of rising up and hitting us.

The president of the Australian Tennis Association was Norman E. Brookes, famous internationalist, and he saved us. During our stay in the Land Down Under, I had several occasions to meet this distinguished veteran and found him to be still excellent, as well as adept at many other sports besides tennis. Brookes is considered to this day one of the best amateur automobile drivers in Australia.

Distant Stars

His countrymen also informed me that he was one of the best cricket champions that Australia had ever produced, being able to inject "pace" into the game, something, I am told, that is difficult to accomplish. Brookes also plays excellent golf, a sport even more fascinating to me than tennis.

The latter's ability in all sports, over a long period of time, is based primarily upon the same characteristic which made him the finest tennis champion of his day—namely, a genius to outguess his opponents and make them do the worrying.

Today Brookes' influence on Australian tennis is widespread. He has been largely responsible for the development of a new generation of stars, the most sensational of which is young Vivian McGrath, whose name is pronounced by his countrymen as "McGraw."

Vivian hails from Sydney, and at seventeen ranks with the best players in Australia. During our tour he defeated Wilmer Allison two sets to one, and he removed me from the Australian National Singles Championship. One of his astonishing characteristics is the ability to hit his backhand strokes while holding the racket with both hands. At present, this is probably his best stroke. I do not think that it will long continue to be so. The day will come when he will be forced to cover more court in big competition, and he will find himself without sufficient speed, unless he makes use of the extra distance which only a single-handed return can cover.

Vivian McGrath acquired his present precision with his two-handed back stroke from batting left-handed in cricket. He is considered an outstanding player in the latter game, but his heart is wrapped up in tennis. I am told that on rainy days he will stand in the center of his living-room with his beloved racket. He will glance at it and smile, and after making a slow-motion swing will follow the imaginary ball with his eyes. Again and again he swings heartily, shaking his head and grinning. That is how McGrath kills time when the weather does not permit him to be out on the court. He loves his racket as much as a little girl loves a new doll. He is fascinated by the word "tennis."

Young McGrath stands about five feet eight inches and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. He has a great deal of strength and an astonishing change of pace. When his strokes are working, he is as undemonstrative on a court as René Lacoste used to be, but on a bad day he is as wild as a March hare. During one of his matches against an American player on our invasion, he became so worked up over losing an easy "kill" that he threw his racket into the stands.

McGrath has not yet developed into an exceptional doubles player. But in singles there are times when he is as hot as a firecracker. Vivian hopes to come to the United States for our national championships this fall. If he appears at Forest Hills the gallery gods are going to have several entertaining afternoons. Though he defeated me emphatically enough, I believe that there are several junior players in this country, including Gene Mako of Glendale, California, and Frankie Parker of Milwaukee, who could ordinarily trim him. Vivian will, of course, play as a member of the Australian Davis Cup team. It will be his first venture out of the country.

The captain of the team for this season is Jack Crawford, who ranks well within the world's first ten. Jack has improved a great deal since last summer. I was fortunate to win three out of five matches against him in Australia. He defeated Wilmer Allison in five out of six starts. Harry Hopman, Crawford's partner last year, is not expected to play for his country this season.

A new combination of Adrian Quist and Don Turnbull, both juniors, will take the place of Crawford and Hopman as a doubles team, with Crawford and McGrath playing singles. Though these younger players may be heard from later on, I am sure that they are not yet ready for such seasoned campaigners as Austin and Perry of England, or von Cramm of Germany.

Dave Thompson was another youthful sensation who gave us real competition on our tour. He is a splendid prospect as a future doubles player. We were surprised by the large number of junior stars in Australia. We faced them at every stop and sometimes they caught us unawares. We could not keep ourselves in good physical condition when we were covering ground so rapidly. That was our hardest problem. We won seven out of eleven in the State-New South Wales matches. Later in the New South Wales Tournament Allison and I faced each other in the finals.

This was the first time in the history of this meeting that two Americans had ever been able to sweep aside all of the Australian stars before the last round. Allison and Van Ryn played in the doubles finals against Keith Gledhill and myself, and stopped us in straight sets, but we obtained revenge by reversing the tables in the Victorian Championships at Melbourne. It was at the latter meeting that Crawford beat me in the singles.

Altogether, we traveled more than 8,000 miles in Australia, from burning Brisbane in the North to cold Tasmania in the South, where the freezing antarctic winds forever blow. We played in three important tournaments, five team matches and enough exhibitions to last us for a couple of years.

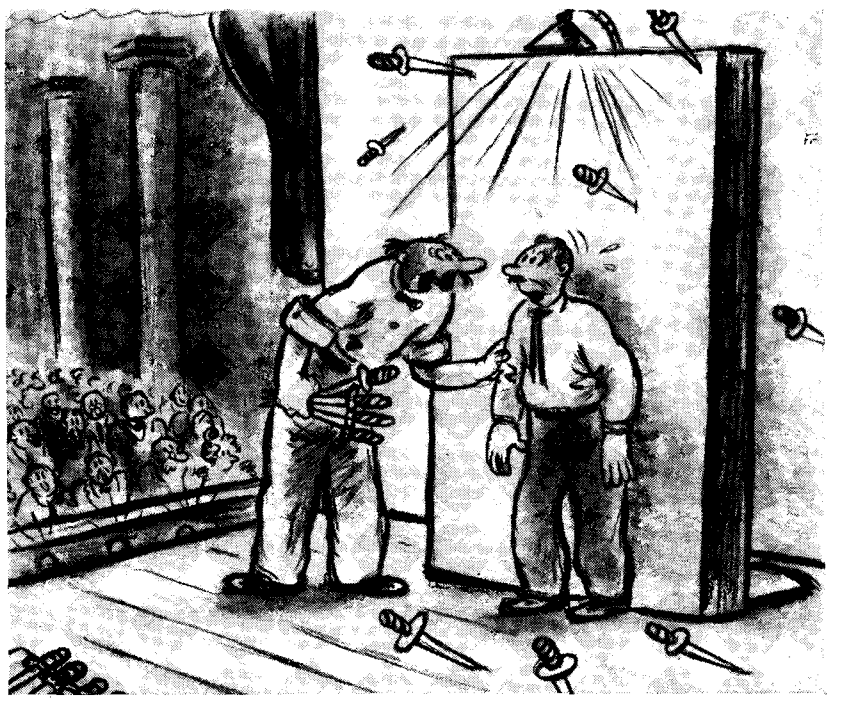
Bigger crowds turned out for the tourneys in proportion to the size of the population than in the United States. On a Saturday afternoon in Sydney, 12,000 spectators bought seats. During three days of tennis in Brisbane, a city of 175,000, there were 17,000 cash customers, or as many as the grandstands could hold.

The players do not understand our training methods, possessing more the attitude of the English. They do their best the day of the match, but they don't sacrifice a great deal in preparing for an important tournament. I think that they receive more genuine pleasure from competition than we do. The strain is not so severe, nor the disappointment of losing so deep.

To the Ladies

Gerald Patterson, Norman Brookes, Frank Peach and all of the players and enthusiasts did everything possible to make our stay a happy one. The Australians we met proved themselves better sportsmen than most of the Americans. They will back their champions against the world, even when they are reasonably sure that they will lose. When their boys have been defeated, no alibi is offered. They are as game as they come.

We found several splendid women players in Australia. They were so good that Mrs. Marjorie Gladman Van



"I'm a bit off tonight! Would you mind if I ask you to sorta, kinda, dodge a little?" *Frank Owen*

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Ryn, our eighth ranking feminine star, was not able to get past the quarter-finals in any Australian tournament. Mrs. Jack Crawford, Mrs. A. J. Buttsworth and Miss Nell Hall are exceptionally fine competitors. The outstanding star of them all, as phenomenal for her age as Vivian McGrath, is Miss Joan Hartigan, the national champion.

When we left Australia it was understood that Miss Hartigan would come to the United States this summer, and if she does all but two of our players will have to be at their best to stop her. The exceptions, of course, are Mrs. Helen Wills Moody and Miss Helen Jacobs, both of Berkeley, California.

The First Ten

Late in March, soon after returning from Australia, it was my privilege to referee a match between Mrs. Moody and a high-ranking male player. Mrs. Moody won, and in victory proved in no uncertain manner that she is as good, if not better, than ever. Queen Helen is driving harder and displaying more excellent footwork than at any time in her meteoric career. She is as far ahead of Miss Jacobs, the present national champion, as Miss Jacobs is in front of the other women players of the country.

There is also another splendid young prospect for future greatness, who can volley with any girl who ever stood on a court, in Miss Alice Marble of San Francisco. At nineteen, she has the world in front of her and should afford the East some thrilling tennis this summer.

Among the best men players of the country, at present, it seems to me that the most eligible for European competition in the Davis Cup matches are Wilmer Allison, Cliff Sutter, Keith Gledhill, George Lott and John Van Ryn. Players are annually ranked soon after the national championships. The winner of that tournament, of course, generally has the unanimous vote for Number One position. Other places depend somewhat upon competition in the important tournaments of the year.

On the basis of the first ten ranking for 1932—myself, Allison, Sutter, Wood, Shields, Stoefen, Mangin, Gledhill, Van Ryn and Jones in that order—it would seem that neither Lott nor Gledhill was entitled to the call. But Lott has returned to the game with a more serious purpose, and has done well in early season tournaments. Gledhill was the most improved player on the Australian tour, and at present ranks much higher than eighth place as a singles competitor. Coupled with myself, he captured the national doubles title last summer. It is my sincere belief that he is playing the best doubles of any man in the world at present.

People are prejudiced against Gledhill, foolishly claiming that I carry him in a doubles match. As a matter of fact, he carries me. His only weakness, as I see it, is a faulty judgment in the matter of knowing whether balls will drop in or out of the court.

It would seem to me that the best Davis Cup combination would be Gledhill and I in the doubles, and Allison and I in the singles.

That is not the personnel the United States Lawn Tennis Association will select. As this is written, the team is not known, and it is doubtful if the American challengers will be named much before the European matches actually commence. Allison and I will probably draw the singles assignments, while Van Ryn and Lott will be our doubles team.

John Van Ryn, one of the most beautiful stylists of all time, was disappointing in Australia. He may recover sufficiently to make a good showing for the Davis Cup, but I do not think he is one of the dangerous American stars of the future.

There is a long, lean gentleman whom I fear considerably in the 1933 American championships. His name is Lester Stoefen. In 1931 he was ranked as the fifteenth best player in the United States. In 1932 he made the greatest advance of any star, climbing to sixth place, and from what I saw of him last season, I think he should have been in the first four.

This summer Lester Stoefen, if he is fortunate in the draw and does not have to extend himself for the first three days and then plays his last three matches at the top of his game, might readily win our national title. I respect him more than any other player in the world when he is "right" because of his terrific service.

I have found that service has two primary functions: It is the opening gun, putting the ball into play, and can be used to place the receiver at a disadvantage. Good placement, or dazzling speed, may accomplish this purpose. Stoefen has the speed. When in true form, this powerful athlete can get more behind the ball than anyone of our time. The taller a man is, the better chance he possesses of hitting a fast service into the court. Stoefen strikes the ball in serving when it is close to twelve feet in the air, and it crashes down with such cannon-ball speed and momentum that it is impossible to return it with any degree of accuracy. He has you at his mercy on his service when he is clicking and that is a severe handicap, mentally and physically. You are soon convinced that he can win his service games. The question next arises whether you can win yours. That is not so easily answered. Some say that the period of the cannon-ball service is drawing to a close. Those who make the claim cannot have seen Stoefen at his best. He drives so fast a ball that he doesn't need a change of pace, a variety of delivery, a twist, a cut or finesse.

All of these assets our American Davis Cup team of 1933 must possess if we are to reach the challenge round and defeat the French. Though two of the famous Four Musketeers will probably be missing this season, I sincerely believe that whatever team faces the pair which is left will have a harder time than last year.

French Fiction

Jean Borotra, who has been wailing for a long while that he is an old man and can never play for his beloved France again, will be on hand. He will have Henri Cochet as a doubles partner for the first time since 1929. The fact that they paired together to win the winter championships is proof enough of this prediction. It is going to take a magnificent doubles team to beat them. It is also a Herculean job to prevent either Borotra or Cochet from capturing three singles matches between them.

Jean Borotra when fighting for France is just about invincible on the first day, when fresh and keyed-up. If we are lucky enough to win the right to challenge for the cup, I fervently hope that the draw will not single me out to play the Bounding Basque first. I would rather meet ten Cochets under the circumstances.

If Borotra and Cochet win on the first day, they would, of course, need only one more victory and, even if they are beaten in the doubles, it would take a courageous man to predict that they would lose the two remaining singles.

The American team can be counted upon to do its best, and if we lose, well, we will just have to try, try again!

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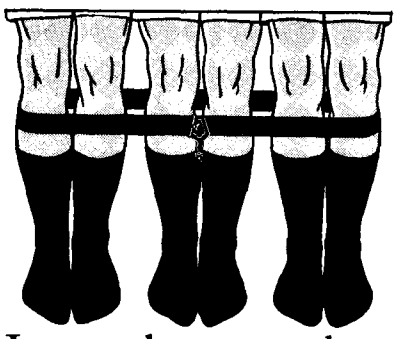

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Going to beat Ninety

Continued from page 22

lot, but through the streets of Hollywood and Beverly Hills—taking the curbs as though they were cracks in the pavement, the male element in plus-fours, the female in skirts, trousers, shorts or slacks, with the good old bicycle clips to make things shipshape. At Palm Beach, Aiken, Palm Springs, Pasadena (where a smart Sunday morning bicycling breakfast club has been started)—everywhere—bicyclists and roller-skaters infest the countryside. (Rumor hath it that the sale of bicycles has increased one hundred per cent.)

All of which leads any right-thinking, logical female to the real crux of the whole situation, "Well, then, what am I going to wear?" Well, I'll tell you. Not only are the sports of the nineties hurtling down upon us, but, as you might expect, there's a veritable epidemic of the fashions of that quaint turn-of-the-century period known for twenty years or more as the Gibson Girl era. . . . Yes, we've gone Gibson Girl.

The Gibson Girl was the first female athlete since the Greeks had a word for it. Prior to her, all women—all nice women—were essentially ruffly and pincushiony—and the more useless the better. But at the turn of the century, with the advent of the bicycle, roller-skates, golf, the automobile, *et al*, the sportswoman burst upon us—and with her the first real sports clothes.

The First Gibson Girl

Today we swagger about in our masculine clothes, cross our trousered legs, finger our ascots, doff our felt hats—excessively male, we imagine. The Gibson Girl was ahead of us. She pedaled her bicycle in plus-fours and fedora, she swung a mean club on the golf course clad in a male shirt and piqué cravat, she yachted in a middy blouse and sailor hat.

To hear us talk, anyone would think we were the first to have robbed the magnificent male of his man-tailored suit with its padded shoulders, notched revers, white waistcoat and pleated shirt. The Gibson Girl beat us to it. All these, plus his leather belt, wing collar, four-in-hand, watch fob and boutonnière she annexed early in the nineties, snatching his fedora warm from his adoring brow and crushing it down on her golden pompadour.

Not only are the sports clothes of the first decade of the century springing up everywhere but, one thing leading to another, we're pretty well of a mind to revive the whole era.

In the spring of 1931 Worth, in Paris, dreamed of an old sweetheart of his and fondly recalled the incident in a gown of the nineties. Ever since, dressmakers in Paris and New York have been "fondly recalling" one detail after another of those dear old days—Augustabernard a double-tiered skirt, Louiseboulanger a bustle drape, Callot a tunic, Schiaparelli a skirt with taffeta dust ruffles, Lelong an ostrich boa, Patou a fedora, Mainbocher linen plus-fours, and finally a complete tailleur boldly labeled Gibson Girl.

Today every shop window in the country exhibits a veritable smallpox of Gibson Girl sailors, garments that in all honesty can be called nothing but shirtwaists, tailored suits bearing every earmark of the old Gibson Girl model, to wit: short, nipped-in jackets, notched revers, leg-o'-mutton sleeves, white piqué vests, ditto ascots, even flaring skirts.

So all of a sudden we find ourselves getting feverish about fashions we washed our hands of twenty years ago with a "Thank God, *that's* over!"

How did that first Gibson Girl craze start?

One day in 1895 (picture to yourself Delmonico's, then at its swankiest) a young lady, about to leave the dining-room, everything seemingly under control (including the feather boa), suddenly tripped and would unquestionably have fallen into a gentleman's soup had he not risen hastily and clutched her arm.

"Oh, Mr. Russell," she gasped, "how clumsy of me!" Then she laughed. "It looks as though I'd fallen for you, doesn't it?"

"Are you sure it was I you fell for?" he inquired. "May I introduce my friend, Mr. Gibson? Miss Langhorne—Mr. Gibson."

In this manner did the original Gibson Girl meet the Gibson man. Irene Langhorne, "one of the beautiful Langhorne sisters"—a second is Lady Astor—thus met young Charles Dana Gibson. The next day they met at a tea—and the third time they met they were married.

From this alliance, with Irene Gibson as the perfect model and Charles Dana Gibson as the artist, sprang a whole generation of Gibson Girls, the most typical and glamorous interpretation of "The American Girl" ever conceived.

And now, two decades later, designers rush about pawing one another frantically and demanding, "Can the Gibson Girl come back?"

So I asked Charles Dana Gibson himself just that.

"Every fashion stages a comeback some time," he admitted. "But always with a difference," he added. "I see snitches and snatches of the styles of those days about town—scraps of the Gibson Girl on Fifth Avenue, samples of her on Fifty-seventh Street—but the total effect is quite different. The girl of the nineties was a type—she's gone—no use rummaging about among the potted plants; she'll never come back."

"You created the Gibson Girl, didn't you?"

"I? Good Lord, no! The Almighty—and the dressmakers—did that!"

"But you influenced the styles of her day?"

"Certainly not! I never drew anything I didn't see. If I drew a costume, it was because some girl I knew wore it."

"But up until the moment you drew it, perhaps only one girl had worn it. After that, a thousand, a hundred thousand, wore it."

"Perhaps. I never thought about fashions. I never consciously tried to influence them."

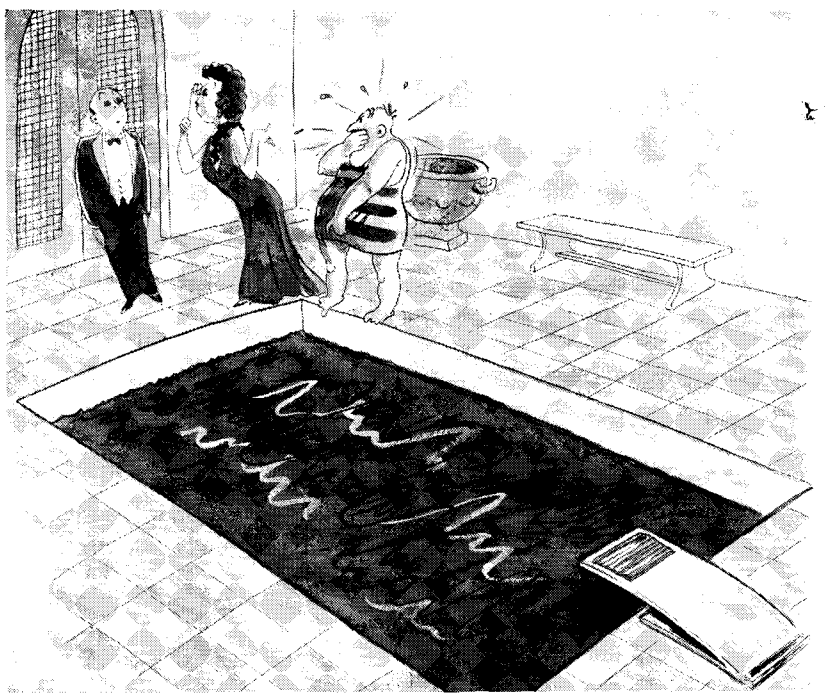
"You made those girls look so superb! There was a grandness about them—an air. A way of holding themselves—a lift of the head. Everyone imitated it."

"Oh, that was just my wife's way of walking—as though she were a procession. I never drew the Gibson Girl at her best until I met my wife."

Customs and Costumes

Perhaps you think that the little fur shoulder capes and pelerines we've been sporting this winter, the muffs (where was it I saw a lady carrying a little red silk muff with a black evening gown recently?), the epaulets that broaden our shoulders, the jabots that flute down our fronts, the clean touches of lingerie that whiten our throats and wrists, the Cheshire cat bows, the pill-box hats, the flower turbans which we begin to see about town, are the *dernier cri*—a little idea of our own. Don't be silly. Lillian Russell wore them in her heyday. You have only to see Mae West in She Done Him Wrong, Noel Coward's Cavalcade, or Irene Dunne in The Secret of Madame Blanche to know exactly where the dressmakers are getting their stuff.

Customs and costumes go hand in hand. When débutantes take to skating down Fifth Avenue; when large pavilions are equipped with dance orchestras and, to the strains of After the Ball and The Bowery, young men heretofore known for their polo game and young ladies remarked chiefly for their tango go whirling about the floor on roller skates; when there's talk of Madison Square Garden installing a roller-skating rink and town councils are actually discussing marking off bicycle paths on the concrete roads—then, I agree, we are in imminent danger of bloomers, high laced boots, and fedoras; even, if the thing keeps up, parasols, the good old rock-ribbed corset, ostrich plumes, and the ability to blush.



"Drain the pool—Mr. Givvens' teeth!" *Bo Brown*

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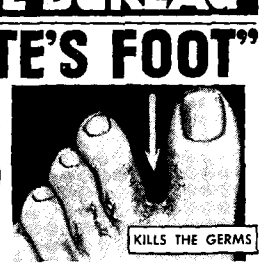

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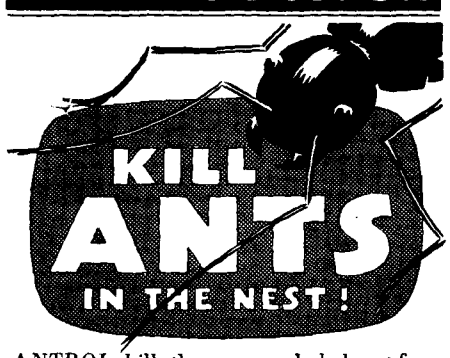

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Glenn, the Bomb Boy

Continued from page 25

those air fleets if they became involved in war. There would be confusion and loss of efficiency and quality while they struggled to build other factories. Their plants are not designed for expansion, but are always at top production. In this country we have built differently. Upon a telephone call from Washington, in an emergency, we could begin to expand our plant, step up our output at once, and furnish an increased number of fighting ships to our forces without loss of time, money or quality."

What Glenn Martin, with characteristic modesty, does not tell you is that he has been one of the most magnificent proponents of this canny policy, and has hewed to it despite the moans of alarmists and jingoes because in the mere arithmetical number of fighting airplanes in service we are not even close to the top. He is about to receive, however, for his work in developing the high-speed bomber, the highest award and most important honor of aëronautical science—the Collier Trophy.

Aviation's Immortals

This famous and handsome trophy was conceived and donated in 1911 by Robert J. Collier, son of the founder of this magazine, to be awarded annually "for the greatest achievement in aviation in America, the value of which has been thoroughly demonstrated by actual use during the preceding year." The National Aëronautic Association holds the trusteeship. This association is a nonpartisan body, devoted to aëronautical science, with a governor in each state and possession, a wide membership open to all, and an active program for spreading and fostering interest in aviation. Hiram Bingham, ex-senator from Connecticut, aviation expert and enthusiast, and president of the National Aëronautic Association, has just announced Glenn Martin as the recipient of the trophy for 1933. In its time the Collier Trophy has graced the parlor mantels of the great leaders of aviation; the list of the honored engraved on its polished body is a narrative of the progress of aëronautics: Glenn Curtiss, Orville Wright; Sperry for his gyroscopic control, and Burgess, famous yacht designer, for his hydroplane; the aëronautics branch of the Department of Commerce for its grand work in general, and the Packard Motor Car Company for its development of the Diesel Aircraft Engine; Reed for his metal propeller; Lawrence for his radial air-cooled motor; Hoffman for his parachute; Pitcairn and his associates for the autogiro—and those aren't all. Thus Glenn L. Martin, the boy from Salina, Kansas, joins the immortals of his science.

One day this very week, perhaps even as you are reading this, Senator Bingham will take Glenn Martin by the hand and lead him to the White House in Washington. There, surrounded by the bigwigs of government and of aviation, the senator will introduce him to the President of the United States, who will burst into a happy smile and hand the big jug to Glenn Martin.

I do not know what Glenn Martin will say to the President in thanks for that nice, shiny trophy. I think I have an idea what he would like to say, except it would not be—well, polite. I think he would say, if he could speak from his soul instead of from the Book of Etiquette and Correct Platitudes for Persons receiving Honors from Presidents: "You think this is the happiest moment of my life, but, shucks, it isn't. This is second fiddle to the day I flew over Salina, after they had waited for me a week. They were saying in Salina that day that air navigation was a failure and that air meets were fakes, and I made them swallow their words. Of course this is a great honor, this Collier Trophy; but, after all, this is only proving myself to the whole nation, the whole world. Out there in Salina twenty-three years ago I had to prove myself to the man who lived next door, to people who knew me when I wore diapers, to old friends who attended the wedding of my ma and pa. I had to prove myself to my home town and, as everybody knows, that is a durn' sight harder than proving yourself to a whole country full of comparative strangers! Anyhow, Mr. President Roosevelt, by rights this trophy should go to my ma."

And then he will most likely tuck the thing under his arm and take it home and hand it to his mother. There will be no sentimental hanky-panky about that; no Famous Man Giving Credit to His Mother aspect. He does not tell you that he owes his success to his mother, or to anyone but Glenn L. Martin. He is too honest and forthright for that sort of posturing. Yet you cannot probe into Glenn Martin's career, in any direction, without turning up this wise and strong woman, who makes you think of Willa Cather's pioneer heroines and is of their blood; full of years and gentle excitements. She helped Glenn build his first machine, and she flew in it with him; and to this day she will sneak away gleefully to beg or buy or steal a ride in an airplane.

Mother Martin contends over his blueprints with him, just like any one of his engineers; and she makes a home for him in Washington, where he is what the society editors call "a prize catch for any girl," and "one of the city's most eligible bachelors." I rather imagine Mother Martin smiling when she sees those references. For as you read down our hero's life you will find, every time you turn a corner, his mother busy doing more for him than any other woman, girl and wife, could do.

Signs of the Future

Glenn L. Martin was born in Macksburg, Iowa, on a bleak night in January, 1886, when the thermometer stood at 25 below zero, and there was nothing flying but snow and mortgage interest dates. Leaving Macksburg, the Martins lived for a brief while in Liberal, Kansas; but most of Glenn's boyhood was spent in Salina taking things apart. Threshing machines, separators, horseless buggies, when they put in an appearance; everything mechanical was prey for his inquisitive screw-driver.

An earnest and industrious reader, he came across magazine pieces and books about the pioneer glider work of Chanute and Lilienthal, and the flying-machine researches of Langley. This new trend of his mental interest, and hero-worshiping, first took expression in kites. Glenn filled the air around Salina with kites in such abundance, kites of such magnitude and magnificence, that Kansas drove in from all parts of Saline County to see them and to wag their heads dolefully over a bent that might easily turn into blasphemy.

Mother Martin finds that there were plain indications of the future great aircraft manufacturer in that early kitecraft. Kites were never, to Glenn,

(Continued on page 48)

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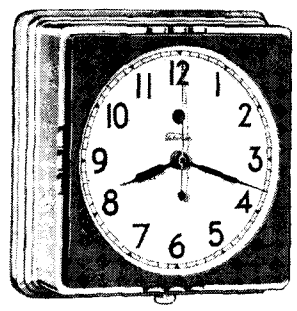

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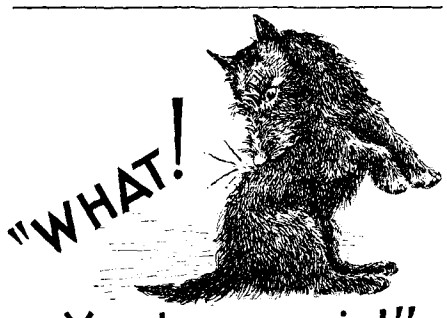

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(Continued from page 47)

as to other boys, just a hank of string, a couple of sticks, a sheet of paper, and a ball of twine. Then, as now, he was a great one for figures. He would sit down at the kitchen table in the little home in Salina, of evenings, and work for hours on an "artist's conception" of the projected kite. Satisfied, presently, with the design, he would make complete working blueprints of the kite—every cross-stick, every length of string, every inch of covering—that's where a lot of Mother Martin's worn bedsheets went!—would be reduced to scaled drawings, and to cost. He knew exactly how many pennies each kite would cost him before he started to build it. In this reporter's experience and belief Glenn Martin was the only boy in history to estimate and budget his kites. From kites to gliders was a natural step for the young aëronaut, who traipsed for miles trying to find those gentle modulations which pass for hills in Kansas, so that he could get a running start for a glide into some neighbor's chicory bed.

Glenn finished two years at Kansas Wesleyan when he was nineteen—since then they have been glad to give him an honorary Sc.D. degree—and moved to Santa Ana, California, with his parents. There he was toiling happily in a garage, surrounded by heaps of automobiles which he had taken apart, when the news came along casually and belatedly that a couple of fellows named Wright had flown. Glenn put down his wrecking-bar and walked thoughtfully home. Mother was there and he read the item aloud to her. "Mother," he said, "if they can do it so can I. The only thing they have that I haven't got is an engine."

"Yes!" said Mother Martin.

Glenn found an abandoned church which he could rent for twelve dollars a month. He tacked newspapers over the windows so that neighbors couldn't look in to see what he was doing and plague him by sending policemen to "get a crazy man." Nights, after he had put in a full day of work at the garage, he worked on his plane while his mother held a kerosene lamp for him. There was no other lighting available in the moldy building.

Glenn Martin's First Flight

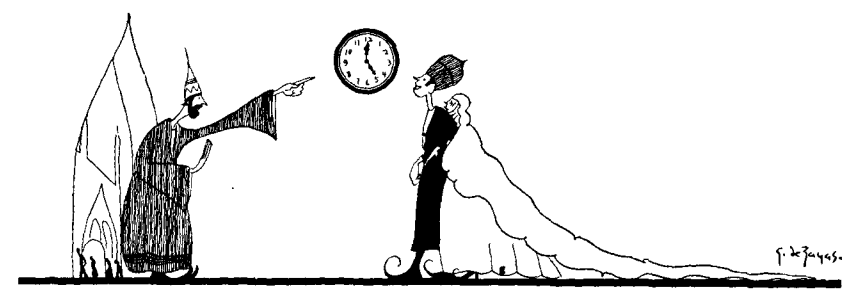
Somehow I like that picture—two faces in the flickering lamplight, mother and son; alert faces, kindled by inner lights of courage and intelligence. Quiet night hours; the matchless sounds of tools in capable hands; few spoken words, but much unspoken faith and understanding. "Mother made suggestions that saved money and time," says Glenn. Once a large moth flew around the lamp; mother and son laughed quickly into each other's eyes.

The plane was finished—it was the fruit of his long list of gliders. He mounted a 14-horsepower Ford automobile motor in it, and then on a day in 1908—when he was just past twenty—he wheeled it to a meadow on the farm of James Irvine, at the south end of Main Street in Santa Ana. Hundreds of people gathered, but the youngster recalls that as he took his seat on the front edge of the wing and secured his strap with trembling hands he could see only his mother. He flew.

The garage saw him no more. Glenn Martin, airplane manufacturer, was born. For a man with such a head for figures was not one to do things on a picayune scale. If aviation is going to be anything it is going to be an industry, he said; too much for one man and his mother. He must "organize."

"If I have any genius, any outstanding talent," he says, "it is for hiring men who know more than I do. When I speak of the engineering achievements of Martin aircraft in terms of 'we,' I am not disclaiming personal credit, nor am I having an attack of generosity. I am merely telling the truth. The planes are the product of the organization. I only direct. Take, for instance, a specific problem of engineering detail. I have the background of two college years, and many years of self-instruction at night. If I sit down to it and concentrate I can do that problem, and get it correct; but it will take me sixteen hours and I'll be worn out. In the plant we have one hundred engineers. Some of them are mere boys, smart as whips. I can send for any one of those boys at three-thirty in the afternoon, tell him the problem, and at five he will lay the answer on my desk and say, 'Anything else tonight, Mr. Martin?'"

By 1913 he had in full blast in Santa Ana the largest aircraft manufacturing plant in the world. But, while the church was still their factory, poverty was the villain. Glenn, his mother and seven devoted ex-automobile mechanics would stand back and survey a little airplane, built from hand to mouth, from hour to hour; steel bargained for there, wood here, wires and



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In some parts of Persia, Mohammedan priests still officially extend religious sanction to temporary marriages that are to last for only a few days or even a few hours.—*By F. M. Kramer, New York City.*

One of the most daring newspapers ever published was the *Barefooted Gazette*, established in Moscow in July, 1908. It was for criminals at large and contained accounts of the latest burglaries and thefts, reports of trials, advice on how to avoid capture and other useful hints on the technique of crime.

Immortality is one of the most fundamental beliefs of mankind. It existed in all countries centuries before the time of Christ, Buddha, Mohammed and Confucius.

Among some races today the death of a married woman obligates a younger sister to marry the surviving husband. In one African tribe she can even be made to leave her own husband and children to fill her late sister's place.

A study of 14,046 persons revealed the astonishing fact that they possessed a total of 5,759 different instincts, natural propensities that did not come from either experience or instruction.

The most romantic bird in the world is the bower bird of Australia. Apart from the home nest where the young are reared, the male maintains a gayly decorated "love nest," where he spends most of his time in play and courtship.—*By Willard Brown, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.*

Dog-tongs still may be seen hanging on their hooks in some old churches in rural England. Not so very long ago when dogs accompanied their masters to church, these tongs were used to pick up and carry out those that started a fight and interrupted the service.

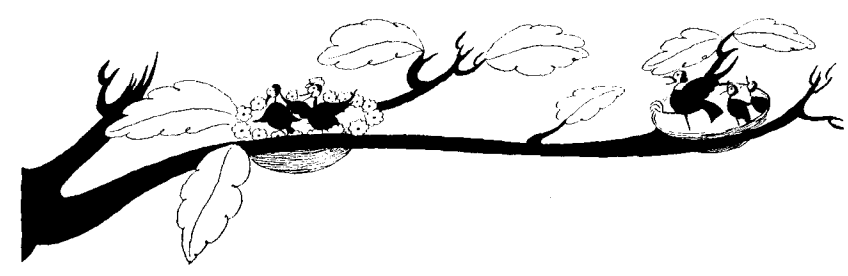
Adrenin, a secretion of the adrenal glands, is so potent that it has a definite physiological effect even when diluted to one part in 330,000,000.—*By F. H. Sims, Bluefield, West Virginia.*

The world's noisiest street corner is in New York City at the intersection of Broadway, 34th Street and Sixth Avenue, where the motor traffic, three surface car lines, one subway and one elevated railway combine in creating a noise intensity that deafens the average person about 65 per cent.

Dried blood from slaughterhouses is used extensively in the manufacture of cheap buttons in the United States today.—*By Muriel Mooney, New York City.*

When ancient Rome celebrated certain week-long holidays, everything was done to banish sorrow. All the citizens kept open house, quarrels were forgotten, prisoners and debtors were released, and even the gods and goddesses were remembered, their statues being placed on couches in the street and regaled with delicacies.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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linen any place. Mother Martin, like as not, had sewn on the wings.

It was their whole fortune in this world that they saw before them on the dirt floor of the tumble-down church. It would be sold—luckily. Then Glenn would go out in his own ship and give exhibitions up and down the United States throughout the summer in order to raise enough money to keep his plant going. Once his ambitions and plans soared beyond his earning powers, so he went to a local banker and asked to have his plant financed on a large scale. No, said the banker, we cannot risk loans in such an unsafe business. Glenn, usually mild, lost his temper and stormed at the financial ogre. "Why not?" he shouted. "The airplane is just as safe as the automobile and the railroad train," and he stamped out with the laughter of the banker crackling around his ears.

The point is that Glenn had conducted the interview through swollen lips and a notch where a tooth once had been, and that he had but one eye free to stare down the banker—the other eye, and both his ears and three-quarters of his face and head—were swathed in bandages, and his arm was in a sling; all visible proof of the safety of aviation.

Glenn was one of the first American pilots to win an International license of the Federation Aéronautique Internationale. To get that you had to ascend 163 feet, 5 inches, make six complete circles of the airdrome, and a series of figure eights around pylons set 500 meters apart, and, if you were still living, shut off the engine completely and come down and land within 163 feet, 5 inches of a mark placed upon the ground. Nobody knows what genius thought up that 5 inches, but it was the magic number of early flying. He was the first aviator ever to take his mother flying. And here is an item for your Believe It or Not Book—he was the first aviator to fly below sea level. That feat was performed at Brawley, in the Imperial Valley. He was the first to deliver merchandise by air; in 1911 he ran an aërial express service in California.

Odd Jobs in the Air

Once, caught in a sudden high wind, his frail plane remained stock-still in the air for an hour, unable to go ahead, barely holding its own. Another time, flying to the Grand International Air Derby in Chicago, he became lost above fog. Finally he caught a glimpse of the red flash from the government lighthouse two miles offshore in Lake Michigan, and was able to orient himself—and come down to land in Chicago, where he later won the $6,000 grand prize and had himself acclaimed the world's premier flyer. He was the first to take movies in the air; a picture called "Battle in the Clouds," and he flew Mary Pickford and worked as the villain in one of her productions.

In May, 1912, two years after Bleriot flew the Channel, Glenn Martin made the longest and most daring water flight ever known up to that time; from the California mainland to Avalon, on Catalina Island, thirty miles out in the Pacific. In 1912 he armed himself with field glasses and performed the first aërial police work; searching for two bandits in the mountains. He did not find the bandits but he did give an interview to the papers prophesying that one day airplanes would be a commonplace and invaluable part of police work; and that air traffic would be so heavy that Federal air police would have to patrol the skylanes and shoot down sky-hogs and other violators.

This all revealed a romantic seam in Glenn's make-up, but the best exemplification of that appears in another "first." He was the first aviator ever to throw flowers at a fair lady from an airplane. This happened at Pomona and as he zoomed across the grandstand he threw an armful of carnations at the queen of the Valley Fair. No one had stopped to estimate the weight of a bouquet of carnations when multiplied by gravity and momentum and what not, and in retrospect it seems fortunate that the posies fell at her feet, for if they had struck her they might have punctured her bustle. Another feat, distinguished by priority, was the leaping of a passenger with a parachute from his plane.

War Takes to the Air

With the opening of the World War, all this spectacular barnstorming went from his life forever. He had attracted the attention of the government with what he called his "Armored Air Scout," and a year before one of his planes—flown by Didier Masson, a French soldier of fortune—had been the first flying machine to engage in actual warfare, when bombs were dropped from it upon the town of Guaymas in Mexico. Yes, there was a revolution.

When the war in Europe flared, and the neutral world was tautly defensive, the United States began to buy planes from Glenn Martin. The Aviation Production Board found his ideas sound, and by 1918 he was under contract to build bombers for the American Army. Santa Ana had been left behind in favor of Cleveland; which, in turn, was deserted for Baltimore two years ago.

The little church of Santa Ana could be tucked into the office safe at Baltimore. Yet I doubt that Glenn Martin is any prouder of the new than of the old; he is that sort—his mind advances while his heart clings to yesterday. He is a little heavier at forty-seven than he was at twenty, as shown by his photograph album. He looks more like a school-teacher than an industrial leader as he sits behind his desk and looks out over his three thousand acres.

One thing has never left him in his climb to the top—the boy from Salina who stood on a platform in London, England, and delivered the Wilbur Wright Memorial lecture of 1931 to the Royal Aëronautical Society still has the barnstormer's singular irregularity: an unconsciousness of clocks. Sometimes he will look up from a new sketch and see that it is one in the morning, and home in Washington fifty miles away. So they had to fix up an apartment for him at the factory; it is as plain as a monastery cell, a reflection of quiet tastes. One thing you feel, back of all Glenn Martin's friendliness: an iron will. His mother remembers something which illustrates that characteristic.

Glenn's severest accident was at San Diego, California, in his early days; critically hurt, he lay in a hospital. Once, when his mother visited his bedside, a nurse said: "Well, Mrs. Martin, you can find comfort in one thing: The poor boy will never fly again!"

"I'm sure he'll fly again the minute he gets out of this hospital!" said Mother Martin. And he did.

Glenn himself, the shy bachelor, thinks that his closest escape was not the fall at San Diego but the day he took Valeska Suratt, ravishing musical comedy star of The Kiss Waltz, for a flight. When they returned to earth, she threw her arms around him and kissed him. "She kissed me more than once," says Glenn. If you are a ravishing musical comedy star it will be useless for you to ask Glenn Martin to take you for a ride in one of his airplanes. From what you have read here you can tell he is not the sort of man to make the same mistake twice.

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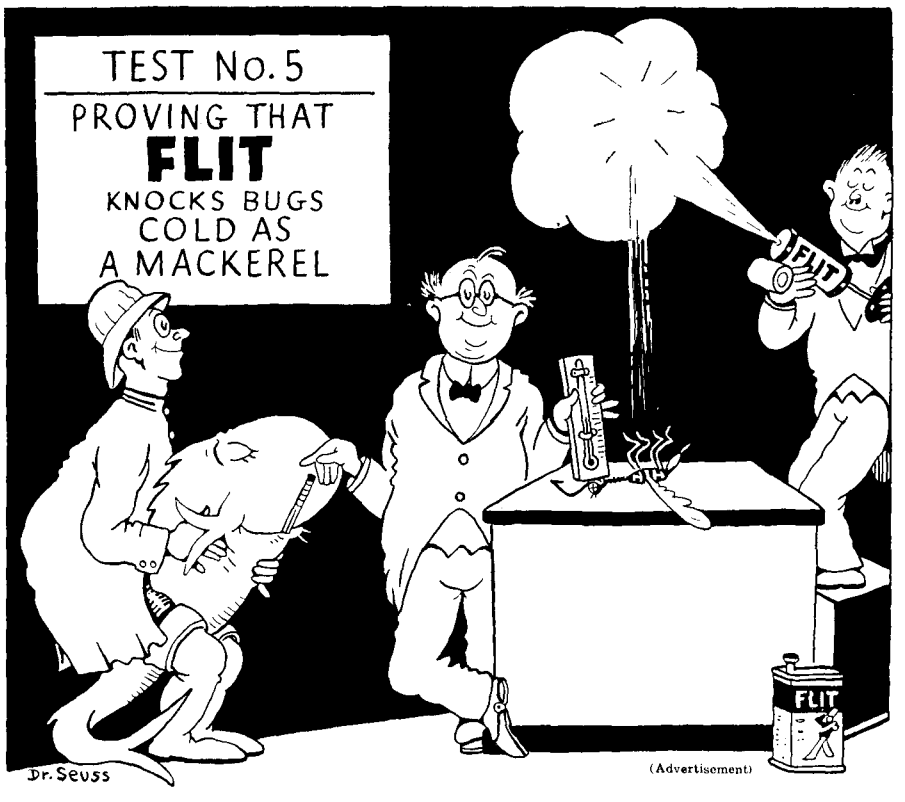

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What does it all mean?

IT IS hard to keep a clear head in these exciting times. Above the shouts and clamor of Washington we hear furious talk of inflation, the gold standard, tariffs, war debts, controlled farm prices, government operation of the railroads, the thirty-hour week and all the kindred items and slogans of spectacular change. Power shifts from the Capitol to the White House. Swift action is sought. The emergency is a relentless driver. We speed on to save our skins. We have "passed the buck" to Washington, asking the government to take charge of many of our affairs. What does it all mean?

More Money for Farmers

Stripped of bewildering details, the issues we face are simple enough. Take the farm bill, for example. The purpose of that measure is to raise farm prices.

Nobody outside a lunatic asylum opposes higher farm prices. Everybody everywhere will benefit from higher agricultural prices. So far as the goal is concerned there is in fact unanimous agreement.

Three important devices to lift prices are proposed: First, the government would lease some of the lands which farmers withheld from planting.

Second, taxes would be levied on specific crops under the domestic allotment plan and subsidies paid to those farmers who actually reduced their acreage. This is precisely similar in principle to giving tariff protection to manufacturers. In both cases consumers are taxed to pay producers. The farm subsidy is an internal tariff levied nationally.

Third, a special plan designed to reduce cotton planting and to increase cotton prices has been included in the measure.

These devices are new but so is the condition they were invented to correct. No critic of these plans has suggested more practical substitutes. The worst that can be said against them is that the consumer will pay more. The tariff also makes the consumer pay more. If, however, farmers are able once more to buy, consumers will be able to pay more without inconvenience. The chances are that price increases due to natural economic causes will make unnecessary any burdensome application of the farm measure.

The ABC of Inflation

Inflation is more complex in its operation but equally simple in purpose. The object is to raise prices which went so far down that the solvency of business generally was threatened.

Inflation can be sound or unsound. In the omnibus bill granting authority to the President, power to act unwisely was provided. Most private individuals have, however, the power at any time to commit suicide or to practice other forms of self-injury. While we retain our wits we generally strive to protect our lives and our possessions and not to destroy them. President Roosevelt can be trusted to exercise prudently the authority over money and credit entrusted to him.

The real danger has been that Congress by mandatory law would seek to compel the adoption of some disastrous monetary policy.

Going off the gold standard is a purely temporary measure intended to raise prices in this country and to enable Americans more effectually to compete in the export trade. Our action in stopping gold payments is unique because, unlike Germany, France, Italy, Great Britain or Russia, we abandoned gold while we still have abundant reserves for every use. After the World Economic Conference it will be possible to decide on a more permanent policy.

The authority to accept silver as payment on the war debts does not mean a revival of Bryan's fallacies. It may mean the correction of the mistake made a decade ago when silver was demonetized in India. It may also increase the buying power of China, a large market for our goods. In numerous other ways the rehabilitation of silver may help us and the world. So long as the silver deals are prudently managed there is little to fear from them.

Greenbacks Once More

The issuance of greenbacks can be beneficial or calamitous according as the authority is used. If the government printed money to pay current bills, to provide a bonus for veterans or to do any of the other things some of the ignoramuses in Congress have demanded, the greenbacks would be disastrous. As long as they are used in strictly limited amounts merely to refinance certain maturing obligations and as long as the greenbacks are amortized year by year out of taxes and retired, the danger is not great.

Actually, the issuance of greenbacks as provided in the present measure does not increase the indebtedness of the country. The greenbacks should lift the burden on the banks and make commercial credit easier, thus stimulating new business. Here again the issue depends upon the Administration's skill.

Cutting the Gold Dollar

Authority to cut the gold content of the dollar is another affair.

The present gold dollar contains 23.22 grains of pure gold or 25.8 grains of 0.900 fine gold.

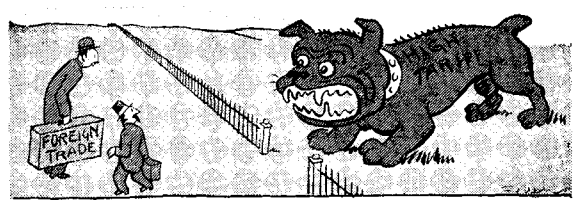
The United States government has outstanding some twenty billion dollars' worth of bonds. These are contracts made under the agreement that "principal and interest thereof shall be payable in United States gold coin of the present standard of value." The present standard of value referred to is 23.22 grains of pure gold to the dollar.

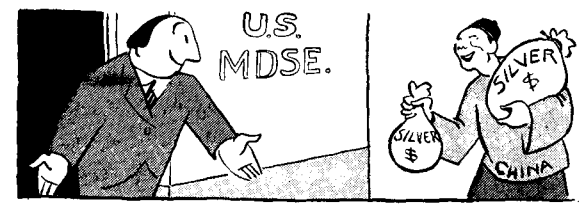
Many other state and corporation bonds provide payment in gold of the same weight and fineness. These provisions go back to the Bryan days of free-silver talk. Unless this government is driven to repudiation of its debts, a possibility no one now contemplates, since repudiation is an act of a bankrupt and this nation is not bankrupt, the difficulties involved in reducing the gold value of the dollar will be great.

There are many easier ways of keeping up prices. Until these devices have been exhausted, the temptation to raise prices by a resort to debt repudiation may be resisted.

Tariffs and Debts

The matters of tariff relief and of war-debt reduction tie into inflation. Certainly the currencies of our principal debtors have been unstable because





they owed us more than they could pay without losing their gold reserves.

War debts made unstable currencies. Unstable currencies created confusion in world trade. Confused world trade tempted every nation to raise tariff barriers. We led the way with the commerce-destroying Hawley-Smoot law, although at the time of its enactment economists en masse pointed out its inescapable consequences.

The result has not been profitable or satisfactory to any country, least of all to us. If it is possible to summon enough sanity to work out mutually profitable trade and debt arrangements, we shall have removed one great obstacle to world recovery.

Railroad Recovery

Railroad reorganization and the thirty-hour week for industry are domestic issues, complicated and intensified by the world disturbance.

A twenty per cent increase in railroad traffic would solve most of the pressing financial problems embarrassing the rail managers. The governmental intervention is valuable as it enables the managers to make economies and to eliminate wastes which long ago should have been undertaken. If, given immunity from the anti-trust laws, the railroad managers fail to utilize their new freedom, the government stands ready to initiate economies and to command immediate reform. Intelligent railway executives, however, will welcome the opportunity to show their skill.

A Clumsy Experiment

Least of all is the thirty-hour-week measure. This started not as a suggestion from the Administration, from business or from organized labor. It was born in the Senate. The objection to the thirty-hour measure is its inflexibility. It would impose great hardships upon many business concerns and so diminish employment.

Manufacturers whose products are sold in the state in which they are produced would operate under one law while those engaged in interstate commerce would be restricted. The complications so far as world trade is concerned are enormous.

With so much of inescapable importance to be done, it is undesirable to indulge in clumsy adventures of this sort.

Protection for the Thrifty

The Roosevelt measure designed to regulate security sales merely offers reasonable protection to the thrifty in their savings.

The government insists that the sellers of bonds and stocks in interstate commerce be frank and honest in their statements. The same principle underlies the Pure Food and Drugs Act.

Altogether these items make a large picture. Suddenly we require the enactment of numerous laws to enable us to protect ourselves. We have to do much quickly because of the neglect of previous years. It is a great testimonial to our capacity for self-government that we are able, within so brief a time, to undertake and to carry through so many vital reforms.

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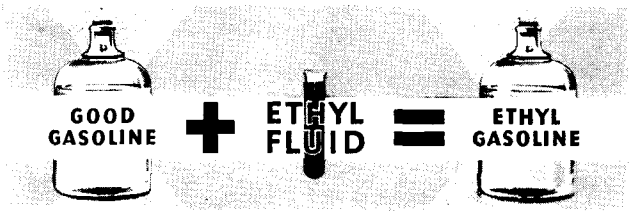

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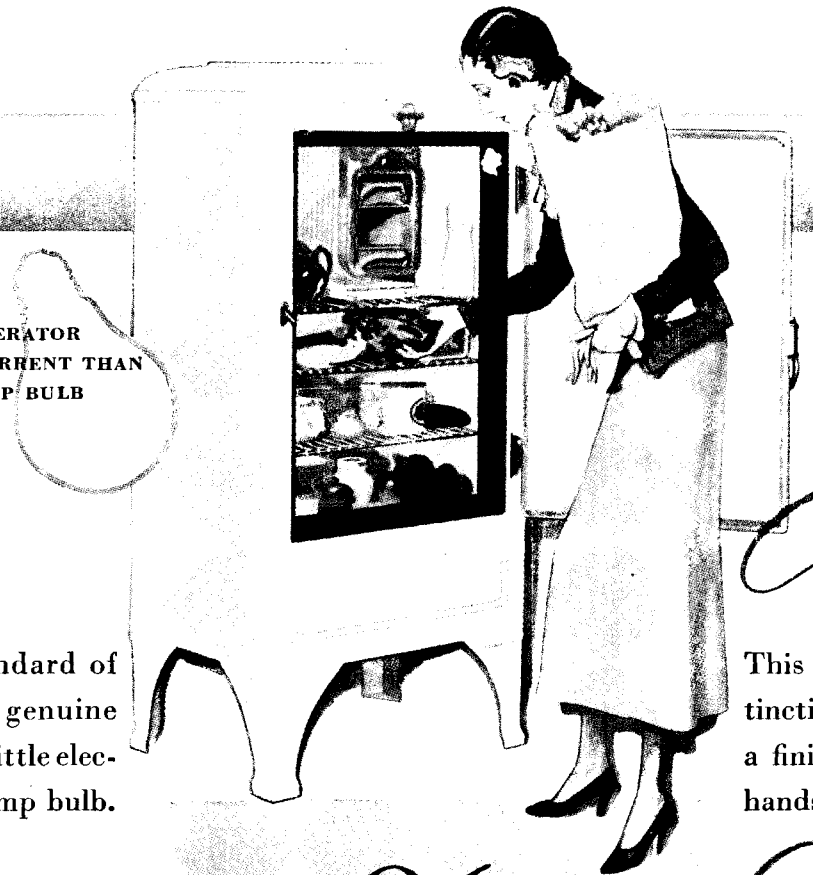

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